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The Two Bridegrooms

Abstract

There was a maid to love inclined; Cared not where she might linger, If one fair circlet she could find To set around her finger.

Additional Keywords

Poetry; The Two Bridegrooms; Angelee Sailer Anderson

THE TWO BRIDEGROOMS

By Angelee Sailer Anderson

There was a maid to love inclined;
Cared not where she might linger,
If one fair cirlet she could find
To set around her finger.

A maid there was more fair than true,
Unwary where she dallied;
For oft she'd go a'wantoning through
A deeply shadowed valley.

One dusk a pale horse riding came,
And caught her as she tarried.
The knight astride it staked his claim,
Crying, "Fair maid, we'll be married."

"In linen fine I'll clothe thee, love;
My own fair house I'll show thee--
A roof of oak to guard above,
An oaken floor below thee."

His lips were dark as earth and more,
His arms white sheets to wind her,
His fairness all she saw before,
All virgin fears behind her.

As starlings' eggs wrapt in their nests--
Even so warm he deemed them,
When chill Death bared her milk-white breasts
And kissed her fair between them.

His wedding bed was her reward,
His name was her fair wages,
Nameless she lay beneath the sward,
Forgotten by the ages.

Till when dawn cleft the sky at last
O'er that sepulchral city,
A fairer knight came riding past,
And on the maid took pity.

On her gravestone he fairly wrought
A Cross to shrive and shield her,
And scratched away Death's name of nought
And to his own name sealed her.

Cried he, "I claim thee for my wife,
Let none this bond dis sever,
And in the Bridegroom's book of Life
Thy name shine fair forever."

