

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

And for the mansion hastes away,
The Bretons' treachery to repay.

Soon heads were falling down like rain;
The Bretons fought, but fought in vain,
And now like frightened deer,
They seek the densest woods and brakes,
And thick copse bordering the lakes,
In hope to quell their fear

Well did the scared cup-bearers say:
Your vengeance, Chiefs! 'twere well to stay;
If any one of us you slay;

You'll all regret this night;
For naught will ever then restore
Their strength, to those who weapons bore
In many a battle heretofore

And well remembered fight.
But we the heralds of the king,
Can bring to you a magic ring,
And they'll be soon all right.
We've seen it tried three times before,
'Twill heal their wounds, their strength restore.
And make them fully ten times more
Resistless in their might."

"Then get the charm and bring it hence.
And from us claim fit recompense."

They seek at once the haunted cave,
Where dwelt the fairy queen;
Who gave to each a shadowy cloak,
So they could pass unseen
By the minotaur, who vigil kept
O'er this magic ring, and never slept.

At last they find the secret crypt,
Where lay the magic ring;
And passed unseen the awful beast,
While back the prize they bring,