

THE MEMORY

Know you where I, my royal fool, was crowned?

A rock within the great Egean? Where

A strong flood hurrieth on Finistère?

Where at the Pole our valiant men were drowned?

Where the soft creamy wash of Indian seas

Spreads palmward? Where the sunset glides to
dawn,

No night between? Where all the tides are drawn

To greet their Sun and bathe their Idol's knees?

Where was I crowned? Dear fool, upon a stone

That standeth where Earth's arches make but one,

Where all the banners of *her* soul were flown,

And trumpeted the legions of the sun.

The stone is left: 'tis here against the door

Of throne and kingdom. . . . Pray you, mock no
more.