

REGINAE EQUESTRIUM

(for D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS)

O WONDERFUL Lady whom I love and
of whose beauty so little understand,
hurt me with your compassion; be grieved on
my heart and thereby lend it guerison,
pleading your Son's cure and supplicating
Him both as your baby and as your king:
request a sweet playfulness of your child
and, of your king, a temper and a wild
white glory to my sword that, with laughter,
I may hew down enemies and, after,
mass them into Paradise, serving Him
most insufficiently with all that dim
sight and power which is native to me until
I have accomplished His and your will.
Give me, of your strong compassionate heart,
the white sword of Christendom, and the art
to use it, that I may find the Grail and
the most beautiful lady in England.

EGERTON CLARKE.