

**OF PALOMIDE: FAMOUS
KNIGHT OF KING
ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE**

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Of Palomide: Famous Knight of King Arthur's Round Table by Ælian Prince

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ÆLIAN PRINCE

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KNIGHT OF KING
ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE**

OF
PALOMIDE

FAMOUS KNIGHT

OF

KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE

BY

ÆLIAN PRINCE.

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4, AVE MARIA LANE, E.C.

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TO
CHARLES KENT,
REMEMBERING HIS GRACIOUS ENCOURAGEMENT
AND
HIS INTIMACY WITH MINDS
WHOSE GENIALITY AND GENIUS
HAVE BEEN
LIGHT, GRACE AND POWER TO THE
LITERATURE OF OUR CENTURY.

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PROEM.

YES, I am minstrel for this evening hour
Sweet Esther. Seat thee there, my heart, beneath
Those liberal golden showers, which Spring suspends,
Laburnum's bloom, close by the garden gate.
And with that glory we have purple, too—
The lilac hedge—indisputable gleams
Of Love it brings to us : soft, fragrant airs,
Creep from the verdant covert—ah, that breath !—
The perfume of the violet of the shade
Which blesses hearts to whom it nothing owes—
It gives us memories lingering of true-love.

—Yea, here, not elsewhere, I am your bard,
Your scald, your troubadour : for this our tale
Requires free air—such air as ever breathed
The valiant, loving, master-knights of old.
We shall have music, too, above, around—
The lavrock rains it from the blue ; yon larch
Is vocal with the thrush.

We may believe
In full accord each listening heart shall beat
With each event in field or bowers, for we
Are of the lineage we sing. * * *

But, hark,—
Queen of my song ! Think of our happy years,
And take my verse as of their happy growth
A genial portion, for as well as wars,
Of Love I sing : and let the cynic girl,
And laughing casuist boy, on either side
Sit by thee in a truce of poësy.
Our other friends of grace and older days,
May listen as they choose amongst the trees.
Friends are for judgment, Esther. Thou, bride-queen,
First, best-beloved, thine all of this, my song.



CHAPTER I.

Of Table Round he was the pearl, the flower,
In Arthur's peerage he was perfect knight,
Tristram : so named of sorrow, since his birth
Drew o'er his mother's eyes the veil of death.
Yet, never name so ill was worn, for blithe
As in his minstrel mirth was he in war.
Soonest of all his fellowship he shed
The sable plume of sorrow from his soul.
Sage Merlin told on his nativity,
The stars ordained of song and power ruled clear
Within their heavenly houses. These, the words :—
“ His hours of life are mingled gold and gloom,
“ But hours of gloom o'ercome by golden hours,
“ With better speed than fortunes other knights.
“ The hours' conclusion—sudden—it may come
“ Only from hands o'erburdened with the grace
“ And largess of his love : when'er the time
“ A loyal and affectionate spear shall slake
“ Within his heart, thirst for his foeman's blood.”
As brave as Launcelot, lacking half his blame,
Heart-noble as the King, without the taint
Which clings to power, he suffered, strove, and shone
The clearest Light of Honour to his times,
And Knight of Love—of Arthur's martial Ring
The Light of Honour, and the Knight of Love.
* * * * *
Yet, now he lies within Ierne's bowers