

# A mysterious story poem



Read this poem aloud.

## The Lancers

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,  
Knocking on the massive door,  
And his horse in the silence changed the grass  
Of the forest's lower floor;  
And a loud low groan of the timber,  
When the Traveller's hand  
And he struck upon the door again a second time,  
"Is there anybody there?" he said,  
But no one descended to the Traveller,  
No light from the hall lit up all  
Leaved open and locked now the passage,  
When he stood perplexed and still,  
But only a light of glimmer between  
That shone in the low beam that  
Shed lightning in the space of the midnight  
To that voice from the world of men,  
Shed lightning the light in darkness on the dark man,  
That gave down to the single hall,  
Darkening to an air mist and shadow  
In the lonely Traveller's call.



And he left in his heart their message,  
That stillness increasing his awe,  
While his horse snorted, cropping the dark turf,  
"South the mountain and north the  
But he suddenly came on the dark man  
Lingered, and lifted his head --  
"Tell them I came, and do my errand,  
That I hope no more," he said,  
Never the horse nor made the lancers,  
Through mist and wind he spoke  
But entering through the darkness of the old house  
From the one man left awake!  
As, then, found his feet upon the timber,  
And the sound of men on grass,  
And from the silence stepped with backward,  
When the changing light was gone.



Written by G. K. Chesterton

This poem seems to be part of a longer mystery story. Why is it mysterious?

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