

Till his eye darkened and his
helmet wagged ;
And at a sudden swerving of
the road,
Though happily down on a bank
of grass,
The Prince, without a word,
from his horse fell.

Geraint and Enid.

- (d) For me, I thank the saints, I
am not great.
For if there ever come a grief
to me
I cry my cry in silence, and
have done.
None knows it, and my tears
have brought me good :
But even were the griefs of little
ones
As great as those of great ones,
yet this grief
Is added to the griefs the great
must bear,
That howsoever much they may
desire
Silence, they cannot weep be-
hind a cloud.

Guinevere.

*For Public School Leaving and
Entrance.*

- (a) Then she, who held her eyes
upon the ground,
Elaine, and heard her name so
tost about,
Flushed slightly at the slight
disparagement
Before the stranger knight, who,
looking at her,
Full courtly, yet not falsely,
thus returned :
" If what is fair be but for what
is fair,
And only queens are to be
counted so,
Rash were my judgments then,
who deem this maid
Might wear as fair a jewel as is
on earth,
Not violating the bond of like
to like."

Lancelot and Elaine.

- (b) These are slanders : never yet
Was noble man but made ig-
noble talk.
He makes no friend who never
made a foe.
But now it is my glory to have
loved
One peerless, without stain : so
let me pass,
My father, howsoe'er I seem
to you,
Not all unhappy, having loved
God's best
And greatest, though my love
had no return ;
Yet, seeing you desire your
child to live,
Thanks, but you work against
your own desire ;
For if I could believe the things
you say
I should but die the sooner.

Lancelot and Elaine

- (c) When on my bed the moonlight
falls,
I know that in thy place of rest
By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the
walls ;
The marble bright in dark ap-
pears
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name
And o'er the number of thy
years.

In Memoriam.

- (d) We leave the well-beloved
place
Where first we gazed upon the
sky ;
The roofs that heard our
earliest cry,
Will shelter one of stranger race.
We go, but ere we go from
home,
As down the garden walks I
move,
Two spirits of a diverse love
Contend for loving masterdom.

In Memoriam.