

For the King

THERE was clamour of battle down in the plain,
My Knight's heart laughed and laughed again.
I would strike a blow for the King,
My King.

*FOR THE
KING*

I picked a lance and a true steel sword,
And rode where the flame of the battle roared
About the face of the King.

The shock of the charge was good to feel,
The sway of the press, the swing of the steel!
Under the eyes of the King.

Many a brave Knight tottered dead,
Many a false knight turned and fled
From the side of a falling King.

I fought my way thro' the dying light,
Where a broken banner hung in the fight
Over a broken King.

I won a bloody way to his side,
I looked in his eyes—that were staring wide
With the royal fear of a King.

I saw him turn his charger's head
Riding away from his valiant dead
That had died for a craven King.

I tossed him a curse, and rode at the horde
Of his gathering foes. I broke my sword;
And my heart, and my heart, for love of the King,
My King!