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Them from their saddles, nothing loath,
And fall to fighting, with a smothered oath.
A pair of shapely, stalwart cavaliers,
Well-matched in stature, weapons, weight, and years,
Theirs was a long, fierce struggle on the grass,
Thrusting and parrying up and down the pass ;
Swaying from left to right, in combat clenched,
Till all the housings of their steeds were drenched
With brutal gore, and ugly blood-drops oozed
Upon the rocks, from head and hands contused.
But at the close, when Gualberto stopped to rest,
His heel was planted on his foeman's breast ;
And looking up, the fallen courtier sees,
As in a dream, gray rocks and waving trees
Before his glazing vision faintly float,
While Gualberto's sabre glitters at his throat.

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" Now die, base wretch ! " the victor fiercely cries,
His heart of hate out-flashing from his eyes :
" Never again, by the all-righteous Lord !
Shalt thou with life escape this trusty sword,—
Revenge is sweet ! " And upward glanced the steel,
But ere it fell,—dear Lord ! a silvery peal
Of voices chanting far below,
Rose, like a fountain's spray from spires of snow,
And chimed and chimed to die in echoes slow.

oe ;

In the sweet silence following the sound,
Gualberto and the man upon the ground