

He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked ;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, ' Who is there ? '
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
' Open : 'tis I, the King ! Art thou afraid ? '
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
' This is some drunken vagabond, or worse ! '
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide ;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate ;
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,