

Though fate made me humble, yet chance made me great,  
No mortal should grumble at doings of fate :  
Through folly and error from greatness I fell,  
My anguish and terror no creature can tell.

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MEETING OF GUIBORD'S BODY AND SOUL.

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SOUL—*Bon soir, bon soir*, dear friend of old,  
What mournful tale have I been told  
By sister spirits, whom I knew  
Ere earth I left, concerning you ?

BODY—Ah ! cruel partner of my life,  
The cause of all my bitter strife,  
Whose acts alone were justly blamed,  
Are you, rash sinner, not ashamed ?

SOUL—Ashamed of what ? but let me know  
What evils from my deeds did flow,  
That I may know how much is true  
Of what I hear regarding you.

BODY—Oh ! many, many pains and woes  
I suffered from my subtle foes,  
Who, to conceal their evil ends,  
Pretended they were real friends.  
Our clergy first refused me place  
With those who died in peace and grace.  
You know yourself what was the cause,  
You know your sins—the Church's laws ;  
What doctrines strict her teachers hold  
Concerning those without her fold.  
But Protestants the right did crave  
To place me in a sacred grave ;  
Said your's was not a grievous fault,  
Then placed me in a gloomy vault,  
Till they would know, I heard them say,  
Where they should put my worthless clay.  
And there I lay for weary years,  
Till all my friends dried up their tears,  
And lawyers had discussed my case  
From court to court, from place to place,  
Until at last our Queen's decree