

“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!