

# The Green Sheaf

It seemed to Constans that the sun shone from the *heart* of the mountain, and Constans laughed and danced for joy.

Therewith he drew nearer to the *Hill*, and now he felt himself hurt that he had not known at once that Sun to be the *hair* of his lady . . . Nor did it trouble him that she was not clad in the princely *robes* of his dreams, but wore a mean *beggar's* garment.

"Mercy on me, my lady," cried Constans. "Since we have loved so long in *dream* . . . I pray you tell me how to reach you."

"Then should you taste of death Master Constans," said the lady, and Constans saw that she was whiter than snow.

"Yet I will come nearer," said Constans. And he walked into the icy side of the mountain, and his faith like flame melted the *ice*, and he came to her.

