

VII.

And the thrall of a lordly ambition,
And the combat for lands and gold,
And titles and trinkets of honor,
And things that are bought and sold,
O thereafter he held them so lightly !
But aye as he went on his way,
Of a song he would be singing :
He was fey—he was fey !

VIII.

The chieftain of all most gentle,
Most ready with loyal sword,
But not in the years did he prosper,
And he fail'd of the World's reward ;
His king gave his lands to a stranger,
And his lady was faithless, they say ;
And he died in a battle, forgotten—
Well-a-day—well-a-day !

IX.

Comes something akin to a feeling
That no language of men can define,
Not to one in a million revealing
Its meaning by symbol or sign,
But told of in Sagas and olden
Legends, of longing and weir—
A sound in a silence too golden
For many to hear.