

FICTION

George Eliot

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# How Lisa Loved the King

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FICTION

# HOW LISA LOVED THE KING

BY  
GEORGE ELIOT

AUTHOR OF DANIEL DERONDA, MIDDLEMARCH,  
ADAM BEDE, ETC., ETC

WITH NEW ILLUSTRATIONS  
FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS

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**How Lisa loved the King.**

p. 7

Six hundred years ago, in Dantes time,  
Before his cheek was furrowed by deep rhyme;  
When Europe, fed afresh from Eastern story,  
Was like a garden tangled with the glory  
Of flowers hand-planted and of flowers air-sown,  
Climbing and trailing, budding and full-blown,  
Where purple bells are tossed amid pink stars,  
And springing blades, green troops in innocent wars,  
Crowd every shady spot of teeming earth,  
Making invisible motion visible birth,-

Six hundred years ago, Palermo town  
Kept holiday. A deed of great renown,  
A high revenge, had freed it from the yoke  
Of hated Frenchmen; and from Calpes rock  
To where the Bosporus caught the earlier sun,  
Twas told that Pedro, King of Aragon,  
Was welcomed master of all Sicily,-  
A royal knight, supreme as kings should be  
In strength and gentleness that make high chivalry.

Spain was the favorite home of knightly grace,  
Where generous men rode steeds of generous race;  
Both Spanish, yet half Arab; both inspired  
By mutual spirit, that each motion fired  
With beauteous response, like minstrelsy  
Afresh fulfilling fresh expectancy.  
So, when Palermo made high festival,  
The joy of matrons and of maidens all  
Was the mock terror of the tournament,  
Where safety, with the glimpse of danger blent,  
Took exaltation as from epic song,  
Which greatly tells the pains that to great life belong.

And in all eyes King Pedro was the king  
Of cavaliers; as in a full-gemmed ring  
The largest ruby, or as that bright star  
Whose shining shows us where the Hyads are.  
His the best genet, and he sat it best;  
His weapon, whether tilting or in rest,  
Was worthiest watching; and his face, once seen,  
Gave to the promise of his royal mien  
Such rich fulfilment as the opened eyes  
Of a loved sleeper, or the long-watched rise  
Of vernal day, whose joy o'er stream and meadow flies.

But of the maiden forms that thick enwreathed  
The broad piazza, and sweet witchery breathed,  
With innocent faces budding all arow,  
From balconies and windows high and low,  
Who was it felt the deep mysterious glow,  
The impregnation with supernal fire  
Of young ideal love, transformed desire,  
Whose passion is but worship of that Best

Taught by the many-mingled creed of each young breast?



Twas gentle Lisa, of no noble line,  
Child of Bernardo, a rich Florentine,  
Who from his merchant-city hither came  
To trade in drugs; yet kept an honest fame,  
And had the virtue not to try and sell  
Drugs that had none. He loved his riches well,  
But loved them chiefly for his Lisas sake,  
Whom with a fathers care he sought to make  
The bride of some true honorable man,-  
Of Perdicone (so the rumor ran),  
Whose birth was higher than his fortunes were,  
For still your trader likes a mixture fair  
Of blood that hurries to some higher strain  
Than reckoning moneys loss and moneys gain.  
And of such mixture good may surely come:  
Lords scions so may learn to cast a sum,  
A traders grandson bear a well-set head,  
And have less conscious manners, better bred;  
Nor, when he tries to be polite, be rude instead.

Twas Perdicones friends made overtures

To good Bernardo; so one dame assures  
Her neighbor dame, who notices the youth  
Fixing his eyes on Lisa; and, in truth,  
Eyes that could see her on this summer day  
Might find it hard to turn another way.  
She had a pensive beauty, yet not sad;  
Rather like minor cadences that glad  
The hearts of little birds amid spring boughs:  
And oft the trumpet or the joust would rouse  
Pulses that gave her cheek a finer glow,  
Parting her lips that seemed a mimic bow  
By chiselling Love for play in coral wrought,  
Then quickened by him with the passionate thought,  
The soul that trembled in the lustrous night  
Of slow long eyes. Her body was so slight,  
It seemed she could have floated in the sky,  
And with the angelic choir made symphony;  
But in her cheeks rich tinge, and in the dark  
Of darkest hair and eyes, she bore a mark  
Of kinship to her generous mother-earth,  
The fervid land that gives the plummy palm-trees birth.

She saw not Perdicone; her young mind  
Dreamed not that any man had ever pined  
For such a little simple maid as she:  
She had but dreamed how heavenly it would be  
To love some hero noble, beauteous, great,  
Who would live stories worthy to narrate,  
Like Roland, or the warriors of Troy,  
The Cid, or Amadis, or that fair boy  
Who conquered every thing beneath the sun,  
And somehow, some time, died at Babylon  
Fighting the Moors. For heroes all were good  
And fair as that archangel who withstood  
The Evil One, the author of all wrong,-  
That Evil One who made the French so strong;  
And now the flower of heroes must he be  
Who drove those tyrants from dear Sicily,  
So that her maids might walk to vespers tranquilly.

Young Lisa saw this hero in the king;  
And as wood-lilies that sweet odors bring  
Might dream the light that opes their modest eyne  
Was lily-odored; and as rites divine,  
Round turf-laid altars, or neath roofs of stone,  
Draw sanctity from out the heart alone  
That loves and worships: so the miniature  
Perplexed of her souls world, all virgin pure,  
Filled with heroic virtues that bright form,  
Raonas royalty, the finished norm  
Of horsemanship, the half of chivalry;  
For how could generous men avengers be,  
Save as Gods messengers on coursers fleet?-

These, scouring earth, made Spain with Syria meet  
In one self-world where the same right had sway,  
And good must grow as grew the blessed day.  
No more: great Love his essence had endued  
With Pedros form, and, entering, subdued  
The soul of Lisa, fervid and intense,  
Proud in its choice of proud obedience  
To hardship glorified by perfect reverence.

Sweet Lisa homeward carried that dire guest,  
And in her chamber, through the hours of rest,  
The darkness was alight for her with sheen  
Of arms, and plumed helm; and bright between  
Their commoner gloss, like the pure living spring  
Twixt porphyry lips, or living birds bright wing  
Twixt golden wires, the glances of the king  
Flashed on her soul, and waked vibrations there  
Of known delights love-mixed to new and rare:  
The impalpable dream was turned to breathing flesh,  
Chill thought of summer to the warm close mesh  
Of sunbeams held between the citron-leaves,  
Clothing her life of life. Oh! she believes  
That she could be content if he but knew  
(Her poor small self could claim no other due)  
How Lisas lowly love had highest reach  
Of wingd passion, whereto wingd speech  
Would be scorched remnants left by mounting flame.  
Though, had she such lame message, were it blame  
To tell what greatness dwelt in her, what rank  
She held in loving? Modest maidens shrank  
From telling love that fed on selfish hope;  
But love, as hopeless as the shattering song,  
Wailed for loved beings who have joined the throng  
Of mighty dead ones. . . . Nay, but she was weak,  
Knew only prayers and ballads, could not speak  
With eloquence, save what dumb creatures have,  
That with small cries and touches small boons crave.

She watched all day that she might see him pass  
With knights and ladies; but she said, Alas!  
Though he should see me, it were all as one  
He saw a pigeon sitting on the stone  
Of wall or balcony: some colored spot  
His eye just sees, his mind regardeth not.  
I have no music-touch that could bring nigh  
My love to his souls hearing. I shall die,  
And he will never know who Lisa was,-  
The traders child, whose soaring spirit rose  
As hedge-born aloe-flowers that rarest years disclose.



For were I now a fair deep-breasted queen  
A-horseback, with blonde hair, and tunic green,  
Gold-bordered, like Costanza, I should need  
No change within to make me queenly there:  
For they the royal-hearted women are  
Who nobly love the noblest, yet have grace;  
For needy suffering lives in lowliest place,  
Carrying a choicer sunlight in their smile,  
The heavenliest ray that pitieth the vile.  
My love is such, it cannot choose but soar  
Up to the highest; yet forevermore,  
Though I were happy, throned beside the king,  
I should be tender to each little thing  
With hurt warm breast, that had no speech to tell  
Its inward pang; and I would soothe it well  
With tender touch, and with a low soft moan  
For company: my dumb love-pang is lone,  
Prisoned as topaz-beam within a rough-garbed stone.

So, inward-wailing, Lisa passed her days.  
Each night the August moon with changing phase  
Looked broader, harder, on her unchanged pain;

Each noon the heat lay heavier again  
On her despair, until her body frail  
Shrank like the snow that watchers in the vale  
See narrowed on the height each summer morn;  
While her dark glance burnt larger, more forlorn,  
As if the soul within her, all on fire,  
Made of her being one swift funeral-pyre.  
Father and mother saw with sad dismay  
The meaning of their riches melt away;  
For without Lisa what would sequins buy?  
What wish were left if Lisa were to die?  
Through her they cared for summers still to come,  
Else they would be as ghosts without a home  
In any flesh that could feel glad desire.  
They pay the best physicians, never tire  
Of seeking what will soothe her, promising  
That aught she longed for, though it were a thing  
Hard to be come at as the Indian snow,  
Or roses that on Alpine summits blow,  
It should be hers. She answers with low voice,  
She longs for death alone-death is her choice;  
Death is the king who never did think scorn,  
But rescues every meanest soul to sorrow born.

Yet one day, as they bent above her bed,  
And watched her in brief sleep, her drooping head  
Turned gently, as the thirsty flowers that feel  
Some moist revival through their petals steal;  
And little flutterings of her lids and lips  
Told of such dreamy joy as sometimes dips  
A skyey shadow in the minds poor pool.  
She oped her eyes, and turned their dark gems full  
Upon her father, as in utterance dumb  
Of some new prayer that in her sleep had come.  
What is it, Lisa?-Father, I would see  
Minuccio, the great singer; bring him me.  
For always, night and day, her unstilled thought,  
Wandering all oer its little world, had sought  
How she could reach, by some soft pleading touch,  
King Pedros soul, that she who loved so much,  
Dying, might have a place within his mind,-  
A little grave which he would sometimes find  
And plant some flower on it,-some thought, some memory kind.

Till in her dream she saw Minuccio  
Touching his viola, and chanting low  
A strain, that, falling on her brokenly,  
Seemed blossoms lightly blown from off a tree;  
Each burthened with a word that was a scent,-  
Raona, Lisa, love, death, tournament;  
Then in her dream she said, He sings of me,  
Might be my messenger; ah! now I see  
The king is listening-Then she awoke,

And, missing her dear dream, that new-born longing spoke.  
She longed for music: that was natural;  
Physicians said it was medicinal;  
The humors might be schooled by true consent  
Of a fine tenor and fine instrument;  
In short, good music, mixed with doctors stuff,  
Apollo with Asklepios-enough!  
Minuccio, entreated, gladly came.  
(He was a singer of most gentle fame,  
A noble, kindly spirit, not elate  
That he was famous, but that song was great;  
Would sing as finely to this suffering child  
As at the court where princes on him smiled.)  
Gently he entered and sat down by her,  
Asking what sort of strain she would prefer,-  
The voice alone, or voice with viol wed;  
Then, when she chose the last, he precluded  
With magic hand, that summoned from the strings  
Aerial spirits, rare yet palpable wings  
That fanned the pulses of his listener,  
And waked each sleeping sense with blissful stir.  
Her cheek already showed a slow, faint blush;  
But soon the voice, in pure, full, liquid rush,  
Made all the passion, that till now she felt,  
Seem but as cooler waters that in warmer melt.

Finished the song, she prayed to be alone  
With kind Minuccio; for her faith had grown  
To trust him as if missioned like a priest  
With some high grace, that, when his singing ceased,  
Still made him wiser, more magnanimous,  
Than common men who had no genius.  
So, laying her small hand within his palm,  
She told him how that secret, glorious harm  
Of loftiest loving had befallen her;  
That death, her only hope, most bitter were,  
If, when she died, her love must perish too  
As songs unsung, and thoughts unspoken do,  
Which else might live within another breast.  
She said, Minuccio, the grave were rest,  
If I were sure, that, lying cold and lone,  
My love, my best of life, had safely flown  
And nestled in the bosom of the king.  
See, tis a small weak bird, with unfledged wing;  
But you will carry it for me secretly,  
And bear it to the king; then come to me  
And tell me it is safe, and I shall go  
Content, knowing that he I love my love doth know.

Then she wept silently; but each large tear  
Made pleading music to the inward ear  
Of good Minuccio. Lisa, trust in me,  
He said, and kissed her fingers loyally:

It is sweet law to me to do your will,  
And, ere the sun his round shall thrice fulfil,  
I hope to bring you news of such rare skill  
As amulets have, that aches in trusting bosoms still.

He needed not to pause and first devise  
How he should tell the king; for in nowise  
Were such love-message worthily bested  
Save in fine verse by music renderd.  
He sought a poet-friend, a Siennese,  
And Mico, mine, he said, full oft to please  
Thy whim of sadness I have sung thee strains  
To make thee weep in verse: now pay my pains,  
And write me a canzn divinely sad,  
Sinlessly passionate, and meekly mad  
With young despair, speaking a maidens heart  
Of fifteen summers, who would fain depart  
From ripening lifes new-urgent mystery,-  
Love-choice of one too high her love to be,-  
But cannot yield her breath till she has poured  
Her strength away in this hot-bleeding word,  
Telling the secret of her soul to her souls lord.

Said Mico, Nay, that thought is poesy,  
I need but listen as it sings to me.  
Come thou again to-morrow. The third day,  
When linked notes had perfected the lay,  
Minuccio had his summons to the court,  
To make, as he was wont, the moments short  
Of ceremonious dinner to the king.  
This was the time when he had meant to bring  
Melodious message of young Lisas love;  
He waited till the air had ceased to move  
To ringing silver, till Falernian wine  
Made quickened sense with quietude combine;  
And then with passionate descant made each ear incline.



*Love, thou didst see me, light as mornings breath,  
Roaming a garden in a joyous error,  
Laughing at chases vain, a happy child,  
Till of thy countenance the alluring terror  
In majesty from out the blossoms smiled,  
From out their life seeming a beauteous Death  
O Love, who so didst choose me for thine own  
Taking this little isle to thy great sway,  
See now, it is the honor of thy throne  
That what thou gavest perish not away,  
Nor leave some sweet remembrance to atone  
By life that will be for the brief life gone:  
Hear, ere the shroud oer these frail limbs be thrown-  
Since every king is vassal unto thee,  
My hearts lord needs must listen loyally-  
O tell him I am waiting for my Death!*

*Tell him, for that he hath such royal power  
Twere hard for him to think how small a thing,  
How slight a sign, would make a wealthy dower  
For one like me, the bride of that pale king  
Whose bed is mine at some swift-nearing hour.  
Go to my lord, and to his memory bring*

*That happy birthday of my sorrowing,  
When his large glance made meaner gazers glad,  
Entering the bannered lists: twas then I had  
The wound that laid me in the arms of Death.  
Tell him, O Love, I am a lowly maid,  
No more than any little knot of thyme  
That he with careless foot may often tread;  
Yet lowest fragrance oft will mount sublime  
And cleave to things most high and hallowd,  
As doth the fragrance of my lifes springtime,  
My lowly love, that, soaring, seeks to climb  
Within his thought, and make a gentle bliss,  
More blissful than if mine, in being his:  
So shall I live in him, and rest in Death.*

The strain was new. It seemed a pleading cry,  
And yet a rounded, perfect melody,  
Making grief beauteous as the tear-filled eyes  
Of little child at little miseries.  
Trembling at first, then swelling as it rose,  
Like rising light that broad and broader grows,  
It filled the hall, and so possessed the air,  
That not one living, breathing soul was there,  
Though dullest, slowest, but was quivering  
In Musics grasp, and forced to hear her sing.  
But most such sweet compulsion took the mood  
Of Pedro (tired of doing what he would).  
Whether the words which that strange meaning bore  
Were but the poets feigning, or aught more,  
Was bounden question, since their aim must be  
At some imagined or true royalty.  
He called Minuccio, and bade him tell  
What poet of the day had writ so well;  
For, though they came behind all former rhymes,  
The verses were not bad for these poor times.  
Monsignor, they are only three days old,  
Minuccio said; but it must not be told  
How this song grew, save to your royal ear.  
Eager, the king withdrew where none was near,  
And gave close audience to Minuccio,  
Who meetly told that love-tale meet to know.  
The king had features pliant to confess  
The presence of a manly tenderness,-  
Son, father, brother, lover, blent in one,  
In fine harmonic exaltatin;  
The spirit of religious chivalry.  
He listened, and Minuccio could see  
The tender, generous admiration spread  
Oer all his face, and glorify his head  
With royalty that would have kept its rank,  
Though his brocaded robes to tatters shrank.  
He answered without pause, So sweet a maid,  
In Natures own insignia arrayed,

Though she were come of unmixed trading blood  
That sold and bartered ever since the flood,  
Would have the self-contained and single worth  
Of radiant jewels born in darksome earth.  
Raona were a shame to Sicily,  
Letting such love and tears unhonored be:  
Hasten, Minuccio, tell her that the king  
To-day will surely visit her when vespers ring.

Joyful, Minuccio bore the joyous word,  
And told at full, while none but Lisa heard,  
How each thing had befallen, sang the song,  
And, like a patient nurse who would prolong  
All means of soothing, dwelt upon each tone,  
Each look, with which the mighty Aragon  
Marked the high worth his royal heart assigned  
To that dear place he held in Lisas mind.  
She listened till the draughts of pure content  
Through all her limbs like some new being went-  
Life, not recovered, but untried before,  
From out the growing worlds unmeasured store  
Of fuller, better, more divinely mixed.  
Twas glad reverse: she had so firmly fixed  
To die, already seemed to fall a veil  
Shrouding the inner glow from light of senses pale.



Her parents, wondering, see her half arise;  
Wondering, rejoicing, see her long dark eyes  
Brimful with clearness, not of scaping tears,  
But of some light ethereal that enspheres  
Their orbs with calm, some vision newly learnt  
Where strangest fires erewhile had blindly burnt.  
She asked to have her soft white robe and band  
And coral ornaments; and with her hand  
She gave her long dark locks a backward fall,  
Then looked intently in a mirror small,  
And feared her face might, perhaps, displease the king:  
In truth, she said, I am a tiny thing:  
I was too bold to tell what could such visit bring.

Meanwhile the king, revolving in his thought  
That innocent passion, was more deeply wrought  
To chivalrous pity; and at vesper-bell,  
With careless mien which hid his purpose well,  
Went forth on horseback, and, as if by chance  
Passing Bernardos house, he paused to glance  
At the fine garden of this wealthy man,  
This Tuscan trader turned Palermitan;  
But, presently dismounting, chose to walk

Amid the trellises, in gracious talk  
With this same trader, deigning even to ask  
If he had yet fulfilled the fathers task  
Of marrying that daughter, whose young charms  
Himself, betwixt the passages of arms,  
Noted admiringly. Monsignor, no,  
She is not married: that were little woe,  
Since she has counted barely fifteen years;  
But all such hopes of late have turned to fears;  
She droops and fades, though, for a space quite brief,-  
Scarce three hours past,-she finds some strange relief.  
The king avised: Twere dole to all of us,  
The world should lose a maid so beauteous:  
Let me now see her; since I am her liege lord,  
Her spirits must wage war with death at my strong word.  
In such half-serious playfulness, he wends,  
With Lisas father and two chosen friends,  
Up to the chamber where she pillowed sits,  
Watching the door that opening admits  
A presence as much better than her dreams,  
As happiness than any longing seems.  
The king advanced, and, with a reverent kiss  
Upon her hand, said, Lady, what is this?  
You, whose sweet youth should others solace be,  
Pierce all our hearts, languishing piteously.  
We pray you, for the love of us, be cheered,  
Nor be too reckless of that life, endeared  
To us who know your passing worthiness,  
And count your blooming life as part of our lifes bliss.

Those words, that touch upon her hand from him  
Whom her soul worshipped, as far seraphim  
Worship the distant glory, brought some shame  
Quivering upon her cheek, yet thrilled her frame  
With such deep joy she seemed in paradise,  
In wondering gladness, and in dumb surprise,  
That bliss could be so blissful. Then she spoke:  
Signor, I was too weak to bear the yoke,  
The golden yoke, of thoughts too great for me;  
That was the ground of my infirmity.  
But now I pray your grace to have belief  
That I shall soon be well, nor any more cause grief.

The king alone perceived the covert sense  
Of all her words, which made one evidence,  
With her pure voice and candid loveliness,  
That he had lost much honor, honoring less  
That message of her passionate distress.  
He staid beside her for a little while,  
With gentle looks and speech, until a smile  
As placid as a ray of early morn  
On opening flower-cups oer her lips was borne  
When he had left her, and the tidings spread

Through all the town, how he had visited  
The Tuscan traders daughter, who was sick,  
Men said it was a royal deed, and catholic.

And Lisa? She no longer wished for death;  
But as a poet, who sweet verses saith  
Within his soul, and joys in music there,  
Nor seeks another heaven, nor can bear  
Disturbing pleasures, so was she content,  
Breathing the life of grateful sentiment.  
She thought no maid betrothed could be more blest;  
For treasure must be valued by the test  
Of highest excellence and rarity,  
And her dear joy was best as best could be:  
There seemed no other crown to her delight,  
Now the high loved one saw her love aright.  
Thus her soul thriving on that exquisite mood,  
Spread like the May-time all its beauteous good  
Oer the soft bloom of neck and arms and cheek,  
And strengthened the sweet body, once so weak,  
Until she rose and walked, and, like a bird  
With sweetly rippling throat, she made her spring joys heard.

The king, when he the happy change had seen,  
Trusted the ear of Constance, his fair queen,  
With Lisas innocent secret, and conferred  
How they should jointly, by their deed and word,  
Honor this maidens love, which, like the prayer  
Of loyal hermits, never thought to share  
In what it gave. The queen had that chief grace  
Of womanhood, a heart that can embrace  
All goodness in another womans form;  
And that same day, ere the sun lay too warm  
On southern terraces, a messenger  
Informed Bernardo that the royal pair  
Would straightway visit him, and celebrate  
Their gladness at his daughters happier state,  
Which they were fain to see. Soon came the king  
On horseback, with his barons, heralding  
The advent of the queen in courtly state;  
And all, descending at the garden gate,  
Streamed with their feathers, velvet, and brocade,  
Through the pleached alleys, till they, pausing, made  
A lake of splendor mid the aloes gray;  
When, meekly facing all their proud array,  
The white-robed Lisa with her parents stood,  
As some white dove before the gorgeous brood  
Of dapple-breasted birds born by the Colchian flood.  
The king and queen, by gracious looks and speech,  
Encourage her, and thus their courtiers teach  
How, this fair morning, they may courtliest be,  
By making Lisa pass it happily.  
And soon the ladies and the barons all

Draw her by turns, as at a festival  
Made for her sake, to easy, gay discourse,  
And compliment with looks and smiles enforce;  
A joyous hum is heard the gardens round;  
Soon there is Spanish dancing, and the sound  
Of minstrels song, and autumn fruits are pluckt;  
Till mindfully the king and queen conduct  
Lisa apart to where a trellised shade  
Made pleasant resting. Then King Pedro said,-  
Excellent maiden, that rich gift of love  
Your heart hath made us hath a worth above  
All royal treasures, nor is fitly met  
Save when the grateful memory of deep debt  
Lies still behind the outward honors done:  
And as a sign that no oblivion  
Shall overflow that faithful memory,  
We while we live your cavalier will be;  
Nor will we ever arm ourselves for fight,  
Whether for struggle dire, or brief delight  
Of warlike feigning, but we first will take  
The colors you ordain, and for your sake  
Charge the more bravely where your emblem is:  
Nor will we claim from you an added bliss  
To our sweet thoughts of you save one sole kiss.  
But there still rests the outward honor meet  
To mark your worthiness; and we entreat  
That you will turn your ear to proffered vows  
Of one who loves you, and would be your spouse  
We must not wrong yourself and Sicily  
By letting all your blooming years pass by  
Unmated: you will give the world its due  
From beauteous maiden, and become a matron true.



Then Lisa, wrapt in virgin wonderment  
At her ambitious loves complete content,  
Which left no further good for her to seek  
Than loves obedience, said, with accent meek,-  
Monsignor, I know well that were it known  
To all the world how high my love had flown,  
There would be few who would not deem me mad,  
Or say my mind the falsest image had  
Of my condition and your loftiness.  
But Heaven has seen that for no moments space  
Have I forgotten you to be the king,  
Or me myself to be a lowly thing-  
A little lark, enamoured of the sky,  
That soared to sing, to break its breast, and die.  
But, as you better know than I, the heart  
In choosing chooseth not its own desert,  
But that great merit which attracteth it:  
Tis law, I struggled, but I must submit,  
And having seen a worth all worth above,  
I loved you, love you, and shall always love.  
But that doth mean, my will is ever yours,  
Not only when your will my good insures,

But if it wrought me what the world calls harm:  
Fire, wounds, would wear from your dear will a charm.  
That you will be my knight is full content,  
And for that kiss,-I pray, first, for the queens consent.  
Her answer, given with such firm gentleness,  
Pleased the queen well, and made her hold no less  
Of Lisas merit than the king had held.  
And so, all cloudy threats of grief dispelled,  
There was betrothal made that very morn  
Twixt Perdicone, youthful, brave, well-born,  
And Lisa whom he loved; she loving well  
The lot that from obedience befell.  
The queen a rare betrothal ring on each  
Bestowed, and other gems, with gracious speech.  
And, that no joy might lack, the king, who knew  
The youth was poor, gave him rich Ceffal  
And Cataletta,-large and fruitful lands,-  
Adding much promise when he joined their hands.  
At last he said to Lisa, with an air  
Gallant yet noble, Now we claim our share  
From your sweet love, a share which is not small;  
For in the sacrament one crumb is all.  
Then, taking her small face his hands between,  
He kissed her on the brow with kiss serene,-  
Fit seal to that pure vision her young soul had seen.

And many witnessed that King Pedro kept  
His royal promise. Perdicone stept  
To many honors honorably won,  
Living with Lisa in true union.  
Throughout his life, the king still took delight  
To call himself fair Lisas faithful knight;  
And never wore in field or tournament  
A scarf or emblem, save by Lisa sent.  
Such deeds made subjects loyal in that land;  
They joyed that one so worthy to command,  
So chivalrous and gentle, had become  
The king of Sicily, and filled the room  
Of Frenchmen, who abused the Churchs trust,  
Till, in a righteous vengeance on their lust,  
Messina rose, with God, and with the daggers thrust.

LENVOI.

*Reader, this story pleased me long ago  
In the bright pages of Boccaccio;  
And where the author of a good we know,  
Let us not fail to pay the grateful thanks we owe.*