

**SIR RALPH DE RAYNE AND
LILIAN GREY: A
LEGEND OF THE ABBEY
CHURCH, ST. ALBANS**

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Sir Ralph de Rayne and Lilian Grey: A Legend of the Abbey Church, St. Albans by Francis Bennoch

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FRANCIS BENNOCH

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SIR RALPH DE RAYNE
AND LILIAN GREY

A Legend of the Abbey Church, St. Albans

By FRANCIS BENNOCH, F.S.A., M.B.S.L., ETC.

STRAHAN & CO., PUBLISHERS
56 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON
1872

TO
THE LORD HIGH PRESIDENT
AND OTHER MEMBERS
OF
THE NOVIOMAGIAN BROTHERHOOD,*

This Legend is Dedicated

AS A REMEMBRANCE OF THEIR VISIT TO

ST. ALBANS,

JULY, 1869,

BY THEIR LAUREATE.

* See Note 1.

the \mathbb{R}^n is a \mathbb{R}^n -valued function on \mathbb{R}^n . The function f is called a *vector field* on \mathbb{R}^n .

Let f be a vector field on \mathbb{R}^n . Let γ be a curve in \mathbb{R}^n . Let $\dot{\gamma}$ be the tangent vector to γ at $\gamma(t)$. Let $f(\gamma(t))$ be the vector field f at $\gamma(t)$. Let $\langle \dot{\gamma}, f(\gamma(t)) \rangle$ be the inner product of $\dot{\gamma}$ and $f(\gamma(t))$.

The function $\langle \dot{\gamma}, f(\gamma(t)) \rangle$ is called the *work* done by f along γ . The work done by f along γ is the integral of $\langle \dot{\gamma}, f(\gamma(t)) \rangle$ over γ .

The work done by f along γ is denoted by $\int_{\gamma} \langle \dot{\gamma}, f(\gamma(t)) \rangle dt$.

The work done by f along γ is denoted by $\int_{\gamma} f \cdot d\gamma$.

The work done by f along γ is denoted by $\int_{\gamma} f \cdot d\mathbf{r}$.

The work done by f along γ is denoted by $\int_{\gamma} f \cdot d\mathbf{s}$.

The work done by f along γ is denoted by $\int_{\gamma} f \cdot d\mathbf{l}$.

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The work done by f along γ is denoted by $\int_{\gamma} f \cdot d\mathbf{r}$.

A LEGEND OF THE
ABBAY CHURCH, ST. ALBANS.*

THE Summer sun shone brightly down,
And burnished MARTYR ALBAN'S town,*
As, 'wakening from its drowsy state,
It rose for the approaching fête.

The clamorous bells in joyance rang,
The harpers harped, the minstrels sang,
Triumphal arches bared the trees,
Gay banners fluttered in the breeze,
As thronging through the narrow street
Came buoyant youths and maidens sweet,
And sprightly dames, and stolid squires,
And youngsters clad in gay attires ;
For she, the fairest of the land,
Had pledged her troth, would give her hand

* See Notes 2 and 3.

To one right, worthy, loved by all,—
 SIR RALPH DE RAYNE, of VINTRY HALL :
 And now had come the nuptial-day
 Of brave SIR RALPH and LILLIAN GREY.*

Bands trooped from GORHAMBURY'S towers,*
 From old St. MICHAEL'S shady bowers,*
 From ROYAL WINDSOR'S princely halls,
 And HATFIELD'S ivy-mantled walls :
 From SOPWELL'S cloisters, dark and low,*
 Came hooded nuns in movement slow,
 So prim, precise, demure, and staid,
 They bring the brighter picture shade.
 Think not they come to bless or cheer :
 No ! firm in purpose, proud, austere,—
 Resolved to excommunicate
 The gentle bride as renegade ;
 For she had come beneath their ban,
 In listening to the vows of man
 Against their creed, which blazoned stood
 To guide the dreary sisterhood :
 " The pure in heart should rise above
 All passion throes of human love."

* See Notes 4, 5, and 6.

They seemed so gentle—void of art—
 They almost won the maiden's heart ;
 And yet she could not help but feel
 That something more than holy zeal—
 Seclusion stern—a weary call!—
 The God of life demands from all.

So wonder not the dismal train,
 Emerging from the neighbouring plain,
 Should seek the ABBEY CHURCH, and there*
 Denounce the recreant sister fair.
 Oh, what to them love, joy, or health !
 They knew she had unbounded wealth,
 Which, from the ages far away,
 Concentred now in LILIAN GREY.
 The loss of one might peril both,
 Which made the pious sisters wroth—
 Wrath keenly felt and undisguised :
 Revenge was sweet—revenge they prized.

The curse a wandering monk had framed
 The ABBESS as her own proclaimed.
 Severe and cold, o'er her white face
 No smile e'er crept with rippling grace,

* See Note 7.

Which, welling up, reveals the good
 In kindly-hearted womanhood.
 The lip compressed, the pallid cheek,
 And deep-set eye, fell purpose speak.
 To firmly seize and cast aside
 All hindrances to power and pride.

Apart the Abbess musing stood,
 Conflicting passions stirred her blood,
 A hidden fire was seen to burn,
 Some secret thought she seemed to spurn ;
 In slow, deliberate undertone
 She spoke—'twas well she stood alone :
 " What if the maid my might defies ?
 What if her lord my threats despise ?
 I've that within my secret power
 Will make the boldest blanch and cower.
 Even at the altar, whilst they stand
 Husband and wife, clasped hand in hand,
 My voice shall rise—so loud and clear
 That heaven, and earth, and hell may hear
 Anathema!—that withering cry—
 So, sleepless lie—unpardoned die !"