

And a strange foreboding seized her,
Filled her breast with anxious fears,
Blanched the rosy cheek with terror,
Changed the happy smile to tears.
She, who thus leaned from her lattice,
With sad heart, and troubled face,
Was the gentle Lady Edith,
Daughter of a haughty race.

Her brave sire, the noble Clifford,
Had won glory and renown,
In full many a hard fought battle,
And had died for King and Crown.
Since her early days of childhood,
Her Aunt,— Lady of St. Clare,
Had watched o'er her, and loved her,
With a mother's tender care.

She, with other high born maidens,
Passed full many a pleasant hour,
Bending o'er the rich embroidery,
In my lady's dainty bower.
And the Lord of that fair castle,
Was of noble mien, and grave;
In the court, the camp, the battle,
None more loyal, none more brave.

Many a youthful page, and squire,
Of proud name, and high degree,
Studied all the courtly graces,
In this school of chivalry.
One, there was, just newly knighted,
For some deed of valour done,
Gallantly at tilt and tourney,
He, the golden spurs had won.

'Twas the valiant Hugh de Spenser,
Frank and fearless, brave and true,
With a tall and stately figure,
Chestnut hair, and eyes of blue.
Need I tell you that this courtier,
Skilled in every grace and art,
Seeing the fair Edith's beauty,
At her shrine had laid his heart.