

THE KNIGHT'S SONG.

My love is a Queen, and a High-King's daughter,
In a thousand worlds there is not her peer.

My life is hers, and my soul's devotion,
In heaven or earth there is none so dear.

My love is held in a cruel bondage,
Bound and tortured by ruthless foes,
But her true knight spurs to her aid unresting,
With vengeance swift for her bitter woes.

Swiftly I ride to my lady's succour—
At thought of her wrongs my blood runs flame.
Woe to the cowards who dare malign her !
I ride to rescue my Queen from shame.

I will pledge my love in a brimming goblet—
No pale wine this, but the crimson fire
That glows in my veins since her beauty stung me,
The deep red flame of my heart's desire.

I swear by the swords of the stainless heroes,
By my fathers' graves, by the wrath of God,
To crown my love in her ancient splendour,
Or rot in darkness beneath the sod !

My love is a Queen, and a High-King's daughter.
Her throne shall shine by the western wave
Till the world bows down to her grace and glory,
When I win again what the Lord God gave.

WINIFRED PATTON.