IDYLS OF THE KING

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Idyls of the King by Alfred Tennyson

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BY

ALFRED TENNYSON, D. C. L., POET LAUREATE.

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THE brave Geraint, a knight of Arthur's court, A tributary prince of Devon, one Of that great order of the Table Round, Had wedded Enid, Yniol's only child, And loved her as he loved the light of Heaven. And as the light of Heaven varies, now At sunrise, now at sunset, now by night With moon and trembling stars, so loved Geraint To make her beauty vary day by day, In crimsons and in purples and in gems. And Enid, but to please her husband's eye, Who first had found and loved her in a state Of broken fortunes, daily fronted him In some fresh splendor ; and the Queen herself, Grateful to Prince Geraint for service done, Loved her, and often with her own white hands