

KNIGHTHOOD.

[Suggested by this honor having been conferred on Canada's distinguished litterateur, JAMES M. LEMOINE.]

I.

THE knights of old, as we are told,
With sword and lance and dazzling shield,
Rode forth to seek the battlefield,
Accounting glory more than gold.

II.

Thus, breathing fight, in armor dight,
Each met the foeman hand to hand,
And ready with his flashing brand,
He slashed and swore with all his might.

III.

Again, more wise, in princely guise,
He sallies forth to right old wrong,
Defend the weak against the strong,
His couch the earth, his roof the skies.

IV.

Anon they meet, in gallant heat,
At tilt and tournament, where Love,
Concealed within a lady's glove,
Adds splendor to each thrilling feat.

V.

Proclaimed the prize, abroad he flies,
And while incessant plaudits ring
He fans fair cheeks with viewless wing,
And takes his fee in smiles and sighs.

VI.

Long-vanished, long, that courtly throng,
The knights of Arthur's table round,
Their neighing steeds that pawed the ground,
Long hushed the bard's triumphal song.