

Glared at each other with bewildered eyes  
( The glare of hunted deer on leashed hound ) ;  
And then the vanquished, struggling to arise,  
Made one last effort, while his face grew dark  
With pleading agony : “ Gualberto ! hark !  
The chants—the hour—thou know’st the olden  
fashion,—

The monks below intone our Lord’s dear Passion.  
Oh ! by this cross !”—and here he caught the hilt  
Of Gualberto’s sword,—“and by the Blood once spilt  
Upon it for us both long years ago,  
Forgive—forget—and spare a fallen foe !”

The face that bent above grew white and set  
( Christ or the demon ?—in the balance hung ) :  
The lips were drawn,—the brow bedewed with  
sweat,—

But on the grass the harmless sword was flung :  
And stooping down, the hero, generous, wrung  
The outstretched hand. Then, lest he lose control  
Of the but half-tamed passions of his soul,  
Fled up the pathway, tearing casque and coat  
To ease the tempest throbbing at his throat ;  
Fled up the crags, as if a fiend pursued,  
And paused not till he reached a chapel rude.

There, in the cool dim stillness, on his knees,  
Trembling, he flings himself, and, startled, sees