

# A mysterious story poem



Read this poem aloud.

## The Lancers

"It does somebody there!" said the Traveller,  
Kneeling on the mossy floor,  
And his horse in the silence changed the groan  
Of the lance's heavy door.  
And a loud low groan of the warrior,  
When the Traveller's hand  
And he stooped upon the floor upon a second time,  
"It does somebody there!" he said,  
But no one descended to the Traveller,  
No hand from the foot-troop all  
Leaped over and looked over his shoulder,  
When he stood prostrate and fell,  
But only a host of phantoms loomed  
That dwelt in the low house that  
Held lanterns in the quiet of the midnight  
To that noise from the world of men,  
Hooded among the best mercenaries on the dark sea,  
That gave down to the empty hall,  
Darkening to an air mist and shadow  
In the lonely Traveller's cell.



And he felt in his heart their meanings,  
Their willows increasing his awe,  
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,  
"South the market and north the  
But he suddenly came on the floor, upon  
Landed, and lifted his head --  
"Tell them I came, and do my errand,  
That I hope no more," he said,  
Never the lance nor mail the lancers,  
Through every word he spoke  
Full echoing through the darkness of the cell house  
From the one man left awake!  
As, then, faced his feet upon the stones,  
And the sound of men on arms,  
And from the silence stepped with backward,  
When the changing hour 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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