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The High Priestess

Morgan à Gwyr hight The Fair Sorceress*

I will put by my violent days, and the ill deeds that I have wrought,
All wayward sins of a wild heart ♦ all empty joys I sought,
I will forswear the fruitless year and the deedless day,
And the long gold tresses and false caresses of Morgana le Fay.

The songs are hollow and empty: ♦ the wine is down to the lees:
I am full sick of the witching dance and unclean mysteries:
And the palace of magic and wonder just an ill shadow seems,
Wild feats and vile faces out of evil dreams.

There shall no sleep come nigh me all through the long night,
Where I watch mine arms alone ♦ for a space ere I ride forth to fight,
Alone with the cold altar and the cross of my slain Lord,
With the stark helm and the grey mail and the cross-hilted sword.

I have bound the spur to my heel again ♦ I have rent the past like a scroll:
In the bitter waters of sorrow will I wash clean my soul.
I have put by the worthless world and the deedless day,
And the long gold tresses and false caresses of Morgana le Fay.*

* Image of *The High Priestess* adapted by /cual © from one in the website
www.bottomfastairwell.deviantart.com . Poem "Morgana Le fay" is from *Small Craft*, by
Cicely Fox Smith (1919); first published in 1904.