He shudders, takes her for the tempter's snare,
And startled by a sight he wants to shun,
He runs his fingers through his mop of hair,
And staunchly signs away the Evil One.

The blood leaps to his temples, red and warm,
The candles harry him with shafts of blaze,
Then on the Virgin's knees, before his gaze,
The Saviour of the world holds out his arm.

"A servant in your army, I will do
Your work, no slighter aim shall ever stir
My spirit, all my life I vow to you.
Forgive a weakness which shall not recur!"

And from the altar, decked in white, a swarm
Of cherubim flew upward. To the wave
Of holy song a distant organ gave,
The squire's artlessness, the sire's calm
Merged to a spacious light and filled the nave.

THE DEED

A host of simple flowers threaded through the grass —
His mind still blank with youth, the squire roamed across

At break of day, close to his father's banquet-hall,
Then flicked into the well the pebbles from the wall.

Perhaps he saw himself in blood and glory laved!
When midday came, and still no emerald token waved

— The sign of hope — upon his neighbour's battlement,
To pledge him Melusina's love and her consent,

He trembled and then wept defiantly and long
Through mournful hours while the sun was full and strong.