

THE  
ROMANCE OF SIR RICHARD;

SONNETS AND OTHER POEMS.

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THE ROMANCE OF SIR RICHARD.

PROLOGUE.

By brake and bower, by fen and field,  
And lakes that gemmed fair Nature's breast;  
With shadowy lance and silver shield,  
Came riding Night upon his quest.  
The stars in countless myriads glowed,  
Like jewels, in his sombre helm,  
And earth grew silent as he rode  
Again through his reconquered realm.

The Wind, his unseen trumpeter,  
Gave challenge to the recreant Day.  
There was no answer, save the stir  
Of leaves, that turned to see the fray.  
No answer; and the wind was still,  
And all the leafage fell asleep,  
While Night rode slowly up the hill  
Into the ruined Norman Keep.