

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL

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Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow,
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Wool

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OF Edenhall, the youthful Lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,
"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

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The butler hears the words with pain,
The house's oldest seneschal,
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking-glass of crystal tall;
They call it The Luck of Edenhall.

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Then said the Lord: "This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal;"
The greybeard with trembling hand obeys;
A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

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Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light:
"This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!"

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"'Twas right a goblet the Fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall
Deep draughts drink we right willingly;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! Klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

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