

He does naught but fight against me, and kill my warriors.

When the King's Moor heard these words, he rose up, before the king :

—Master, I have rendered you faithful homage, of which I have often given you proof ;

But since you wish it, to day, the knight Lez-Breiz will afford me a new proof of fidelity.

—If to-morrow I do not bring you back his head, I will bring you mine with pleasure.

II

On the morrow, at early morn, the young esquire of Lez-Breiz ran trembling to his master :

—The King's Moor has come, and he has challenged you.

—If he has defied me, I must answer to his challenge.

—Dear Master, know you not that he fights with the charms of the devil ?

—If he fights with the charms of the devil, we shall fight with the help of God !

Go quick to harness my black horse, whilst I buckle on my armor.

—Save your grace, Master, if you believe me, you will not combat on your black horse.

There are three horses in the royal stable ; you may choose among the three.

Now, if you be pleased to hearken to me, I will tell you a secret.

It is an aged clerk who taught it to me, a golly man, if there be any on earth.

You shall not take the bay horse, nor the white horse either ;

You shall not take the white horse ; the black horse, I must not forbid ;

He is placed between the two others, and it was the king's Moor that broke him,

Believe me, take that one to fight against him.