

And every day, at the hour of noon, you shall go,
and draw water from the spring on the mountain-
top.

—May it be done according to your holy will ; as you
say it,

I say it also.—

When the seven years had gone by, his robe wore the
skin from his heels,

And his beard grown grey, as well as his hair, fell
down to his waist.

One would have taken him for an oak for seven years
dead.

Whosoever might see him, could not know him again.

He was recognized only by a lady dressed in white who
passed under the green forest :

She looked at him, and began to weep :—Lez-Breiz,
my dear son, can it be thou ?

Come hither, my poor child, that I quick unload thee
of thy burden,

that I cut the chain asunder with my golden scissors :

II

Now, for seven years and a month, his esquire had
been seeking for him everywhere :

And his esquire thus spoke wandering through the
forest of Hellean :

—If I have killed his murderer, I have nevertheless
lost my dear lord—

He then heard at the end of the forest, the plaintive
neighing of a horse,

and his own charger, sniffing the wind, answered by
a canter,

When he had reached the forest's end, he recognized
the black horse of Lez-Breiz.

He was near the fountain, with his head down, but he
neither grazed nor drank :