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ABOUT THIS BOOK

A thousand years ago, fair maidens, gathering around their embroidery frames, wove in brilliant colors the story of valiant deeds wherewith to adorn the walls of bower or wall. And as in and out the shining needles flashed, and the forms of gallant knights, strange beasts, and fearsome giants took shape beneath their flying fingers, the maidens lent an eager ear to some old dame who told, perchance, the wondrous deeds of brave Sir Guy of Warwick, that gallant knight so courteous and so bold.

A thousand years ago, when the feast was over, and the wine-cup passed around the cheerful board and firelight leaped and flickered on the wall, the minstrel took his harp and sang. He sang, perchance, of how that great Earl, Guy of Warwick, fought and conquered noisome beasts, fell giants and villains strong, and of how at last he died a holy man.

From mother to daughter, from father to son, from minstrel to minstrel, the story was handed down, until three hundred years or more had come and gone. Then at length, some poet, hearing the story which the minstrels sang and which the old dames told in the twilight hours, dipped his pen in glowing colours, and with gold, and red and blue, and with magic words, wove the story afresh.

Long since, the brilliant tapestry has mouldered into dusts; long since, the voice and harp of minstrel have ceased and the hand of the scribe lain still. But yet the story lives. It is hard to read, though, in the quaint old words of the Saxon poet who wrote long, long ago, and although the story is so old it has not often been told again. So in this little book I have told, not all indeed, but a few of brave Sir Guy's adventures, in the hope that these quaint tales of the world when it was young may please the children of to-day as they pleased the grown-up children in days gone by.

H.E. MARSHALL

TABLE OF CONTENTS

HOW A LORD BECAME A STEWARD.....	4
THE STORY OF GUY AND PHYLLIS	7
THE WHITE TOURNAMENT	9
GUY AND THE FIGHT THE DUN COW	13
HOW GUY FOUGHT FIFTEEN VILLAINS.....	16
THE SIEGE OF ARRASCOUN	18
GUY AND HIS LION	21
HOW GUY SET FORTH AGAIN.....	25
HOW GUY FOUGHT WITH AMERAUNT.....	27
HOW GUY FOUGHT WITH COLBRAND	30
HOW AT LAST GUY WENT HOME.....	33

CHAPTER I

HOW A LORD BECAME A STEWARD

Long, long ago, England was not all one kingdom as it is now. It was divided into several kingdoms, each having a king. One of these kingdoms was called Northumbria, another was called Wessex.

Now the King of Wessex wanted to make himself king over the whole of England, so he gathered an army and went to fight against the King of Northumbria.

When the King of Northumbria heard that the King of Wessex was coming to fight against him, he, too, gathered his soldiers together. A great battle was fought in which the King of Northumbria was defeated, and obliged to own the King of Wessex as his lord and master.

Among the nobles who fought for the King of Northumbria was one called Gordian. He was a great lord. He lived in a castle and had much land and money, and many servants and soldiers.

Gordian fought well and bravely for his king, but in the end all his soldiers were killed or taken prisoner, and he himself barely escaped with his life. After the battle, while he lay wounded and weary, a messenger came to him. This messenger came to tell him that while he had been away fighting, the soldiers of the King of Wessex had attacked his castle. After a terrible siege it had been taken. All his money and goods were stolen, his servants scattered or dead, his castle burned to the ground.

When Lord Gordian heard this news he hid his face in his hands and groaned.

The messenger waited in silence.

“And my wife, the Lady Brunhilda, what of her?” said Lord Gordian, at last, looking up anxiously at the messenger. He was almost afraid to answer.

“Twas she who sent me, my lord,” replied the man. “She bade me say that when the castle could no longer be held against the enemy, she fled by secret ways to the cave of which thou knowest. She is safe, and there abides thy coming.”

“Kind messenger,” said Gordian joyfully, “this good news far outweighs the evil. Go, and God be with thee, for this day thou hast brought gladness to my heart.”

Lord Gordian then rewarded the messenger as well as he could, and mounting upon his war-horse, which was all that he had left in the world, he turned homeward. He had to go slowly, for he was still weak and ill from the terrible wounds which he had received in battle, so he was many days upon the way.

At last one evening, just as the sun was setting, he reached a hilltop from which he could see his castle. He stopped his horse. The tears started to his eyes as he looked. There before him lay his home, the walls black and ruined, the pretty garden, where Brunhilda and he used to walk together, trampled and destroyed, the flowers which she had loved crushed and broken.

It was a sad sight. Lord Gordian sat down upon a grassy bank feeling very sorrowful indeed. He leaned his head upon his hand and looked through his tears at the ruins of his home.

But as he sat there some one came softly behind him—some one who put her arms round his neck and laid her cheek against his. It was Brunhilda. “Gordian, Gordian,” she whispered, “thou hast come back to me at last.”

How happy Gordian was. Nothing seemed to matter now that Brunhilda and he were together again. For a long

time they sat and talked. The red sun sank behind the hills, and still they sat together. They had much to say to each other, and it made Gordian tremble to hear of the many dangers through which Brunhilda had passed while he had been away.

“And yet,” he said sadly, “I must leave thee again. I have now neither money nor lands. I have nothing but my sword. That I must carry into far countries and there win fame and riches, so that I may make thee, once more a great lady.”

“Ah, no! ah, no!” cried Brunhilda; “do not leave me again. Let me go where thou goest. I would rather be the poorest woman in the land, and be with thee, than be rich and great, and be far from thee. If go thou must, take me with thee.”

“I cannot,” replied Gordian sadly. “Neither a soldier’s camp nor the battlefield is a place for a gentle lady. But it will not be for long. I will soon win fame and fortune and come home to thee again.”

Brunhilda shook her head. “What should I do meanwhile?” she asked. “Where should I go? I have no one left but thee. Thou must take me with thee. I do not want to be a great lady. I do not care how poor I am, if only thou wilt let me stay with thee.”

Gordian loved Brunhilda very, very dearly. He did not want to leave her, so at last he promised that she should go wherever he went. “But whither shall we venture first?” he asked.

“I know,” said Brunhilda, “we will go to the King at York. He is good and wise, they say. Perhaps he will give unto thee some of thy land again, for thou didst only what seemed to be right in fighting for thine own king.”

“We will go at least and ask him,” said Gordian.

So next morning they set out. Brunhilda rode upon a war-horse, which stepped proudly along as if glad to have such

a beautiful lady to carry. Gordian walked beside her holding the bridle.

They were as happy as two children on a holiday. It is true they were very poor. In all the world they possessed nothing except the clothes they wore. Yet as they went along they laughed and sang, for they loved each other and were together. Sometimes they passed through great woods. There Gordian and Brunhilda would wander hand-in-hand while the war-horse followed them as gently as a lamb. He would put his nose on Brunhilda’s shoulder, and she would gather wildflowers and hang wreaths of thm round his proudly arching neck, while Gordian would twine blossoms in her hair.



SOMETIMES HE SLEPT UNDER THE GREAT TREES.

Sometimes they slept under the great trees; sometimes in a poor man’s cottage; sometimes in the castle of a rich lord. In those days there were no inns, and travellers were welcomed everywhere. So people were kind to these two, giving them food and shelter. And Brunhilda’s beautiful face

and happy smile made every one love her wherever she went. At last they came to the end of their journey and reached the city of York. But the King was no longer there. He had gone to Winchester.

Brunhilda was very much disappointed. In spite of all her songs and sunny smiles, it was easy to see that she was weary with the long journey. Tears came into her eyes, but she blinked them away, and turning to Gordian with a brave smile, said, "Never mind, we will follow the King." So they rested for a day or two in the house of some kind people, and then once more set off on their wanderings.

Brunhilda still sang and still smiled, but she was very weary. Her face grew pale and her eyes always looked tired. It made Gordian's heart sad to see her. But on they went. One day about noon they came to a great castle near the town of Warwick. As his custom was, Gordian knocked at the gate, and asked if the lord of the castle would give two weary travellers a meal for the love of God, as they had no money with which to buy food.

"Ay, surely," answered the man who opened the door to them, "but we are in trouble here."

"What is the trouble?" asked Gordian.

"Why," said the man, "our steward has even just died. My Lord Rohand thought much of him and is greatly grieved. He knows not whom to put in his place. But come, the dinner is even now upon the board."

Brunhilda and Gordian went into the great dining-hall of Warwick Castle. They took a humble seat near the lower end of the table, among the other poor strangers and the servants. For in those days every one dined together in the same room. The great people sat at one end of the table and the poor people at the other.

Gordian was very thoughtful all through the meal. When it was over, he rose and walked right up the long room

to the place where Earl Rohand was sitting. Dropping on one knee, "Grant me a favour, my lord," he cried.

"What favour is it thou wouldst ask?" said Lord Rohand, looking in surprise from the kneeling stranger to the beautiful lady who stood behind him, for Brunhilda had followed her husband.

"Make me thy steward," said Lord Gordian. "I swear to serve thee well and faithfully."

"But surely thou art no steward," said Lord Rohand, still more surprised. "Thou seemest to me like some great noble."

"Yes," said Gordian, rising from his knee, and looking proudly at the Earl, "I am Lord Gordian of Northumbria. I have lost all that I had in fighting for my king. Of all my riches only my dear wife is left to me. We two have wandered out into the world to seek our fortunes together. But my wife is a gentle lady unused to this rough life. Already she is tired and ill; she cannot travel further. Make me thy steward, and I promise to serve thee as truly as man can."

Still Earl Rohand hesitated, but when he looked at Brunhilda's pale, sweet face his heart was touched.

"Thou shalt be my steward," he said, "and thou and thy lady shall live in the steward's house at the castle gates."

So Lord Gordian became Earl Rohand's steward, and he and Brunhilda lived happily together for the rest of their lives in the steward's house, near the gates of Warwick Castle.

CHAPTER II

THE STORY OF GUY AND PHYLLIS

It was not long after Brunhilda and Gordian went to live in Warwick that their little baby boy was born. It seemed to Brunhilda that this was the only thing that she had wanted to make her quite, quite happy. She thought that no baby had ever been so beautiful as hers. And indeed he was a very wonderful child. Soon after he was born, a wise woman came to see Brunhilda. She took the baby in her arms and looked long and earnestly at him. Then giving him back to Brunhilda, she said, "Thou art a happy woman. Thy son will be a great man. He will do many wonderful deeds, and his name will be remembered for hundreds and hundreds of years."

Then the wise woman went away, leaving Brunhilda very happy.

Gordian and Brunhilda called their little boy Guy. They loved him very much. He was a pretty child that all the ladies in the castle loved too. They used to play with him and kiss him and give him toys.

As Guy grew older he became as strong and brave as he was beautiful. When he was only eight years old he could run and fight, throw stones and climb trees, better than a boy of twelve. By the time that he was sixteen he was taller and stronger than any man. No knight in all the country could compare with him. He rode a horse, and handled a sword and spear better than any of them. Yet he was not a knight, but only a steward's son.

At last Earl Rohand heard of Guy and his wonderful strength and skill. He asked the boy to a great dinner at Warwick Castle, and afterwards to join in a Tournament, as the games in which knights took part were called.

Earl Rohand loved brave deeds and brave men. So, although Guy was only his steward's son, he treated him as an honoured guest. Guy was given a seat near the upper end of the table, quite close to the Earl, and opposite his lovely daughter, Phyllis.

At first Guy was rather shy at finding himself among so many grand lords, and knights, and fair ladies. But soon he took courage, and, raising his eyes, he saw Lady Phyllis looking at him. She, too, had heard of Guy's great deeds and had longed to speak to him. For although Guy had had dinner every day in the same room as Phyllis, he had sat far down the table, and did not dare to speak to so grand a lady. But he had often looked at her from his distant seat, and had thought that no one in all the world was so beautiful. Now that he looked at her, as she sat opposite, he was sure of it.

And indeed Phyllis was the most beautiful lady in the whole kingdom. Some people say she was one of the most beautiful ladies who have ever lived in all the world. Certainly Guy thought so. He did not want to sit at dinner any longer. He longed for the Tournament to begin, so that he might show Phyllis how well he could fight.

At last the feast was over and the Tournament began. Lord Rohand and Lady Phyllis, and many other gay lords and ladies, sat watching, while the knights fought and wrestled.

Never did Guy fight so well as on this day. He conquered every one of the knights, and won the prize. Shouts and cheers filled the air as he knelt before Phyllis. She smiled kindly at him, as she put the crown of roses upon his head, and the chain of gold around his neck. It pleased her that the son of her father's steward should be so brave. And as he knelt before her, Guy's heart beat so loud and fast that he thought every one must hear it and know that he loved Phyllis, although he did not dare to tell her so.

Earl Rohand soon grew to like Guy very much, and he often invited him to the castle. Every time that Guy came, he saw Phyllis. Each time that he saw her, he loved her more.

Guy knew that it was very foolish to love Phyllis, for she was a great lady, and he only a steward's son.

Day by day great lords and princes came to the castle to ask Phyllis to marry them. To each one she said, "No, I love thee not." Then they went away sadly, for Phyllis was very beautiful and very rich.

Yet Guy lived in constant fear that some day Phyllis would marry one of these splendid princes who came to ask for her hand. Then she would go away, and perhaps he would never see her again.

One beautiful spring day Phyllis and Guy were walking in the garden together. The birds were singing, the sun was shining, the first flowers were making sweet the air, and all the world seemed full of happiness. Only in Guy's heart was there pain and trouble.

"Phyllis," he said suddenly, "Phyllis, I love thee, I love thee; I cannot help it."

Phyllis had been merry and smiling. In a moment she looked cold and proud. She was no longer his laughing playmate, but the Lady Phyllis, his master's daughter.

"What nonsense, Guy," she said; "surely thou has forgotten that I am Lord Rohand's daughter, and thou but his steward's son. Go away, and never speak to me again." Then she walked proudly up the garden path, leaving poor Guy feeling very miserable indeed.

After this Guy became most unhappy. He no longer laughed and sang with his friends, but wandered about by himself, silent and gloomy. He became at last so pale and ill that every one wondered what the matter could be.

Lord Rohand, who was very fond of Guy, was sorry to see him look so pale. "What aileth thee, Guy?" he asked.

"Nothing, my lord, nothing at all," replied Guy. He did not dare to say, "I love Lady Phyllis, and she is angry with me."

Poor Guy! he was strong, and brave, and handsome; he could fight wicked giants and wild beasts, but he did not know in the least how to make a beautiful lady love him. So he wandered about alone, looking very pale and miserable.

Now Phyllis began to be sorry that she had spoken so crossly to Guy. She missed him very much, for he never came now to walk with her in the garden, or to ride through the woods. She thought at first that he would soon come back, and that they would be friends again. But day after day passed and still he did not come.

Strange to say, too, the longer Guy stayed away, the more Phyllis wished he would come back; and the more she thought about him, the sorrier she became that she had spoken so crossly, till at last she thought of nothing but Guy all day long.

From thinking of Guy all day long, Phyllis came to dream about him all night too. One night she dreamed that he had come back, dressed in splendid armour, and looking like a grand prince.

When Phyllis woke after this dream she began to wonder if it could ever come true. She wished it would. Certainly it seemed as if something strange had happened to her, for instead of being angry with Guy, she now felt that she loved him better than any one in all the world.

But day after day went by, and Guy did not come, so at last Phyllis sent for him. He came quickly, wondering what she wanted to say to him, and when Phyllis saw him looking sad and miserable, she was more sorry than ever that she had been so cross.

As she looked at him the tears came into her eyes. "I am very sorry," she said gently; "wilt thou forgive me, and be my friend again?"

It seemed to Guy as if the sun suddenly began to shine and the birds to sing. "Dost thou mean it?" he cried. "Dost thou truly want me to come back again? And may I love thee? And wilt thou marry me?"

Phyllis, looking more beautiful than ever, answered, "Yes, I want thee to come back, Guy, but I cannot marry thee yet. I am very proud—I cannot help it—and I want to be proud of thee too. I could not be proud of thee while thou art only a steward's son, even if thy father is really a nobleman. Go away and make thyself famous, and when thou comest back then I will marry thee."

Guy took Phyllis in his arms and kissed her once. "Good-bye," he cried, "good-bye, I will come back famous."

Then he mounted upon his horse and rode away, and Phyllis did not see him again for a long time.

CHAPTER III

THE WHITE TOURNAMENT

After Guy had said good-bye to Phyllis he rode gaily away. He rode right across England until he came to the sea. There he went on board a ship and sailed over to Germany.

As soon as he arrived in Germany, Guy heard that there was to be a great Tournament. Whoever fought best was to marry the daughter of the Emperor. Her name was Blanche, which means white. Besides marrying the Princess, the bravest knight was to receive a pure white horse, two white hounds, and a white falcon. So it was called the White Tournament.

When Guy heard about this Tournament he rode as fast as he could to the place where it was to be held. He arrived just in time.

It was a gay scene. Kings, princes, dukes, and earls came riding from all parts of Europe to try for the prize, for it was known far and wide that the Emperor's daughter was very beautiful.

Nearly all who came to this Tournament were great and famous men. They wore shining steel armour, inlaid with gold and silver; feathers, or crests as they were called, waved on their helmets; their shields were painted with curious figures and strange beasts in bright colours. For in those days, whenever any one did a great deed or brave act, something was painted upon his shield to remind him of it, and to show all the world what a brave man he was.

But Guy wore only plain black armour, and he had nothing at all painted upon his shield because he had not yet done anything famous enough.

The place where the knights were gathered together to fight for the prize was called the lists. It was like a large field,

all round which were placed raised seats, for the lovely ladies and gay lords who came to look on. The common folk stood about, or sat upon the grass.

In the very best seats of all sat the Emperor and his daughter. The Princess watched the combat earnestly, for she knew the victor was to be her husband.

When Guy came to the gate of the lists he was stopped by a very fine person with feathers in his cap, and a red ribbon round his neck, from which hung a golden trumpet. He was called a herald.

“What is thy name?” asked the herald.

“I am Guy of Warwick, son of Lord Gorian of Northumbria,” said Guy.

Then the herald allowed Guy to ride into the lists.

All the lords and ladies looked at him scornfully because he wore such plain armour and had nothing painted upon his shield.

But Guy could a horse and use a sword and lance as well as any one of them there, although he was not yet a knight, and had not won his spurs.

When any one was made a knight he was given a pair of golden spurs. So it was called winning his spurs.

Soon the trumpets sounded and the Tournament began. Guy chose one of the grandest and the proudest of the knights, and riding up to him struck his shield with his lance.

This man was a Prince called Philaner who was a very fierce and terrible fighter. He immediately began to fight with Guy, but Guy gave him such a tremendous blow that he reeled in his saddle and fell with a crash to the ground. There he lay senseless. He had to be carried away, and could not fight no more that day.

Every one was very much surprised, for Prince Philaner was one of the strongest and bravest of the knights there.

Next a proud Earl came galloping up to Guy. Their shields and lances crashed together and the next minute he too lay senseless upon the ground.

Then the Emperor’s own son, who was also taking part in the Tournament, lowered his lance, and, with a shout, rushed upon Guy. So fiercely did he ride down upon him, that it seemed as if Guy would certainly be beaten this time. His horse reared upon his hind legs and pawed the air. But, quick as lightning, Guy leant forward and dealt the Prince such a blow on the right arm that it dropped by his side useless, and his lance fell to the ground.

At that moment the Emperor threw down a white handkerchief and the heralds blew their trumpets. The knights stopped fighting, and rode back to the end of the lists to rest for a few minutes.

“Who is the stranger in the black armour who fights so well, and conquers all the bravest knights?” asked every one.

“Whoever he is, I mean to beat him,” said Duke Otto.

Duke Otto was a very splendid soldier. He was as tall as Guy and much broader and stronger. His magnificent black horse pranced and curveted till his armour of gold and steel glittered and flashed in the sunlight.

As soon as the heralds sounded the trumpets again, Duke Otto dashed at Guy. But Guy was prepared for him. They met with such a shock that both their lances were shivered to atoms.

Each drew back for a moment and unsheathed his sword. Then on they came again. A fearful fight followed. Blow after blow fell, their horses leaping and bounding, twisting and turning, with marvellous quickness.

Their swords rattled and rang against each other, their armour clattered and jingled. Sparks, splinters, and dust flew about; blood flowed from their wounds, but still they fought on.

Then Duke Otto, rising in his stirrups, gathered his strength for a might blow. Guy met it with all his force. Both their swords were shattered to pieces, and, at the same instant, Duke Otto fell to the ground.

With a cry of rage Duke Ranier, Duke Otto's cousin, struck spurs to his horse and dashed at full speed upon Guy.



THE DUKE CRIED OUT FOR MERCY AND OWNED HIMSELF BEATEN.

"Base stranger!" he cried, "know that Duke Ranier will avenge his kinsman."

"Ha!" laughed Guy scornfully, as they met, "we say in England, 'The weak must go to the wall.' Had I not been the stronger I would surely lie where Duke Otto lies now."

The fight only lasted a few minutes. Duke Ranier was so blind with rage that he struck out wildly. Guy was calm and cool, and soon gave him such a blow upon the shoulder that the Duke cried out for mercy and owned himself beaten.

Once more the heralds sounded the retreat, and there was a pause in the fighting.

The wonder at the feats of the stranger was greater than ever. But now no more knights could be found to fight against him.

"It is magic," said one.

"He fights like a very demon," said another.

"I could have sworn that I saw two swords, his blows fell so thick and fast."

"He has the strength of ten."

"And yet, for the honour of my country," said Duke Louvain, "I should dearly like to try my strength with him."

Immediately a cry arose, "Hurrah! hurrah! A champion! a champion!"

Again the heralds sounded the trumpets, and Duke Louvain rode forth.

He was more splendid than any of the knights with whom Guy had fought. The white plumes of his helmet waved in the breeze, his armour glittered, his stately warhorse arched his neck, and pawed the ground, as Duke Louvain stepped into the lists.

Guy was hot and tired, his horse was nearly exhausted, and his plain black armour was bent and battered.

"Sir Stranger," said the Duke, "I would not take thee at a mean advantage. Let us put off the challenge until thou art rested and refreshed."

"Nay," replied Guy, "I will not rest until I have conquered all who are ready to fight me."

“So be it,” replied the Duke, and lowering his lance he sprang forward.

The fight was long. Duke Louvain was the bravest and most skilful of the knights. But at last he too was conquered. With a sudden blow and quick turn of the wrist, Guy knocked the sword from his hand. Another blow would have sent him senseless to the ground. But Guy would not take him at a disadvantage. He drew back and waited for Duke Louvain to arm himself again. The Duke, however, held up his hand. “Enough,” he said, “enough, Sir Stranger. Ledgwin of Louvain may think it no dishonour to own himself defeated by so brave a warrior.”

“Fortune favoured me,” replied Guy modestly, “or thou hadst easily conquered. Scarce ever have I been so nearly beaten.”

“I would not part in unfriendly manner from a foe so gallant,” said the Duke.

So like brave men they shook hands, and felt no jealousy the one of the other.

All the rest of the knights, however, were envious of Guy. If looks and wishes could have killed, he would not have lived long. But not one among them would fight with him again. “It is useless,” they said. “He wears some charm which protects him.”

Then the heralds blew the trumpets and proclaimed that the stranger, Guy of Warwick, had won the prize.

All the people who had been looking on cheered loudly. The Princess felt glad and happy, for she had seen how brave the man who wore the plain black armour was, and she hoped he would win. She said to herself that she would like to marry so brave a man.

The Emperor, who loved brave men, was pleased too, although Guy had defeated so many of his own knight, and

even his own son. He now sent one of his nobles to bring Guy to him.

“Welcome, Sir Guy of Warwick,” he said, as Guy knelt before him, “welcome to my court and kingdom. The English are a great and powerful race, but thou art the very Flower and Pride of thy country. In all Europe there is no man to compare with thee. I am glad that one so brave has won my daughter’s hand in marriage.”

The Princess sat beside her father, rosy and happy. Guy had taken off his helmet, and now that she could see how handsome he was, she felt more than ever that she would like to marry him.

But as soon as the Emperor stopped speaking, Guy rose and answered, “Sire, I have fought this Tournament, not for the prize, but for the honour alone. I cannot marry the Princess, although she is beautiful and worthy of all love. My heart is in England with my own dear lady. To her I will return, when I am famous and worthy to take her hand. Her only will I marry.”

Poor Princess Blanche! All the pretty colour went out of her cheeks, and the happiness from her heart. Tears came into her eyes, and she felt miserable indeed.

“Princess,” said Guy, turning to her and kneeling again, “humbly I bend before thee. Accept me as thy loyal English knight. I will serve thee in everything. Shouldst thou need, at any time, a knight to fight for thee, thou hast but to command me. But for my fair Lady Phyllis alone, I keep my love.”

“Go,” said the Princess, bending down to hide her tears, go back to the Lady Phyllis. Tell her the Princess Blanche of Germany wishes her all happiness.”

“I cannot go yet,” said Guy. “First I must do great deeds, and go back to her only when I am famous.”

“Ah,” thought the Princess, “if only he loved me I would not care whether he were famous or not. I should not send him away. I should keep him always near me.” But aloud she said, “Art thou not famous enough? Hast thou not conquered all the bravest knights in Europe? Go back to thy lady, and tell her that I sent thee to her.”

And because Guy longed very much to see Phyllis again, he took the white horse, the two white hounds, and the white falcon which he had won, and sailed back again to England.

For a long time after he went Princess Blanche was very sad. She thought often of the brave and handsome knight, Guy of Warwick, and when she thought of him tears came into her eyes.

But many years later she married a great lord, and lived happily ever afterwards.

CHAPTER IV

GUY AND THE FIGHT WITH THE DUN COW

On the way back to England Guy had many adventures and did many great deeds, so that his fame spread far and wide. At last he arrived safely at Warwick. There was much rejoicing. His father and mother were indeed glad to see him, and Brunhilda was so happy that she cried.

As soon as Guy had seen his father and mother, he went to the castle. He took the white horse, the two white hounds, and the white falcon with him as presents to Phyllis.

She was delighted with them all, and said that she would never ride any other horse. “But,” she said, “I heard that there was a princess too. Where is she?”

“Oh,” said Guy, “I told her that I did not love her and could not marry her, so she stayed at home with her father, the Emperor of Germany.”

“Didst thou not want to marry her?” asked Phyllis. “It would be a very splendid thing to marry the Princess Blanche of Germany,”

“No,” said Guy, “she may be Princess of Germany, but thou art my queen. I would rather marry thee.”

For a little time Guy and Phyllis were very happy together. Then one day Guy said that he must go away again.

“Oh, must thou indeed?” said Phyllis, feeling very sad.

“Yes,” said Guy, “now that I have been out in the world, I know what great deeds men do. I would not dare yet to ask Earl Rohand to let me marry his daughter.”

And although Phyllis loved Guy very much, her pride was even greater than her love, so she said to him, "Go, it makes my heart feel warm and glad when I hear of thy great deeds. I feel proud when I hear every one wondering at them and praising thee for them, for I know that they are all done for my sake."

Then she helped him to buckle on his sword and spurs. Her eyes were full of tears, but her hand did not shake, nor did her voice tremble as she said good-bye.

Earl Rohand was sorry when he heard that Guy was going away again. He had no sons, and he had grown to love Guy as if he had been his own, instead of his steward's child. He tried hard to persuade him not to go. But it was of no use, and once more Guy rode away.

When he came to the sea, he found that there was a great storm raging. The waves were dashing high, and the wind, which was fierce, was blowing from the sea.

In those days there were no steamers, but only rowing-boats and sailing-ships. So Guy had to wait until the sea calmed down and the wind blew in the right direction to carry him to France, where he wished to go in search of adventure.

While he was waiting by the sea, he heard that a terrible dun-coloured cow had appeared in Warwickshire.

In those days a great part of England was covered with woods. Dreadful wild beasts lived in these woods, so that it was often dangerous to pass through them alone or unarmed. This huge and terrible Cow came out of one of these forests. It trampled down the corn, and destroyed whole villages. It killed and devoured both cattle and people, so that every one fled away in terror to the towns, and the whole country round was deserted.

It was truly a fearsome beast. People who had seen it said that it was twelve feet high and eighteen feet long. Its horns, which were thicker than an elephant's tusks, curled and

twisted. Its eyes gleamed with fire and flashed like lightning, and its bellow was like the roar of thunder.

The king of that part of the country soon heard how this dreadful beast was killing his poor people and destroying the land. He therefore sent messengers through all his kingdom to say that whoever would kill the Dun Cow should be made a knight and should receive a great deal of land and money as reward. But no one brave enough could be found. Knights who were not afraid to fight in tournaments and battles feared this terrible Dun Cow.

"If only Guy of Warwick were here," said the people, "he would soon kill the awful beast. But he has gone away to France and we shall all be devoured."

Guy, however, had not yet set out for France, and at length the King's messengers came to the place where he was waiting by the sea until the storm should blow over. As soon as he heard about the Dun Cow, he mounted his horse, and without telling any one what he was going to do, he rode straight back to Warwickshire.

When he came near to the place where the Dun Cow was, he found all the land laid waste. The fields were covered with the bones of animals which it had killed and eaten. The cottages were empty, for those of the people who had not been killed had fled.

When Guy was a long way off, he heard a loud bellow. He followed the sound until he came near to it. Then he dismounted and put his horse in a safe place.

He took his sword, his battle-axe, and his bow and arrows, and went the rest of the way on foot.

Presently he saw the Dun Cow standing in the middle of a large field, greedily devouring some animal which it had just killed.

Guy crept on very carefully, making no noise. He hoped to get quite close to the Dun Cow before it caught sight of him. But suddenly it raised its head and saw him.

Lashing its huge tail, and uttering an angry bellow, it rushed at Guy with lowered head.

The earth seemed to shake as the huge beast came thundering along. But Guy was not afraid. He stood still. Quickly fitting an arrow to his bow, he waited until the Dun Cow was within short shooting distance. As soon as it was near enough, he shot, hitting the animal right in the middle of the forehead.

Englishmen have always been famous archers, and Guy was the best shot in all England at that time. But although he sent the arrow straight and hard, it could not pierce the tough hide of the Dun Cow. It glanced off as if from polished steel armour, and the great beast came galloping on, unhurt.

When Guy saw it coming, he sprang to one side. But he was not quick enough, and it struck him with its horns, dinting his armour with the blow.

Guy then drew his sword and tried to pierce one of the Dun Cow's eyes. But he could not get near enough. The terrible twisted horns were so long that Guy could not get past them to pierce an eye with his sword.

Guy now knew that there was only one hope of killing the beast. He must strike a blow right behind the ear. That was the only spot where the Dun Cow's hide was soft.

Springing back, Guy threw down his sword, and seized his battle-axe.

With lowered head, the Dun Cow rushed at him again. Again Guy waited until it was quite near. Then with his left hand he seized one of its horns, while with his right he firmly grasped his battle-axe.

Giving a loud bellow, the Dun Cow tossed its head. Up in the air flew Guy, but he kept tight hold.

Again and again the Dun Cow tossed its head, trying in vain to shake Guy off. Clinging fast to the horn, he swung his battle-axe well back and brought it crashing down on the Dun Cow's head, just behind the ear.

The huge beast gave one fierce roar of pain and anger, then staggered and fell over on its side with the sound as of a house tumbling down.

Guy was dragged to the ground along with the Cow, but he was not hurt. Rising, he made quite sure that the beast was really dead, then he went to the safe place where he had left his horse. Mounting it, he rode off to the nearest town, which happened to be Coventry, to tell the news.

The people nearly went mad with delight when they heard about it. They cheered and blessed Guy as he rode through the streets. Then every one who could walk or ride went out into the country, eager to see with their own eyes the great beast, as it lay dead in the field.

During all the hubbub and excitement, Guy, unseen by any, mounted his horse again, and started on his way back to the sea. He liked doing brave deeds, but he did not like making a fuss over them. So he was very glad to get away quietly.

But the King soon heard of what had happened, and he sent swift messengers after Guy to bring him back again.

When Guy was brought before him, the King made him kneel down. Then he drew his sword and striking Guy on the shoulder said, "Rise, Sir Guy of Warwick." So Guy was made a knight.

Then the King gave the new knight a pair of golden spurs. Lady Phyllis came to him, and kneeling at his feet, fastened them on for him.

After that the King gave a great feast. Guy sat at the King's right hand and Phyllis sat beside him. And while every one feasted, a minstrel played upon a harp and sang songs in honour of Guy. He told of all the great things the knight had done, and, above all how he had slain the Dun Cow.

The King now gave to Guy the money and lands which he had promised to whoever should kill the Dun Cow. He begged Guy not to go away any more, promising that he would ask Lord Rohand to allow him to marry Phyllis. But Guy would not stay. He had made up his mind to go, and go he would.

So once more he said good-bye to Phyllis, and rode away to the sea. As soon as he had gone, the King gave orders that, in memory of Guy's great deed, one rib of the Dun Cow should be hung up at the gate of the town of Coventry, and another in the Castle of Warwick.

This was done. The rib in Warwick is still preserved. Should you ever go there you must be sure to look at it and remember Guy's great deeds.

CHAPTER V

HOW GUY FOUGHT WITH FIFTEEN VILLAINS

Once again Guy reached the shore, and, the wind blowing fair, he stepped on board his ship, and sailed away in search of adventure.

He landed in France, and wandered through many lands, everywhere winning praise and fame, and because he was courteous and gentle, much love too. Other knights joined him, sure of honour and renown if they but followed in Guy's train. One of these knights was called Heraud of Ardern, and between Heraud and Guy there was great love. But some people hated Guy. Duke Otto had neither forgotten nor forgiven Guy for having overthrown him at the White Tournament. The more he heard of Guy's great deeds the more he hated him. Jealousy and anger filled his wicked heart, as, brooding and gloomy, he roamed about seeking ever for revenge.

At last his chance came. Guy was wounded at a Tournament, and afterwards rode away, attended only by three friends, one of whom was Heraud. When Duke Otto heard of this, he rejoiced greatly. Guy, wounded and almost alone, would be easily overcome, he thought. So he bribed fifteen villains to lie in wait for him in a certain wood through which he must pass.

"His knights ye shall slay," said Otto; "but Sir Guy ye shall take alive and bring unto me. In my dark prison he shall lie. No ransom shall be great enough to buy his freedom. From thence shall he never win. In sorrow and woe he shall end." Then Otto laughed a low, cruel laugh, and his little eyes gleamed with a wicked joy.

“My lord, thy will shall be done,” said the villains, and taking their swords and spears they set out quickly for the forest. There, lying still and quiet among the green leaves, they waited for Guy.

Soon he came. Knowing nothing of these wicked plots against him, he rode slowly through the wood, mounted, not upon his war-horse, but upon a little mule, for his wound was still very painful, and he could go but gently.

Suddenly, through the green branches, Guy and his friends saw the gleam of steel helmets and the glitter of swords and spears as the fifteen villains came towards them with dark and evil look.

“Alas!” said Guy, “here is treachery. Truly death comes to us now, for we are but four against fifteen. But right dearly will I seel my life, and I charge ye all that ye do manly work this day.”

“Dear friend,” said Heraud, “for the love thou bearest me, go hence. Let us fight this fight, for thou art sore wounded. For love of thee we will die gladly.”

Then Guy answered right proudly, “If thou diest so also will I. I will never go from thee,” and getting off his mule, he made ready to fight.

“Sir Guy,” called the leader of the villains, “yield thee, or ye be all dead men. But if thou dost yield, thou shalt have thy life, for we be Duke Otto’s soldiers, and he has charged us to bring thee to him alive.”

“By my troth,” cried Guy, “that shall ye never do,” and with one blow from his sword the leader fell dead. “Nor thou, villain, thou shalt never lead me to thy proud duke,” he cried again, as a second fell beneath his sword. “Nor to prison shall I ever be brought by thee,” and a third fell dead.

Heraud too laid about him with his sword, and man after man sank beneath its blows. Fierce was the fight. Terrible strokes were given and taken. Helmets were cloven from brow

to chin, arms were lopped, the ground was strewn with the dead and dying.

Gallantly though they fought, two of Guy’s knights went down. He and Heraud were left alone. Then, suddenly, one of the traitor men smote Heraud so hard that his sword pierced shield and hauberk and he fell to the ground as if dead.



FIERCE WAS THE FIGHT.

“Villain,” cried Guy, “thou shalt dearly pay for his death,” and with redoubled fury he set upon the traitor so that he died.

Three villains still remained, and they now all attacked Guy at once.

“Yield! Yield!” cried one.

“That will I never do until my body lies stiff in death,” cried Guy, swinging his sword mightily, and the speaker’s voice was dumb for ever. Then the others fled and left Guy alone, bleeding and exhausted.

Great sorrow and moan did Guy make for his dead friends. "Alas!" said he, "true knights were ye, and for thy love, fair Phyllis, they are slain this day. Ah, Heraud! My dearest friend, that was so courteous and kind, who shall help me now in the fight? In the world was never a better knight and brother. Oh that the villain who slew thee had slain me too!" So Guy mourned and wept, then, mounting again on his mule, he rode away to the cave of a Hermit who lived near. The Hermit, a holy man greatly learned in the use of herbs and simples, spent his days and nights in prayer and fasting.

"Hermit," said Guy, as he lighted down at the entrance to the cave, "come with me, and I will show thee where in the forest lie three men, dead. These, for the love of Holy Trinity and of Saint Charity, I pray thee bury, and daily say a Mass for their souls, and God shall reward thee."

"Tell me first who art thou," said the Hermit.

"Willingly," replied Guy. "I am a knight from a far country, and, passing through this forest with my three friends, we were set upon by thieves and outlaws. All my friends have been brought to death, and I am sorely wounded."

"Fair sir," said the Hermit, "I will come with thee. But first I will tend thy wounds."

So the Hermit unlaced Guy's armour, and washed his wounds, and bound them up with healing herbs. Then together they went to the place where Guy's three friends lay.

Once again Guy knelt beside Heraud, weeping over him; once again he kissed him. Then rising he went sadly away, with dim eyes and bent head, leaving the Hermit in prayer beside his friend.

CHAPTER VI

THE SIEGE OF ARRASCOUN

For many days Guy wandered on painfully and sorrowfully, sick with wounds, and sad at heart for the loss of his friends. But at last his wounds were whole again, and once more he came to cities where there were tilts and tournaments; once more he fought and conquered; and although he did not forget his friends, the bitterness of sorrow went out of his heart.

One day news was brought to him that Duke Ledgwin of Louvain was in trouble. Sadok, the Emperor's nephew, had challenged Ledgwin to fight with him, but Ledgwin, knowing himself to be far stronger than Sadok and certain to beat him, refused, for he did not wish to hurt the boy who was the Emperor's favourite. Sadok was jealous of Ledgwin, however, and angry because he would not tilt with him. "Thou art a coward," he said.

"I am no coward," replied Ledgwin. "Thou art but a foolish boy. I did only mean to save thee a beating, but since thou wilt have it so, let us to it." So they tilted together, and Sadok, being unskillful with his weapons, Ledgwin killed him by mischance.

When the Emperor heard that Ledgwin had killed his nephew he was very angry, and gathering a great army he declared war against the Duke.

Now Ledgwin was shut up in his city of Arrascoun, sore beset by the Emperor. When Guy heard of it, he gathered all his soldiers together, and with fifty knights he set out to bring what aid he could to his friend.

One day, as he journeyed, he passed through a forest, and as he went he came upon a pilgrim who sat by the

roadside. His clothes were old and worn, and he leaned his head upon his hand, and looked like one who was hopeless and weary.

Guy, who was always sorry for any one in trouble, reined in his horse, and spoke to the man. "Whence art thou, pilgrim?" he asked.

"From Lombardy", replied the man, without looking up.

"What news from there?" asked Guy.

"What news, sir?" said the man. "Alas! I know none, I care for none."

"Why art thou so sad, friend pilgrim?" asked Guy.

"Alas! Sir," replied the pilgrim, "it is now many a long day since I lost my dear master and friend, who is the best knight that ever there was. I roam the world looking for him, and can neither find him nor hear any tidings of him, and so I mourn him and am sad."

"Tell me, pilgrim, truly, what was the name of thy master whom thou dost love so well; mayhap I have news of him?"

"He was called Guy of Warwick," said the man, looking up. "A knight he was without blame"; and once more he let his head drop upon his breast and sighed deeply.

"Guy of Warwick!" cried Guy surprised to hear his own name. "Who then art thou?" and leaping from his horse he stood beside the pilgrim.

"Men call me Heraud of Ardern," said the pilgrim.

"Heraud, Heraud!" cried Guy, tears of joy springing to his eyes, "dost thou not know thy friend?"

"Guy," said Heraud in astonishment, "can it indeed be thee?" Then, throwing their arms round each other, they wept for joy.

Presently they sat down upon the grassy bank, and told each other all that had happened since that sad day when Guy had left Heraud with the Hermit, believing him to be dead.

"After thou wert gone," said Heraud, "the kind Hermit found out that I was not dead, but only sorely wounded. So he carried me to his cave, and, taking off my armour, washed my wounds and cared for them. All this I knew not at the time, but he told me afterward. For many days I lay knowing nothing, taking heed neither of day nor night, of darkness nor sunshine; but at last one morn I awoke to find the kind Hermit bending over me. I knew not at first where I lay or who he might be, and so weak was I that I could move neither hand nor foot. But day by day the Hermit tended me, and presently he told me all that had happened. Week after week crept past, and slowly my strength returned, until at length a day came when I said farewell to my kind friend, and set forth to search for thee."

And now, 'said Heraud, rising as he finished his tale, "I will no longer wear pilgrim's weeds, for my pilgrimage is at an end. I will once more put on armour and join thee in thy quest, whatever it may be."

So he threw off his dull brown cloak, and Guy clad him anew in shining armour, and together they rode towards the city of Arrascoun.

Right glad was Ledgwin to see Guy and his fifty knights, and being so strengthened he decided to sally out and attack the Almains, as the enemy were called. So, on a sudden, the gates were thrown open and Guy, Ledgwin, and all their knights and soldiers poured out upon the foe.

Soon the air was full of the cries of war, and the sound of ringing blows. The ground was strewn with torn banners, splintered weapons and broken armour, among which lay the dead and dying. Such slaughter there was that of the thirty thousand men who had gathered to besiege Arrascoun scarce three thousand remained alive. From early morning until the shadows of evening fell the battle lasted. Then Ledgwin,

calling his men together, took up the wounded, and retired once more within the walls of his town.

Very wrathful was the Emperor at this defeat, and quickly gathering another army he best Arrascoun more closely than before. So strict a watch did he now keep that no man could go into the town, no man could come out of it, and the Emperor hoped soon to starve the brave garrison into submission.

But the people within the town had no lack of food. They laughed at the Emperor, and Guy and Ledgwin came to the walls and taunted the Almaines.

“Ye will never win the town,” they said; “ye can never starve us into yielding, for we have food enough and to spare. See, we will give some unto ye too, for we hear that there is hunger within your camp.”

Then, at the bidding of their masters, the soldiers threw sacks of flour and carcasses of bullocks over the walls into the camp of the Almaines. “Speak if ye want more,” cried Guy, “for we have store enough to make ye all fat.”

“We have fed ye; now why fight ye not?” cried Ledgwin.

“We have heard your tongues, but we cannot feel your arms,” laughed Guy. “Your words are indeed hot, but your actions are cool enough. With your arms ye are slow, and with your heels exceeding nimble.”

But in spite of taunts and laughter, the Almaines lay around the town doing nothing, waiting until famine and disease should fight for them.

At length Ledgwin and Guy, weary of idleness, made up their minds to sally out once more to fight, come what would. So again the gates were thrown wide open, and the gallant knights pouring forth fell upon the Almaines. Fierce was the struggle. Guy and his men fought as those who laughed death to scorn. Much blood was shed; many brave men fell

upon the field, others fled away; and when at last night came, the Almaines were utterly defeated, the remnant fleeing from the field, hotly pursued by their foes.

The victors then returned to Arrascoun, bearing with them much spoil, and the banners and arms of the fallen foe.

That night there was great rejoicing and feasting within the town. Duke Ledgwin heaped honours and praise upon Guy. “For,” said he, “it is the fame of thy name and valour that has won the day.”

But although Ledgwin had won the battle he was not happy, for the Emperor had a beautiful sister called Erneborough whom Ledgwin loved. Now he feared that he would never see her more so long as the Emperor was angry with him. The Emperor, too, was Ledgwin’s overlord, and very great and powerful, so that Ledgwin could never hope to be safe or at peace until he had made friends with the Emperor again. So he was sad.

“My friend,” said Guy, seeing him look so sorrowful, “I would rather that my tongue had won peace for thee than my sword victory. Now let me go to the Emperor, and perchance, though my tongue is but a soldier’s and ill-used to sue, he may listen to me.”

“Go, friend,” replied Ledgwin, “though, I fear me, thou wilt speed but ill. Yet I charge thee, as thou dost love me, say to the Lady Erneborough that although I have drawn my sword against the Emperor, her brother, my heart is hers, and shall be always until I die.”

“Give me some token then,” said Guy, “whereby she shall know from whom I come.”

Ledgwin hesitated for a moment, then putting his hand into his doublet, he drew forth a ring and laid it in Guy’s hand. “This shall be thy token,” he said.

Guy took the ring, and, mounting upon his horse, rode to the court. There, lighting down, he bent his knee before the

Emperor and begged him to forgive Ledgwin, and to take him into love and fellowship again. But the Emperor looked darkly on Guy and would not listen to him. Then all the other lords, barons, and knights round also prayed him to forgive Ledgwin, but the Emperor only looked more dark and angry.

Beside her brother Princess Erneborough sat, pale and silent; but when Guy at last drew forth the ring and gave it to her, her sad face shone suddenly with a smile, and a happy colour came into her pale cheeks. Then she too bent to the Emperor and whispered, "Forgive."

So at last the Emperor yielded. "My lords and barons, hearken to me," he said. "For the love I bear unto ye, and for the sake of Sir Guy, the courteous knight, I do as ye desire. I put all wrath out of my heart. Duke Ledgwin is forgiven."

Messengers were quickly sent to Ledgwin, and, as soon as he heard the good news, he hurried to the court. There he knelt to the Emperor and vowed to be ever his faithful friend and follower. But although he knelt to the Emperor, it was at Erneborough that he looked, and as she smiled down upon him, her eyes were like the summer sky when the clouds have fled away.

Soon afterwards there was a great wedding. Ledgwin and Erneborough were married. For days there was feasting and merriment, games and play, but at last Guy came to the Duke and told him that he must leave him, and once more set out upon adventures.

Ledgwin was very sad at the thought of parting from his friend, and begged him to remain. But Guy said, "No, in thy wars I have served thee. Now I leave thee happy. But if ever again thou hast need of me, send, and I shall come right hastily." Then, mounting upon his horse, he rode away.

CHAPTER VII

GUY AND HIS LION

At one time Guy stayed a long while with the King of Greece, helping him to fight his battles.

The King of Greece, like all the other kings whom Guy helped, loved him very much. He had no sons of his own, so he asked Guy to marry his daughter and become king after him. Buy Guy said, "I cannot marry the Princess. I love a beautiful lady who lives in England. Some day, when I am rich and famous, I am going back to marry her."

The King of Greece was very sorry when he heard this, but he hoped that Guy would yet change his mind.

Now it happened that one day Guy went out hunting. As he rode through a great forest, he heard a most terrible noise. It was like the sea roaring, yet it was not the sea, for there was no sea near. It was like the wind howling in the trees of a windy night, yet it was so still that not a leaf stirred. It was like the crash of thunder, yet the sky was calm and clear. What could it be?

Guy, who was always ready for an adventure, turned his horse towards the place from where the terrific noise seemed to come. As he rode on, the forest grew thicker and thicker, the noise louder and louder. At last, quite suddenly, he came out into a large open space.

There he beheld the most wonderful sight. There a Lion and a Dragon were fiercely fighting.

Guy stopped to watch. "I will wait to see which is the weaker," he said to himself, "then I will help him."

That was Guy's way. He always took the side of the weak, and of the people who seemed to be having the worst of

the fight. That was one reason why he was such a hero, and why every one loved him so much.

It was a tremendous fight. With an angry roar and fierce gaping jaws the Lion sprang upon the Dragon. But neither its teeth nor claws could pierce the strong scales with which the monster was covered. They seemed as if they were made of steel.

The Dragon beat with its mighty wings, making a sound like the howl of the wind in the trees. He waved his crooked, knotted tail, and twisted it round and round the Lion. Tighter and tighter wound the horrid coils; the Lion could scarcely breathe; it gave one despairing roar, and then lay still. It could struggle no longer.

The devouring jaws, wide gaping and terrible, seemed about to close upon it, when, with a shout, Guy drew his sword, and, setting spurs to his horse, sprang upon the Dragon.

As Guy's sword flashed and fell, the fierce creature loosed its hold upon the Lion. It turned its blazing eyes, burning with living fire, upon Guy. Flames and smoke poured from its mouth. It raised its speckled crest high—higher than Guy could reach with his long sword. Towering above him the Dragon belched forth fire and smoke, then, swift as lightning, it darted out its terrible sting. It was pointed like a spear, and was sharper than any sword. Hither and thither it darted, while Guy hewed and hacked at it in vain.

Then, with a horrid roar, the Dragon raised its wings and twisted its scaly tail round the legs of Guy's horse.

For a moment all seemed lost. But, like a flash, Guy leaped from his horse, dived beneath the Dragon's outspread wing, and with the strength of three men plunged his sword deep into the brute's side.

With one last roar of baffled rage and pain the Dragon rolled over on the ground. For a few minutes its knotted, scaly

tail and grisly, speckled crest quivered and twisted, then all was still. The horrible beast was dead.

Having made sure that the Dragon was really dead, Guy cut off its head, and, fixing it upon his spear, he calmly mounted his horse, which happily was not at all hurt, and rode away. He had not gone far, however, when he heard the sound of something running behind him. Looking back, he saw the Lion coming bounding quickly along.

"I suppose I must kill this beast too," said Guy to himself. He did not feel very pleased at the thought, for he was tired after his fight with the Dragon, but springing from his horse, he drew his sword and stood ready.

On came the Lion, leaping and bounding. But as it came near, instead of springing fiercely at Guy, the beast rolled over on the grass. It licked Guy's feet, and fawned upon him, purring softly like a great pussy-cat all the time.

Guy was very much astonished. He bent down, stroked the Lion's head, and tickled its ears. That seemed to please it very much, and it rubbed its head against Guy, evidently in great delight. Then it jumped up, and putting its two great paws gently on Guy's shoulders, licked his face.

Guy was pleased to find the animal so grateful for having been saved from the dreadful Dragon. But he thought that now, having shown its gratitude, the Lion would go back to the woods. So he mounted his horse, and again rode away. But the Lion did not go back. Instead, it trotted behind Guy's horse like a great dog, and Guy was so pleased that he did not send it away.

When they came to the town, the people were very much frightened. The women and children, and some of the men too, ran away screaming, when they saw a lion trotting through the streets.

But Guy told them not to be afraid. He played with the Lion, and showed them that it was quite gentle.

Soon the people became accustomed to Guy's Lion. It followed him everywhere, just like a dog. It always slept in Guy's room, and once when he was ill it would neither eat nor drink for three days and nights.



FIXING THE DRAGON'S HEAD UPON HIS SPEAR, GUY RODE AWAY.

Guy loved his Lion very much. It was always gentle and good, and the little children of the town grew to love it

too. They pulled its tail and mane, rode upon its back, and did all sorts of things with it, yet the gentle beast never snapped or even growled at them.

Nearly every one loved Guy, but there was one wicked man called Morgadour who hated him. He was jealous of Guy. He was very angry that the King wished Guy to marry his daughter, for he wanted to marry her himself, and one day become king.

Morgadour would have liked to kill Guy, but he knew that would be a very difficult and dangerous thing to do. So, as he did not dare to kill Guy, Morgadour tried to hurt him in every way he could.

One day Guy went to the palace to see the King. As usual his Lion trotted behind him. While Guy went into the palace, the Lion played about in the courtyard, waiting for him.

Guy had some very particular business with the King that day, and he stayed talking to him for a long time. He stayed so long that at last the Lion grew tired of playing and lay down to sleep.

When Guy came out of the palace, he was so deep in thought that he forgot about his Lion, and went home, leaving it sleeping in the courtyard.

Morgadour was sitting at a window in the palace, and he saw Guy go home without his Lion. Then his wicked heart was glad. "Aha!" he said, "I cannot kill thee, Guy of Warwick, but I will grieve thee. I will kill this pestilent Lion of thine."

Taking his sword, he crept stealthily across the courtyard. No one was near. He glanced fearfully at all the palace windows. There was no one to be seen. On he crept, step by step, nearer and nearer to the sleeping Lion until he was quite close to it. Then, with one sure, quick stroke, he plunged his sword deep into its side. A moment later he fled.

Morgadour had not quite killed the Lion. With a low growl of pain it awoke and rose to its feet. Then slowly and painfully, marking all the way with blood as it went, the wounded animal dragged itself home, and lay down at its master's feet to die.

When Guy saw what a dreadful wound his Lion had, he was sorely grieved. He was angry, too, for he knew that it was the deed of some wicked man.

"Whoever has done this will bitterly repent it," he said. "He shall feel the vengeance of Guy of Warwick."

Guy tried everything he could to stop the bleeding and save his dear Lion's life, but it was all of no use. The poor animal feebly licked its master's hand, then, with a great sigh, stretched itself out and died.

Guy had a beautiful tomb made, and in it he laid his Lion. Upon the outside he caused its story to be carved. Then he went to the King and told him of all that had happened.

The King was very angry that any of his people should have hurt or offended Guy, for he wanted him to marry the Princess, and stay with him always to help in his battles. He swore to punish the wicked person who had done the deed. But no one knew who had done it. No one seemed to have seen Morgadour, and no one suspected him.

But some one had seen him. A little scullion-maid had been standing near the kitchen window, and she had watched Morgadour do the deed.

At first she was afraid to tell about it. She knew that Morgadour was a cruel man, and she feared him. But at last one day she made up her mind to be brave. She went to Guy and told him who it was that had killed the Lion.

Guy was furiously angry. Seizing his sword, he went off at once to find Morgadour.

"Take thy sword and defend thyself as best thou mayest," he said, as soon as they met. "Prepare to die, cowardly villain that thou art."

Morgadour took his sword, but of course he had no chance against Guy of Warwick. Soon he lay on the ground, pierced through the heart.

"So may all cowards die," said Guy, and turned away. He went to the King and told him that he could no longer remain in Greece after what had happened.

The King was much grieved, and begged him to stay. But Guy would not. He took a ship and sailed away, never again to return.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW GUY WENT HOME, AND HOW HE SET FORTH AGAIN

After many adventures, Guy at last resolved to go home again. So, laden with riches, and followed by a great train of knights and servants, he at length reached Warwick. The people received him with much joy. The Earl welcomed him as a son, every one was glad, and Phyllis most glad of all. But Guy had one sorrow. His own father and mother were dead, and that grieved him sorely. But Phyllis comforted him, and in the joy of being with her once more he forgot all else.

Many long hours Phyllis and Guy sat together talking, telling each other of all that had happened in the years which had passed since Guy rode away to seek adventures. Phyllis was never weary of listening to these adventures, and of wondering over Guy's marvelous deeds. And so, with pleasant talk and laughter, the summer days slipped past.

At last one day the Earl called Phyllis to him. "Daughter," he said, "it is now time that thou shouldst marry. Lords, knights and nobles have come to ask thy hand, but thou has refused them all. Now I grow old, and I would fain see thy husband before I die. Choose now whom thou wilt have."

"Father," replied Phyllis, looking down, "give me three days. Then will I choose."

I wonder why she wanted three days, for she knew quite well whom she would marry. But you see Phyllis was a beautiful lady, and beautiful ladies do many things which are hard to understand.

When the third day came, the Earl called his daughter again. "Thy will, daughter, tell it me," he said.

"Sir," she said, blushing and smiling, "my will I tell thee blithely. There is thine own knight Guy. In the whole world is there never a better man. Him I will marry, and none other."

"Daughter," replied the Earl, greatly pleased, "thou dost choose well. I will speak to Sir Guy, and if he be willing, I shall be right glad."

Then Phyllis went away laughing softly, for she knew well that Guy would marry her.

So there was a great and splendid wedding. Dukes, earls, and knights came to it with many fair and lovely ladies; but Phyllis was the fairest of them all, and not a knight or lord was so handsome as Sir Guy. For fifteen days the feasting and merriment lasted. Then all the guests went away full of wonderment at the splendour they had seen.

For some time Guy and Phyllis lived happily together. Then one sad day Earl Rohand died. He left all his land and vast wealth to Guy, and the King made him Earl of Warwick, so he became a great and powerful lord as well as a gallant knight. One day Guy had been out hunting, and, returning in the evening, he climbed to the high turret of his castle, and looked out over his broad lands. There field, and hill, and valley, river and forest, lay before him, all red in the evening sunshine, and as far as the eye could reach it was all his own—tower and town, cattle, homestead, all were his.

Guy leaned upon the stone rampart deep in thought. The red sun went down, the sky grew dark, and one by one the twinkling stars shone out. Still Guy stood there thinking. So quiet it was, so peaceful, and unlike the life he had been used to lead, that it seemed almost a dream.

Then, as in a dream within a dream, his past life all came back to him. He heard the clatter and jingle of horse and armour, the ring of sword on shield, the cries of rage, of pain, of exultation. He saw the field covered with splintered spears, broken armour, bloodstained, torn banners; he saw the fallen

foe, wounds and death. Then it seemed as if he woke, and looking out again over the peaceful country, he remembered that that was all past for him, and that life now flowed stilly on in love and gentleness. Suddenly he fell upon his knees. "O God," he cried, "I thank Thee that Thou has brought me to such honour, peace, and love."

In those far-off days, when the world was not so old, men were more simple, and God seemed nearer to them than now. But Guy in all his life had never thought of God. He had loved Phyllis only, and had done great deed that he might bring honour and fame to her. He had fought many battles, he had killed many men, but never once had he thought of the pain and trouble he had brought on others, but only of the glory to himself. He had indeed nearly always fought for the weak against the strong, but that was because it brought him greater glory. Now, kneeling upon the cold stone, with his face pressed into his hands, it seemed to him as if his whole past life had been wicked. "I have done everything for the love of a beautiful face," he moaned. "I have never done one action because it was right."

"Alas, he said, that I was born,
Body and soul I am forlorn,
Of bliss I am all bare;
For never in all my life before
For Him the crown of thorn that bore
Good deed did I neer;
But war and woe have I wrought,
And many a man to ground have brought,
That rues me now full sore."

So he knelt and mourned. All around it was still, and over his head was the deep blue sky with its twinkling stars. There was none to hear or pity his misery.

Then at last he stood up. Baring his head he threw his sword. Holding it in both hands high above him, he turned his face up to the sky. "Lord God," he cried, "here is my sword. It is Thine for ever. I swear here and now that it shall never

again be drawn save in a good cause. Never again shall I shed blood for the sake of glory only." As Guy stood there, holding out this sword, Phyllis came softly up the stone steps. When she reached the top, and saw his pale face turned up to the sky, and his drawn sword held out, she stood still, afraid.

There was silence for a few minutes, then Guy looked down and saw her standing there.

"What is it?" whispered Phyllis, more afraid than ever at the strange look in Guy's eyes.

Then, taking her by the hand, Guy told Phyllis all his thoughts. "For many years", he said, "I have never ceased from wars and from shedding man's blood. Surely God must be angry with me. So I have vowed never again to draw sword except in a just cause. And now I will put off my fine clothes, my jewels, and my chains of gold, and, dressed in pilgrim garments, I will journey barefoot to the Holy Land, and there, and the Sepulchre of our Lord, do penance for my sins."

When Phyllis heard these words she sat quite still. She had been happy when she came up on the stone stair. It was dark, but she was not afraid, for Guy, she knew, was at the top, and she had run lightly up, singing as she came. Now she was utterly miserable. All life seemed dark. She shivered at the thought that she would have to go up and down these stairs, and through all the great empty rooms, alone, and than, however she might wander and search, there would be no Guy anywhere. Then, leaning her head against his shoulder, she let the hot tears chase each other down her white cheeks.

Guy tried to comfort her, but she would not be comforted. "Do not go away," she moaned. "Oh! Stay with me, stay with me. We will give all our money to the poor; we will guild great churches and monasteries. If thou hast done anything wicked that will make up for it, only do not go away."

Buy Guy shook his head. "I must go," he said, "there is no other way,"

So the great Earl of Warwick put off his fine clothes and dressed himself in pilgrim robes. Of all his jewels and gold he took only a ring which Phyllis had given him. Then with a staff in his hand he set out on his long journey. Slowly, sadly, with bent head he walked away, leaving behind him his lovely wife, whom he had fought for and loved these many long years. He would not look back—not once—lest his heart should fail him, and he should return.

And Phyllis, left alone in her beautiful castle, sobbed as if her heart would break.

CHAPTER IX

HOW GUY FOUGHT WITH THE GIANT AMERAUNT

Through many heathen lands Guy traveled on his way to Palestine. He was often weary and hungry, his face was tanned by the sun and the wind, his feet were cut and bleeding with the hard stones on the road; he had many dangers to meet, many difficulties to overcome, but still he went on, never faltering or pausing.

At last one day as he walked he came upon an old man sitting by the wayside. His hair was white and his beard was long, but his face was very grand and noble, and Guy felt sure that he must be some great lord. Although he was old he seemed a bold man and a strong, but now he sat by the wayside weeping and moaning, “Alas that I was born! Goodman,” said Guy, “why dost thou make such sorrow and mourning?”

“Pilgrim,” replied the man, “I will tell thee, since thou askest. But I fear me thou canst little mend the matter. I am Earl Jonas of Durras. In the castle near by lives a giant called Ameraunt. While I was in a far country fighting the Saracens, he stole away my daughter, who is famed in all lands for her beauty and goodness. I have fifteen strong sons, and they all vowed to save their sister from the giant. But one by one he has seized and conquered them, and shut them up in his dread castle. I know not now whether they be dead or alive, so I sit and mourn. For who shall deliver my daughter and my sons from the fearful giant? Guy of Warwick alone could conquer him. But I have sought far and wide for him in vain. Even in England they know not where he is to be found.” Then the old man let his head fall forward on his breast, and cried again, “Alas that I was born!”

“Earl,” said Guy, “grieve not so. I have ever been accounted a doughty man. Give me sword and armour and I will fight the giant, and please Heaven, will set free thy daughter and thy sons.”

Earl Jonas gazed at Guy in astonishment. He looked him up and down, and saw that he was tall and strong, but very thin; his hair was long and wild, and he seemed more like a man of the wilderness than a soldier.

“I thank thee, Sir Pilgrim,” he said at last, “for thy good-will, but thou knowest not this heathen giant. He is so gaunt and grim, that if he did but look at thee with his fierce eye, thy heart would fail thee and thou wouldst flee.”

“Do not fear, Sir Earl,” replied Guy, “many an one hath looked upon me in wrath, yet have I never fled from any in battle. God, who has so great power, will give me grace and might to slay the giant, for this is a righteous cause.”

Then Earl Jonas fell upon his knees and kissed Guy’s hand. “What is thy name,” he asked, “that I many know who it is has so great courage?”

“My name is Young,” said Guy, not wishing to be known.

Then Earl Jonas led Guy to his house, and offered him beautiful robes to wear. But Guy refused them. “Give me meat and drink,” he said, “weapons and good armour. That is all I ask.”

So Earl Jonas ordered his servants to bring forth his most splendid armour. The hauberk, as the coat of mail was called, had once belonged to a great king. It was wrought of steel so fine and bright that it shone like silver. The helmet had belonged to another great king, and was inlaid with gold, and set with jewels. The sword had been the weapon of a famous hero called Hector, the shield was rich with gold and colours, and as Guy stepped out ready to fight, each man there asked

his fellow who this might be, for never surely had more splendid knight been seen.

Mounting upon a horse, Guy rode to the castle of the giant Amaraunt. “Come forth and fight,” he called.

Amaraunt looked forth from his castle walls. “Who art thou,” he cried, “who art thus bold? Dost thou desire that thy carcase shall feed the crows? Look and see how many bones whiten in the sun around these battlements.”

But Guy was not afraid. “Come forth,” he cried again.

“That will I,” replied the giant, “and make short work of thee and thy insolence.”

The castle gates flew open, and Amaraunt stalked out. In one hand he held an enormous club, in the other he carried the keys of the castle.

“It is no man, but the Evil One himself,” thought Guy, as he watched him come.

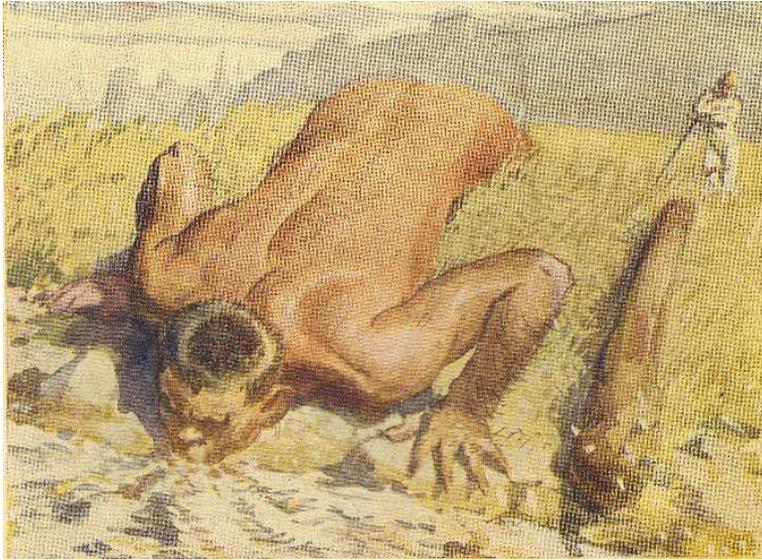
Then the fight began, and fierce and terrible it was.

One blow from the giant’s club fell upon Guy’s helmet with such force that the jewels in it were scattered upon the grass. Another battered his shield so that it was almost broken in two. A third clove his saddle bow, wounding his horse so that it staggered and fell. God of all might,” cried Guy, springing up again, shield me from death this day.”

Stroke after stroke fell. Sparks flew as Guy’s sword clashed with Amaraunt’s might, steel-shod club; and as he fought the giant grew ever more and more wrathful, until at last, with a most fearful blow, he brought Guy to his knees. Never before in any fight had this happened to Guy. But in a moment he was up again, and soon he in his turn brought the giant to his knees. But he, too, sprang up again, and the fight went on as fiercely as before.

It was midsummer, and the sun was hot. Amaraunt was weary and thirsty. “Hold, noble Knight,” he cried at last,

“never have I met man like unto thee. Forty giants have I slain, and not one of them could stand against me as thou dost. Hear now, thou Christian man, for the love of thy God and for charity let me drink a little, or from very thirst my heart will break. Let me drink now, and if thou art athirst later thou too shalt drink.”



IT SEEMED AS IF HE WOULD DRINK THE RIVER DRY.

“Sir,” said Guy, “thou sayest well. Go, drink.”

So the giant kneeled upon the ground, and, putting his lips to the stream which flowed near, drank. So deep a draught did he take that it seemed as if he would drink the river dry.

While Amaraunt drank Guy stood stone still. He could easily have killed the giant as he knelt, but he would not take so mean an advantage.

At length Amaraunt rose, refreshed. “Sir Knight”, he cried, “yield thee now or I trow thou shalt soon be a dead man. Thou wert very simple to let me drink, for now I am as fresh as ever I was.”

“Yield will I never,” replied Guy, and once more the fight began. Guy’s helmet, shield, up again he set upon Amaraunt with new vigour. Swing his sword mightily, he cut off the giant’s right arm. Howling with rage and pain, Amaraunt tried to continue the fight with his left, but his strength began to ebb. At last he slipped and fell, and with one blow Guy cut off his head.

Through all the long summer’s day the fight had lasted, and the red sun was making the hills glow with crimson and purple as Guy, weary and wounded, bent to take the keys of the castle which lay by the dead giant’s side.

Then slowly he limped to the castle entrance. The key grated in the lock, and the gates flew open. Guy entered the gloomy place, and, one by one, unlocked the doors.

Cell after cell was thrown open. Out of them came many noble knights, brave men, and fair ladies. They were pale and worn with suffering and hunger, and so long had they lain in darkness that they could not at first bear the sunshine, but hid their faces.

Last of all, in the deepest and darkest dungeon, Guy found the Earl’s beautiful daughter and her fifteen brave brothers. He led them to their father, who, weeping for joy, fell upon his knees, offering Guy great rewards, even to half of his possessions.

But Guy would take nothing, and putting off his splendid armour, he dressed himself once more in his pilgrim’s robe, and with his staff in his hand set out again upon his journey.

CHAPTER X

HOW GUY FOUGHT WITH THE GIANT COLBRAND

For some time after Guy went away Phyllis was very sorrowful. "Alas!" she cried, "this is punishment for my pride. Had I never sent Guy away to seek adventures he would not leave me now." Thus she wept and mourned, and was so sad that she longed to die. At times she even thought of killing herself. She would draw out Guy's great sword which he had left behind, and think how easy it would be to run it through her heart. But she remembered that the good fairies had promised to send her a little son, and so she made up her mind to live until he came. When the good fairies brought the baby she called him Reinbroun, and he was so pretty and so dear that Phyllis was comforted.

Then, because her lord was far away, and could not attend to his great lands nor to the ruling of his many servants, Phyllis did so for him. She ruled and ordered her household well; she made new roads and rebuilt bridges which had been broken down. She journeyed through all the land, seeing that wrong was made right and evildoers punished. She fed the poor, tended the sick, and comforted those in sorrow, and, besides all this, she built great churches and abbeys.

So year after year passed, but still Guy did not return. All day Phyllis was busy and had no time for grief, but when evening came she would go to pace up and down a path (which to this day is called "Fair Phyllis's Walk") where she and Guy had often walked together. Now as she wandered there alone, the hot, slow tears would come, and she would feel miserable and forsaken.

At last, after many years full of adventures and travel, Guy reached England once more. He was now an old man. His

beard was long, his hair had grown white, and in the weather-beaten pilgrim none could recognize the gallant knight and earl, Guy of Warwick.

When Guy landed in England he found the whole country in sore dread. For Anlaf, King of Denmark, had invaded England with a great army. With fire and sword he had wasted the land, sparing neither tower nor town, man, woman, nor child, but destroying all that came in his path. Fight how they might, the English could not drive out the Danes.

Now they were in deep despair, for the enemy lay before the King's city of Winchester. With them was a terrible giant called Colbrand, and Anlaf had sent a message to King Athelstane, as the King who now reigned over all England was called, demanding that he should either find a champion to fight with Colbrand or deliver over his kingdom.

So the King had sent messengers north, south, east, and west, but in all the land no knight could be found who was brave enough to face the awful giant. And now within the great church of Winchester the King with his priests and people knelt, praying God to send a champion.

"Where, then, is Heraud?" asked Guy of the man who told him this tale. "Where is Heraud, who never yet forsook man in need?"

"Alas! He has gone far beyond the seas," replied the man, "and so has Guy of Warwick. We know not where they are."

Then Guy took his staff and turned his steps toward Winchester. Coming there, he found the King sitting among his wise men. "I bid you," he was saying to them, "give me some counsel how I may defend my country against the Danes. Is there any knight among you who will fight this giant? Half my kingdom he shall have, and that gladly, if he conquer."

But all the wise men, knights and nobles, stood silent and looked upon the ground.



“THOU”, SAID THE KING, ”THOU SEEMEST MORE FIT TO PRAY THAN TO FIGHT FOR US.”

“Oh woe is me!” then cried the King, “that I rule over such cowards. To what have my English come that I may not find one knight among them bold enough to do battle for his King and country? Oh that Guy of Warwick were here!”

Then through the bright crowd of steel-clad nobles there came a tall old man, dressed in a worn, dark, pilgrims robe, with bare feet and head, and a staff in his hand.

“My Lord King,” he said, “I will fight for thee.”

“Thou,” said the King in astonishment, “thou seemest more fit to pray than to fight for us.”

“Believe me, my Lord King,” said Guy, for of course it was he, “this hand has often held a sword, and never yet have I been worsted in fight.”

“Then since there is none other,” said the King, “fight, and God strengthen thee.”

Now Guy was very tall, and no armour could be found anywhere to fit him. “Send to the Countess of Warwick,” said Guy at last. “Ask her to lend the Earl’s weapons and armour for the saving of England.”

“That is well thought of,” said the King.

So a swift messenger was sent to Warwick Castle, and he presently returned with Guy’s armour. He at once put it on, and the people marveled that it should fit him so well, for none knew, or guessed, that the pilgrim was Guy himself. Guy then went out to meet the giant, and all the people crowded to the walls of Winchester to watch their champion fight.

Colbrand came forth. He was so huge that no horse could carry him, and he wore a whole wagon-load of weapons. His armour was pitch-black except his shield, which was blood-red and had a white owl painted upon it. He was a fearsome sight to look upon, and as he strode along shaking his spear every one trembled for Guy. It was a terrible and unequal fight. Tall though Guy was, he could reach no higher than the giants shoulder with his spear, but yet he wounded him again and again.

“I have never fought with any like thee,” cried Colbrand. “Yield, and I will ask King Anlaf to make thee a

general in the Danish army. Castle and tower shalt thou have, and everything that thou canst desire, if thou but do as I counsel thee.”

“Better death than that,” replied Guy, and still fought on. At last, taking his battleaxe in both hands, he gave Colbrand such a blow that his sword dropped to the ground. As the giant reeled under the stroke, Guy raised his battle-axe once more.

“His good axe he reared on high With both hands full mightily; He smote him in the neck so well, That the head flew that very deal. The giant dead on the earth lay; The Danes made great sorrow that day.”

Seeing their great champion fall, the Danes fled to their ships. England was saved.

Then out of the city came all the people with the priests and King in great procession, and singing hymns of praise as they went, they led Guy back.

The King brought Guy to his palace and offered him splendid robes and great rewards, even to the half of the kingdom. But Guy would have none of them. “Give me my pilgrim’s dress again”, he said. And, in spite of all the King could say, he put off his fine armour and dressed himself again in his dark pilgrim’s robe.

“Tell me at least thy name,” said the King, “so that the minstrels may sing of thy great deeds, and that in years to come the people may remember and bless thee.”

“Bless God, not me,” replied Guy. “He it was gave me strength and power against the giant.”

“Then if thou wilt not that the people know,” said the King, “tell thy name to me alon.”

“So be it,” said Guy. “Walk with me half a mile out of the city, thou and I alone. Then will I tell thee my name.”

So the King in his royal robes, and the pilgrim in his dull, dark gown, passed together out of the city gate. When they had gone half a mile, Guy stood still. “Sire,” he said, “thou wouldst know my name. I am Guy of Warwick, thine own knight. Once thou didst love me well, now I am as thou dost see me.”

At first the King could hardly believe that this poor man was really the great Earl of Warwick, but when he became sure of it he threw his arms round Guy and kissed him. “Dear friend, we have long mourned for thee as dead,” he cried. “Now thou wilt come with me and help me to rule, and I will honour thee above all men.”

But Guy would not go back. He made the King promise to tell no man who he was. This he did for the sake of the oath which he had sworn, that he would never again fight for glory but only for a righteous cause. Then once more they kissed, and each turned his own way, the King going sadly back to Winchester.

As he entered the gates the people crowded round him, eager to know who the pilgrim was. But King Athelstane held up his hand. “Peace,” he said, “I indeed know, but I may not tell you. Go to your homes, thank God for your deliverance, and pray for him who overcame the giant.”

CHAPTER XI

HOW AT LAST GUY WENT HOME

After Guy left the King, he journeyed on towards Warwick. And when he came to the town over which he was lord and master, no one knew him. So he mixed with the poor men who came every morning to the castle gates to receive food from the Countess. Guy listened to what those around him said. He heard them praise and bless Phyllis, calling her the best woman that had ever lived, and his heart was glad.

Pale and trembling, Guy bent before his wife, to receive food from her hands. He was so changed that even she did not know him, but she felt very sorry for the poor man who seemed so thin and worn, so she spoke kindly to him and gave him more food than the others, and told him to come every day as long as he lived.

Guy thanked her, and turned slowly away. He remembered that a hermit lived in a cave not far off, and to him he went. But when he reached the cave he found it empty. The hermit had been dead many years. Guy then made up his mind to live in the cave. Every morning he went to the castle to receive food from Phyllis. But he would only take the simples things, often eating nothing but bread and drinking water from the spring which flowed near.

Every evening Guy could hear Phyllis as she paced to and fro, for her walk was not far from the hermits cave. But still some strange enchantment, as it were, held him dumb, and although he still loved her, although he knew that she sorrowed and longed for him to return home, he could not say, "I am here."

At last one day Guy became very ill. He had no longer strength to go to the castle, so calling a passing countryman to him, he gave him a ring. It was the ring which Phyllis had

given him, and which he had kept ever with him through all his pilgrimage. "Take this", he said to the countryman, "and carry it to Fair Phyllis, the Countess of Warwick."

But the countryman was afraid. "I have never spoken to a great lady, and I do not know how to address her," he said. "Besides she may be angry with me, and I shall get into trouble if I carry a ring to the Earl's wife."

"Do not fear," said Guy, "the Countess will not be angry; rather will she reward thee. Tell her to come hastily or I die."

So the countryman took the ring, and, coming to the Countess, fell upon his knees. "Lady," he said, "a pilgrim who lives yonder in the forest sends thee this ring." Phyllis took the ring, and, as she looked at it, a strange light came into her eyes. Like one in a dream she passed her hand over her forehead. "It is mine own lord, Sir Guy," she cried, and fell senseless to the ground.

The countryman was much frightened, but her ladies ran to the Countess and raised her, and soon she opened her eyes.

"Friend," she said to the countryman, "tell me where is he who gave thee this ring?"

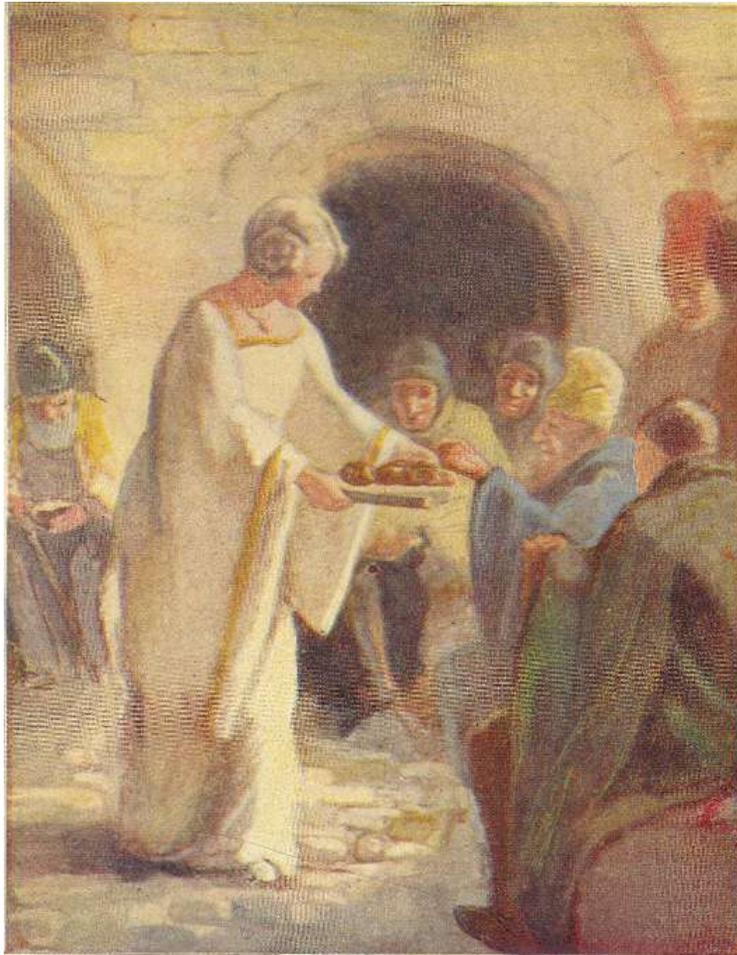
"He is in the hermits cave," replied the man, "and he bade me say that thou must hasten ere he die."

Right glad was Phyllis at the thought of seeing Guy again, yet sorrowful lest she should find him dead. So, calling for her mule, she mounted and rode speedily towards the cave, the countryman running before to show the way.

And when they came to the cave Phyllis went in, and kneeling beside Guy, put her arms round him, crying bitterly. "Dear," he said, "weep not, for I go where sorrows end." Then

"He kissed her fair and courteously, With that he died hastily."

There was sorrow through all the land when it was known that Guy, the great hero, was dead. He was buried with much pomp and ceremony, the King and Queen, and all the greatest nobles of the land, coming to the funeral. And Phyllis, not caring to live longer, now that she knew that Guy was indeed dead, died too, and they were both buried in the same grave.



POOR MEN CAME EVERY MORNING TO THE CASTLE GATES TO RECEIVE FOOD FROM THE COUNTESS.

Then minstrels sang of Guy's valiant deeds, and of how he had slain giants and dragons, and of how he might have been an emperor and a king over many lands, and how he was ever a gentle and courteous knight.

“Thus endeth the tale of Sir Guy: God, on his soul have mercy, And on ours when we be dead, And grant us in heaven to have stead.”

If you ever go to Warwick you will see, in the castle there, Guy's sword and armour. Wise people will tell you that they never belonged to Guy, but to some other man who lived much later. Well, perhaps they are right.

The cave where Guy lived as a hermit and where he died is about a mile and half from Warwick. But you cannot see it now as it is in a private garden. Beside it is Fair Phyllis's Walk and the spring from which Guy used to drink, which is still called Guy's Well. There too, in the chapel of the house which now stands there, is a statue of Guy, very old and broken.

Upon the wall of the cave is some writing. You will not be able to read it, for it is Saxon, but it means, “Cast out, Thou Christ, from Thy servant this burden.”

Did Guy, I wonder, or some other, in days of loneliness and despair, carve these words?

If you ask why Guy did these things,—why, when he was happy and had everything he could desire, he threw away that happiness, and wandered out into the world to endure hunger, and weariness, and suffering,—or why, when at last he came back and found his beautiful wife waiting and longing for his return, he did not go to her and be happy again, I cannot tell you certainly. But perhaps it may be explained in this way. In those far-off days there was nothing for great men to do but fight. What they had won by the sword, and they kept it by the sword. So they went swaggering over the world, fighting and shedding blood, and the more men a knight killed, the more blood he shed, the greater was his

fame. It was impossible for a man to live in the world and be at peace with his fellows. So when he desired peace he had to cut himself off from the world and all who lived in it, and go to live like a hermit in some lonely cave, or wander as a pilgrim in desolate places. And so it was with Guy.