

# “THE KNIGHT”

BY

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Our good knight, Ted, girds his broadsword on  
    (And he wields it well, I ween);  
He 's on his steed, and away has gone  
    To the fight for king and queen.  
What tho' no edge the broadsword hath?  
    What tho' the blade be made of lath?  
    'T is a valiant hand  
        That wields the brand,  
    So, foeman, clear the path!

    He prances off at a goodly pace;  
    'T is a noble steed he rides,  
That bears as well in the speedy race  
    As he bears in battle-tides.  
What tho' 't is but a rocking-chair  
    That prances with this stately air?  
    'T is a warrior bold  
        The reins doth hold,  
    Who bids all foes beware!