

Until the Breton, finding the joint, ran his sword into  
the giant's heart.

The king's Moor fell, and his head bounded on the  
ground.

Lez-Breiz seeing this, put his foot on his breast,  
And drawing out his sword, he cut off the head of the  
Moorish giant.

And when he had cut off the Moor's head, he tied it to  
the pommel of his saddle;

He tied it to the pommel of his saddle by the beard  
which was all grey and plaited.

But seeing his sword all reeking with blood, he flung  
it far from him.

—That I should bear a sword stained in the blood of  
the king's Moor!

Then he mounted his rapid horse and he rode away,  
followed by his young esquire;

And when he reached home, he untied the Moor's  
head.

And he nailed it to his door, so that the Bretons might  
see it.

Hideous sight! with its black skin and white teeth, it  
frightened the passers-by.

Those who passed by and looked at the gaping mouth.

And the warriors said:— The Lord Lez-Breiz, he is a  
man!

And the Lord Lez Breiz then spoke thus himself.

—I have fought at twenty battles, and I have slain  
more than a thousand men;

Yet I never had such hard work as what the Moor  
gave me.

Lady Saint Anne, my dear mother, what marvels thou  
workest by my humble means!

I shall build thee a house of prayer, on the hill,  
between the Leguer and the Guindy.

*(To be continued.)*