

Then he broke out into the third canzon of the song of Renny, which was the chaunt of the girdle:—

“Listen, the last of the lay!
The weird women, weary of working,
Fashioned the crown, Christ them forgive!
Wrought the robe, for the ruefullest Renny—
Blotted with blood. Tearful they turned
Eyes to the heights; ‘Hear us, O Father,
Thou in Thy heaven! Pride serve we, and tears;
Never yet love.’ Then God gave the girdle
Into their hands; ‘This for the breasts
Of her whose great heart, surging her soul stress,
Breaketh the bands.’”

There he stopped, for Mabilla had unclasped the girdle and let it fall from her waist. She lifted Lanceilhot's arm by the hand and put it round her body. Then, glowing, she smiled into his face. “I am Renny no more, Lanceilhot,” she said, “but Mabilla thy love. This is the girdle I choose to wear.”

So he clasped her and fed her with kisses of his mouth.