

See them arriving at the chestnut-wood ; we shall
 my poor master, hard work to defend ourselves.
 —Thou shalt go and count how many there are, and
 they shall have tasted my steel.
 Strike thy sword, child, against my sword, and let
 march to them !

IV

—Ho ! good-day to thee, Sir Lez-Breiz.
 —Ho ! good-day to thee, Sir Lorgnez.
 —Comest thou alone to the fight ?
 —I come not alone to the fight ;
 To the fight I come not alone ; Saint Anne is with me.
 —I come to take thy life, by order of my King.
 —Turn back thy steps ! Go and tell thy King that
 I defy him as I defy thee ;
 That I scorn him as well as thee, as well as thy sword,
 as well as thy followers.
 Return to Paris, among the women, and wear
 gilded garments ;
 Else I will make thy blood as cold as iron or as steel.
 —Sir Lez-Breiz, tell me, in what wood didst thou
 see the light ?
 The last page of my escort would strike thy head
 from thy head.
 At these words, Lez-Breiz draws forth his great sword.
 —If thou hast not known the father, I will make
 know the son !

(To be continued.)

—000—