

**CONSTANCE, A  
LAY  
OF THE OLDEN TIME**

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Constance, a Lay of the Olden Time by Maple Leaf

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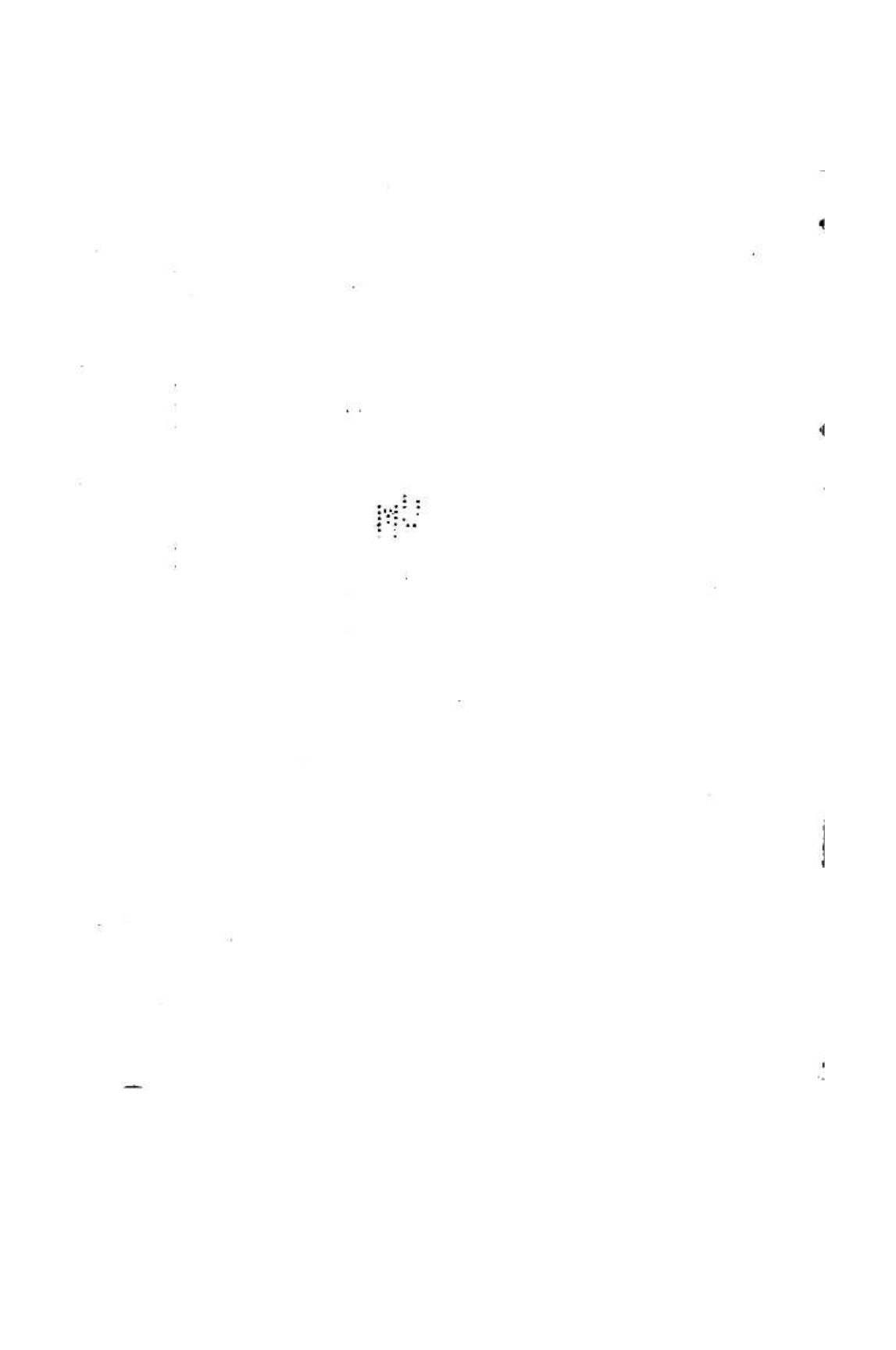
# Constance.

A Fay of the Olden Time.

BY MAPLE LEAF.

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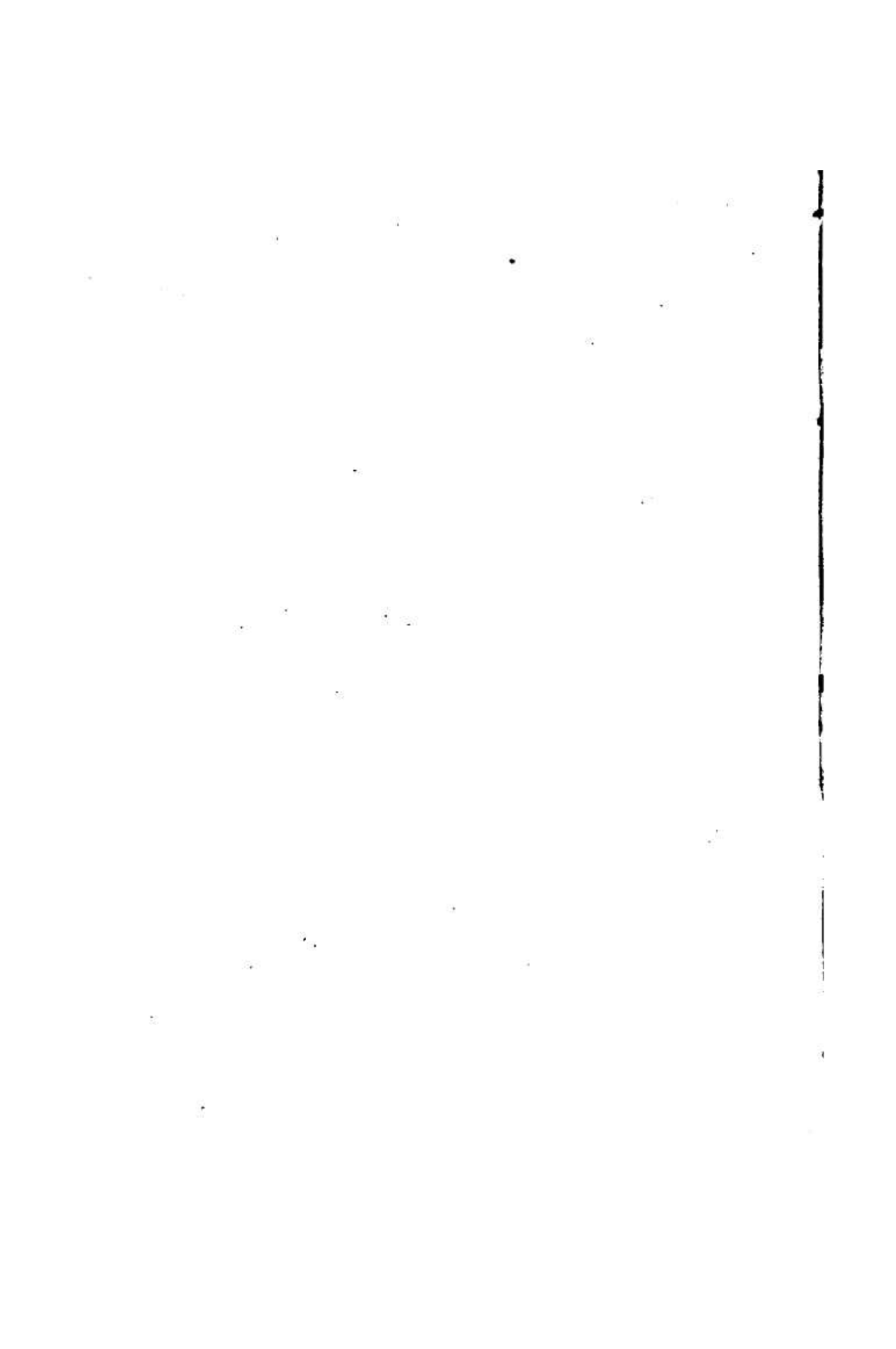


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Constance









## Constance.

—♦—♦—♦—

### A LAY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

—♦—♦—♦—

CONSTANCE and ROSALINE, twin sisters were,  
Daughters of Earl de Macey, a proud peer,  
Claiming descent from a high Norman lord,  
Who came with the Duke William o'er the sea,  
That monarch who, to his reluctant sway,  
Reduced fair England by the Hastings' fight;  
When but mere babes the maidens' mother died,  
Scarce 'ere her budding flowers had op'd to bloom,  
Scarce 'ere the little feet could run alone,  
Without the guidance of her gentle hand  
And 'ere the infant lips could frame that word,  
MOTHER, the sweetest of all names 'mong men.  
Thus left in earliest childhood motherless,  
Seem'd they to cling with more than common love  
Each to the other, tho' 'twas strange, I ween,  
That natures so diverse should be entwin'd  
By closest of all ties, twin-sisterhood.



Rosaline was one of fairy form and face ;  
Back from her forehead stream'd her waving hair  
Clustering in golden ringlets o'er her neck,  
Whilst her soft eyes, like two celestial stars,  
Blue as the vault of Heaven, seemed often filled  
With the glad sunshine of a glorious youth.  
And she was like some blushing moss-rose fair,  
But Constance was a flower more rarely seen.  
Tall and commanding was her slender form,  
Lofty her mien, and on her countenance  
The majesty of virtue ever sate.  
And from her marble brow, pure as the snow,  
Rippl'd the tresses of rich, auburn hair ;  
Whilst often in the flashing of her eye  
One traced the fire of a high, dauntless soul ;  
Yet when in contemplation she was wrapt,  
Her spirit seem'd to dwell in those dark depths,  
Their hue a liquid brown—pure, deep, and clear,  
Ev'n like the waters of that far-famed lake  
From whence the maiden had derived her name—  
And tho' she seldom smiled, a smile it seemed  
To all more sweet because so rarely seen.  
The Castle stood within a vale beneath,  
And on the north side rose a mountain high,  
Whence the adventurous climber could behold,

Far down below, a waving forest grand ;  
And in the distance lay the glist'ning sea,  
Shining beneath the starlit firmament.  
And there the Castle stood, a stately pile,  
As tho' the frowning battlements could touch  
The sky above ; and the grey, massive walls  
Possessed a certain weird and barren air,  
As tho' the spirit of a by-gone age  
Dwelt in the old and hoary edifice.  
Aye ! there it lay, wrapt in night's sombre shade ;  
All dark and grim, save where a steady light  
Burned from the highest turret ; marking thus  
The nightly bower of the fair sister-twins.  
For on the morrow Constance would ride forth,  
Ride by her father's side with train select,  
Unto the Court of England. For 'twas said  
A host was then preparing to depart  
To join Crusaders in the Holy Land.  
And ne'er was brave De Macey known to lag  
When wise and prudent counsel was besought,  
Still less when gallant leaders were required  
To head a fiery band of warriors. First  
His presence at the court was in request,  
And thus his absence for a score of days.  
And the two sisters (who in all their lives