

Against the gentle fame of the great Queen ;
 And him Sir Foster knew, and longed to thrash,
 But laugh'd to see the pigmy staggering
 Under his breast-plate, much too big for him,
 Helm'd with a pot and armed with his lance,
 "Statistics," which at the first eager touch
 Was shiver'd into splinters on his breast.
 And Foster laugh'd and all the people laugh'd
 In concert, and the donkey brayed once more ;
 And not a knight of all within the lists
 Could strike, but each, for laughter, held his sides,
 And laugh'd and laugh'd, and all the assembly laugh'd,
 And all cried, " Give the prize unto Sir Tyke !
 For not a knight of all can hold his own
 For laughter ! Give the boy his lollipop !
 Give it, Sir Foster, he hath fairly won."

So Sir Tyke won, and him Sir Foster gave
 The fool's-cap, with the proud inscription GUY,
 Saying only, " Verily, brother, thou hast won,
 Take it and wear, but question thine own heart
 If thou forsooth hast gain'd it honestly."
 And he, Sir Tyke, made answer red with wrath :
 " Thou tossest it to me too scornfully,
 Yet think not I have failed to see, O knight,
 Tho' thou stand'st fair with the democracy,
 The great and growing love thou bear'st the Queen ;
 Enough, farewell ! thou knowest what thou art,
 Right arm of William in the field of fame ;
 Be happy in thy great Queen as I in mine."

Wherefore it came to pass that Bernalet,
 Chuckling the next day down by Westminster,
 Beheld Sir Tyke approaching, bearing proud
 The red cap and its circlet : and Sir Tyke
 Cried loudly, " Wherefore dost thou chuckle, fool ?"
 And Bernalet puffed out a wreath of smoke,
 Saying, " Perchance to see thy chuckle-head !
 Or, possible, because I find myself,
 Albeit the world hath deem'd me only fool,
 The wisest knight of all the Table Round."
 And Bernalet, still smoking, chuckled on.
 " I'faith," cried Tyke, and smiling, chuckled too,
 " Thou makest merry in thy heart to see
 How bravely I have won the tourney prize."
 But Bernalet grew somewhat grave and scowl'd,
 Saying, " I had rather sit with toads and frogs
 And croak in yonder Hole at Majesty,
 Than chuckle broken music like to thine,
 O chuckle-head !" " What music ?" cried Sir Tyke,
 " What music have I broken, tell me, fool ?"
 And Bernalet, snapping his fingers, said,
 " The Queen's ! Whose name thou, sitting with Queen Mobbe
 Yonder among the slums of Newcastle,
 Yea, and at Bolton, where the brickbats flew,
 Blasphemedst to a low and sordid tune !"