

**LANCELOT:
A POEM**

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Lancelot: A Poem by Edwin Arlington Robinson

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EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

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A POEM**

LANCELOT

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A Poem

BY

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON



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LANCELOT

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Gawaine, aware again of Lancelot
In the King's garden, coughed and followed him;
Whereat he turned and stood with folded arms
And weary-waiting eyes, cold and half-closed—
Hard eyes, where doubts at war with memories
Fanned a sad wrath. "Why frown upon a friend?
Few live that have too many," Gawaine said,
And wished unsaid, so thinly came the light
Between the narrowing lids at which he gazed.
"And who of us are they that name their friends?"