

Uncle Walt

The Nine Kings

NINE MONARCHS followed in the gloom when Edward journeyed to the tomb; nine monarchs walked, as in a dream—enough to make a baseball team—and cast upon King Edward's bier the futile tribute of a tear. And at his task the sexton sings (the man who digs the graves for kings): "Nine monarchs, in their brave array, are bending over Edward's clay; and does the silent sovereign care, or does he know that they are there? And can the tears of monarchs nine make those dim eyes of Edward's shine? And if they give their nine commands, can they bring life to those cold hands? Can all their armies and their ships bring laughter to those dead white lips? Can their nine crowns and sceptres nine, bring to the dead the life divine? Nine paupers at a pauper's grave, who claw their rags and weep and rave, can do as much to help the dead, as those nine kings at Edward's bed."