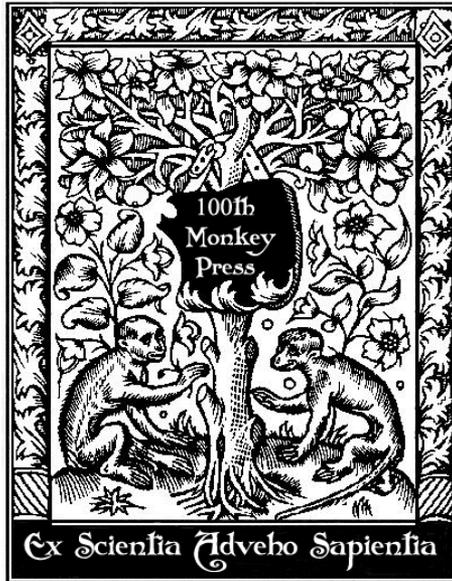


GOOD SIR PALAMEDES

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2008



“When a critical mass is achieved within a species, the behavior is instantaneously transferred to and exhibited by all members of the species”

THE HIGH HISTORY OF  
GOOD SIR PALAMEDES  
THE SARACEN KNIGHT  
AND OF HIS FOLLOWING  
OF THE QUESTING BEAST

BY ALEISTER CROWLEY

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TO ALLAN BENNETT  
“Bhikkhu Ananda Metteyya”

My good knight comrade in the Quest, I  
dedicate this imperfect t account of it, in  
some small recognition of his suggestion  
of its form.

MANDALAY, *November* 1905.



## ARGUMENT

i. Sir Palamede, the Saracen knight, riding on the shore of Syria, findeth his father's corpse, around which an albatross circleth. He approveth the vengeance of his peers.

ii. On the shore of Arabia he findeth his mother in the embrace of a loathly negro beneath blue pavilions. Her he slayeth, and burneth all that encampment.

iii. Sir Palamede is besieged in his castle by Severn mouth, and his wife and son are slain.

iv. Hearing that his fall is to be but the prelude to an attack of Camelot, he maketh a desperate night sortie, and will traverse the wilds of Wales.

v. At the end of his resources among the Welsh mountains, he is compelled to put to death his only remaining child. By this sacrifice he saves the world of chivalry.

vi. He having become an holy hermit, a certain dwarf, splendidly clothed, cometh to Arthur's court, bearing tidings of a Questing Beast. The knights fail to lift him, this being the test of worthiness.

vii. Lancelot findeth him upon Scawfell, clothed in his white beard. He returneth, and, touching the dwarf but with his finger, herleth him to the heaven.

viii. Sir Palamede, riding forth on the quest, seeth a Druid worship the sun upon Stonehenge. He rideth eastward, and findeth the sun setting in the west. Furious he taketh a Viking ship, and by sword and whip fareth seaward.

ix. Coming to India, he learneth that It glittereth. Vainly fighting the waves, the leaves, and the snows, he is swept in the Himalayas as by an avalanche into a valley where dwell certain ascetics, who pelt him with their eyeballs.

x. Seeking It as Majesty, he chaseth an elephant in the Indian jungle. The elephant escapeth; but he, led to Trichinopoli by an Indian lad, seeth an elephant forced to dance ungainly before the Mahalingam.

xi. A Scythian sage declareth that It transcendeth Reason. Therefore Sir Palamede unreasonably decapitateth him.

xii. An ancient hag prateth of It as Evangelical. Her he hewed in pieces.

xiii. At Naples he thinketh of the Beast as author of Evil, because Free of Will. The Beast, starting up, is slain by him with a poisoned arrow; but at the moment of Its death It is reborn from the knight's own belly.

xiv. At Rome he meeteth a red robber in a Hat, who speaketh nobly of It as of a king-dove-lamb. He chaseth and slayeth it; it proves but a child's toy.

xv. In a Tuscan grove he findeth, from the antics of a Satyr, that the Gods will dwell with men. Mistaking orgasm for ecstasy, he is found ridiculous.

xvi. Baiting for It with gilded corn in a moonlit vale of Spain, he findeth the bait stolen by vermin.

xvii. In Crete a metaphysician weaveth a labyrinth. Sir Palamede compelleth him to pursue the quarry in this same fashion. Running like hippogriffs, they plunge over the precipice; and the hermit, dead, appears but a mangy ass. Sir Palamede, sore wounded, is borne by fishers to an hut.

xviii. Sir Palamede noteth the swiftness of the Beast. He therefore climbeth many mountains of the Alps. Yet can he not catch It; It outrunneth him easily, and at last, stumbling, he falleth.

xix. Among the dunes of Brittany he findeth a witch dancing and conjuring, until she disappeareth in a blaze of light. He then learneth music, from a vile girl, until he is as skilful as Orpheus. In Paris he playeth in a public place. The people, at first throwing him coins, soon desert him to follow a foolish Egyptian wizard. No Beast cometh to his call.

xx. He argueth out that there can be but one Beast. Following single tracks, he at length findeth the quarry, but on pursuit It eldueth him by multiplying itself. This on the wide plains of France.

xxi. He gathereth an army sufficient to chase the whole herd. In England's midst they rush upon them; but the herd join together, leading on the knights, who at length rush together into a *mêlée*, wherein all but Sir Palamede are slain, while the Beast, as ever, standeth aloof, laughing.

xxii. He argueth Its existence from design of the Cosmos, noting that Its tracks form a geometrical figure. But seeth that this depends upon his sense of geometry; and is therefore no proof. Meditating upon this likeness to himself—Its subjectivity, in short—he seeth It in the Blue Lake. Thither plunging, all is shattered.

xxiii. Seeking It in shrines he findeth but a money-box; while they that helped him (as they said) in his search, but robbed him.

xxiv. Arguing Its obscurity, he seeketh It within the bowels of Etna, cutting off all avenues of sense. His own thoughts pursue him into madness.

xxv. Upon the Pacific Ocean, he, thinking that It is not-Self, throweth himself into the sea. But the Beast setteth him ashore.

xxvi. Rowed by Kanakas to Japan, he praiseth the stability of Fuji-Yama. But, an earthquake arising, the pilgrims are swallowed up.

xxvii. Upon the Yang-tze-kiang he contemplateth immortal change. Yet, perceiving that the changes themselves constitute stability, he is again baulked, and biddeth his men bear him to Egypt.

xxviii. In an Egyptian temple he hath performed the Bloody Sacrifice, and cursed Osiris. Himself suffering that curse, he is still far from the Attainment.

xxix. In the land of Egypt he performeth many miracles. But from the statue of Memnon issueth the questing, and he is recalled from that illusion.

xxx. Upon the plains of Chaldea he descendeth into the bowels of the earth, where he beholdeth the Visible Image of the soul of Nature for the Beast. Yet Earth belcheth him forth.

xxxi. In a slum city he converseth with a Rationalist. Learning nothing, nor even hearing the Beast, he goeth forth to cleanse himself.

xxxii. Seeking to imitate the Beast, he goeth on all-fours, questing horribly. The townsmen cage him for a lunatic. Nor can he imitate the elusiveness of the Beast. Yet at one note of that questing the prison is shattered, and Sir Palamede rusheth forth free.

xxiii. Sir Palamede hath gone to the shores of the Middle Sea to restore his health. There he practiseth devotion to the Beast, and becometh maudlin and sentimental. His knaves mocking him, he beateth one sore; from whose belly issueth the questing.

xxiv. Being retired into an hermitage in Fenland, he traverseth space upon the back of an eagle. He knoweth all things—save only It. And incontinent beseedheth the eagle to set him down again.

xxxv. He lectureth upon metaphysics—for he is now totally insane—to many learned monks of Cantabrig. They applaud him and detain him, though he hath heard the questing and would away. But so feeble is he that he fleeth by night.

xxxvi. It hath often happened to Sir Palamede that he is haunted by a shadow, the which he may not recognise. But at last, in a sunlit wood, this is discovered to be a certain hunchback, who doubteth whether there be at all any Beast or any quest, or if the whole life of Sir Palamede be not a vain illusion. Him, without seeing to conquer with words, he slayeth incontinent.

xxxvii. In a cave by the sea, feeding on limpets and roots, Sir Palamede abideth, sick unto death. Himseemeth the Beast questeth within his own bowels; he is the Beast. Standing up, that he may enjoy the reward, he findeth another answer to the riddle. Yet abideth in the quest.

xxxviii. Sir Palamede is confronted by a stranger knight, whose arms are his own, as also his features. This knight mocketh Sir Palamede for an impudent pretender, and impersonator of the chosen knight. Sir Palamede in all humility alloweth that there is no proof possible, and offereth ordeal of battle, in which the stranger is slain. Sir Palamede heweth him into the smallest dust without pity.

xxxix. In a green valley he obtaineth the vision of Pan. Thereby he regaineth all that he had expended of strength and youth; is gladdened thereat, for he now devoteth again his life to the quest; yet more utterly cast down than ever, for that this supreme vision is not the Beast.

xl. Upon the loftiest summit of a great mountain he perceiveth Naught. Even this is, however, not the Beast.

xli. Returning to Camelot to announce his failure, he maketh entrance into the King's hall, whence he started out upon the quest. The Beast cometh nestling to him. All the knights attain the quest. The voice of Christ is heard: "well done." He sayeth that each failure is a step in the Path. The poet prayeth success therein for himself and his readers.



## I

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen  
Rode by the marge of many a sea :  
He had slain a thousand evil men  
And set a thousand ladies free.

Armed to the teeth, the glittering knight  
Galloped along the sounding shore,  
His silver arms one lake of light,  
Their clash one symphony of war.

How still the blue enamoured sea  
Lay in the blaze of Syria's noon !  
The eternal roll eternally  
Beat out its monotonic tune.

Sir Palamede the Saracen  
A dreadful vision here espied,  
A sight abhorred of gods and men,  
Between the limit of the tide.

The dead man's tongue was torn away ;  
The dead man's throat was slit across ;  
There flapped upon the putrid prey  
A carrion, screaming albatross.  
So halted he his horse, and bent

To catch remembrance from the eyes  
That stared to God, whose ardour sent  
His radiance from the ruthless skies.

Then like a statue still he sate ;  
Nor quivered nerve, nor muscle stirred ;

While round them flapped insatiate  
The fell, abominable bird.

But the coldest horror drave the light  
From knightly eyes. How pale thy bloom,  
Thy blood, O brow whereon that night  
Sits like a serpent on a tomb!

For Palamede those eyes beheld  
The iron image of his own ;  
On those dead brows a fate he spelled  
To strike a Gorgon into stone.

He knew his father. Still he sate,  
Nor quivered nerve, nor muscle stirred ;  
While round them flapped insatiate  
The fell, abominable bird.

The knight approves the justice done,  
And pays with that his rowels' debt ;  
While yet the forehead of the son  
Stands beaded with an icy sweat.

God's angel, standing sinister,  
Unfurls this scroll—a sable stain :  
“Who wins the spur shall ply the spur  
Upon his proper heart and brain.”

He gave the sign of malison  
On traitor knights and perjured men ;  
And ever by the sea rode on  
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

## II

BEHOLD! Arabia's burning shore  
Rings to the hoofs of many a steed.  
Lord of a legion rides to war  
The indomitable Palamede.

The Paynim fly; his troops delight  
In murder of many a myriad men,  
Following exultant into fight  
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

Now when a year and day are done  
Sir Palamedes is aware  
Of blue pavilions in the sun,  
And bannerets fluttering in the air.

Forward he spurs; his armour gleams;  
Then on his haunches rears the steed;  
Above the lordly silk there streams  
The pennon of Sir Palamede!

Aflame, a bridegroom to his spouse,  
He rides to meet with galliard grace  
Some scion of his holy house,  
Or germane to his royal race.

But oh! the eyes of shame! Beneath  
The tall pavilion's sapphire shade  
There sport a band with wand and wreath,  
Languorous boy and laughing maid.

And in the centre is a sight  
Of hateful love and shameless shame:

A recreant Abyssinian knight  
Sports grossly with a wanton dame.

How black and swinish is the knave!  
His hellish grunt, his bestial grin;  
Her trilling laugh, her gesture suave,  
The cool sweat swimming on her skin!

She looks and laughs upon the knight,  
Then turns to buss the blubber mouth,  
Draining the dregs of that black blight  
Of wine to ease their double drouth!

God! what a glance! Sir Palamede  
Is stricken by the sword of fate:  
His mother it is in very deed  
That gleeful goes the goatish gait.

His mother it his, that pure and pale  
Cried in the pangs that gave him birth;  
The holy image he would veil  
From aught the tiniest taint of earth.

She knows him, and black fear bedim  
Those eyes; she offers to his gaze  
The blue-veined breasts that suckled him  
In childhood's sweet and solemn days.

Weeping she bares the holy womb!  
Shrieks out the mother's last appeal:  
And reads irrevocable doom  
In those dread eyes of ice and steel.

He winds his horn: his warriors pour  
In thousands on the fenceless foe;  
The sunset stains their hideous war  
With crimson bars of after-glow.

He winds his horn; the night-stars leap  
To light; upspring the sisters seven;  
While answering flames illumine the deep,  
The blue pavilions blaze to heaven.

Silent and stern the northward way  
They ride; alone before his men  
Staggers through black to rose and grey  
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

## III

THERE is a rock by Severn mouth  
Whereon a mighty castle stands,  
Fronting the blue impassive South  
And looking over lordly lands.

Oh! high above the envious sea  
This fortress dominates the tides ;  
There, ill at heart, the chivalry  
Of strong Sir Palamede abides.

Now comes irruption from the fold  
That live by murder : day by day  
The good knight strikes his deadly stroke ;  
The vultures claw the attended prey.

But day by day the heathen hordes.  
Gather from dreadful lands afar,  
A myriad bows and swords,  
As clouds that blot the morning star.

Soon by an arrow from the sea  
The Lady of Palamede is slain ;  
His son, in sally fighting free,  
Is struck through burgonet and brain.

But day by day the foes increase,  
Though day by day their thousands fall :  
Laughs the unshaken fortalice ;  
The good knights laugh no more at all.

Grimmer than heather hordes can scowl,  
The spectre hunger rages there ;

He passes like a midnight owl,  
Hooting his heraldry, despair.

The knights and squires of Palamede  
Stalk pale and lean through court and hall ;  
Though sharp and swift the archers speed  
Their yardlong arrows from the wall.

Their numbers thin ; their strength decays ;  
Their fate is written plain to read :  
These are the dread deciduous days  
Of iron-souled Sir Palamede.

He hears the horrid laugh that rings  
From camp to camp at night ; he hears  
The cruel mouths of murderous kings  
Laugh out one menace that he fears.

No sooner shall the heroes die  
Than, ere their flesh begin to rot,  
The heathen turns his raving eye  
To Caerlon and Camelot.

King Arthur in ignoble sloth  
Is sunk, and dalliance with his dame,  
Forgetful of his knightly oath,  
And careless of his kingly name.

Befooled and cuckolded, the king  
Is yet the king, the king most high ;  
And on his life the hinges swing  
That close the door of chivalry.

'Sblood ! shall it sink, and rise no more,  
That blaze of time, when men were men ?  
That is thy question, warrior  
Sir Palamede the Saracen !

## IV

NOW, with two score of men in life  
And one fair babe, Sir Palamede  
Resolves one last heroic strife,  
Attempts forlorn a desperate deed.

At dead of night, a moonless night,  
A night of winter storm, they sail  
In dancing dragons to the fight  
With man and sea, with ghouls and gale.

Whom God shall spare, ride, ride! (so springs  
The iron order). Let him fly  
On honour's steed with honour's wings  
To warn the king, lest honour die!

Then to the fury of the blast  
Their fury adds a dreadful sting:  
The fatal die is surely cast.  
To save the king—to save the king!

Hail! horror of the midnight surge!  
The storms of death, the lashing gust,  
The doubtful gleam of swords that urge  
Hot laughter with high-leaping lust!

Though one by one the heroes fall,  
Their desperate way they slowly win,  
And knightly cry and comrade-call  
Rise high above the savage din.

Now, now they land, a dwindling crew;  
Now, now fresh armies hem them round.

They cleave their blood-bought avenue,  
And cluster on the upper ground.

Ah! but dawn's dreadful front uprears!  
The tall towers blaze, to illumine the fight;  
While many a myriad heathen spears  
March northward at the earliest light.

Falls thy last comrade at thy feet,  
O lordly-souled Sir Palamede?  
Tearing the savage from his seat,  
He leaps upon a coal-black steed.

He gallops raging through the press:  
The affrighted heathen fear his eye.  
There madness gleams, there masterless  
The whirling sword shrieks shrill and high.

They shrink, he gallops. Closely clings  
The child slung at his waist; and he  
Heeds nought, but gallops wide, and sings  
Wild war-songs, chants of gramarye!

Sir Palamede the Saracen  
Rides like a centaur mad with war;  
He sabres many a million men,  
And tramples many a million more!

Before him lies the untravelled land  
Where never a human soul is known,  
A desert by a wizard banned,  
A soulless wilderness of stone.

Nor grass, nor corn, delight the vales;  
Nor beast, nor bird, span space. Immense,  
Black rain, grey mist, white wrath of gales,  
Fill the dread armoury of sense.

Nor shines the sun ; nor moon, nor star  
    Their subtle light at all display ;  
Nor day, nor night, dispute the scaur :  
    All's one intolerable grey.

Black llyns, grey rocks, white hills of snow !  
    No flower, no colour : life is not.  
This is no way for men to go  
    From Severn-mouth to Camelot.

Despair, the world upon his speed,  
    Drive (like a lion from his den  
Whom hunger hunts) the man at need,  
    Sir Palamede the Saracen.

## V

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen  
Hath cast his sword and arms aside.  
To save the world of goodly men,  
He sets his teeth to ride—to ride!

Three days: the black horse drops and dies.  
The trappings furnish them a fire,  
The beast a meal. With dreadful eyes  
Stare into death the child, the sire.

Six days: the gaunt and gallant knight  
Sees hateful visions in the day.  
Where are the antient speed and might  
Were wont to animate that clay?

Nine days; they stumble on; no more  
His strength avails to bear the child.  
Still hangs the mist, and still before  
Yawns the immeasurable wild.

Twelve days: the end. Afar he spies  
The mountains stooping to the plain;  
A little splash of sunlight lies  
Beyond the everlasting rain.

His strength is done; he cannot stir.  
The child complains—how feebly now!  
His eyes are blank; he looks at her;  
The cold sweat gathers on his brow.

To save the world—three days away!  
His life in knighthood's life is furled,

And knighthood's life in his—to-day!—  
His darling staked against the world!

Will he die there, his task undone?  
Or dare he live, at such a cost?  
He cries against the impassive sun:  
The world is dim, is all but lost.

When, with the bitterness of death  
Cutting his soul, his fingers clench  
The piteous passage of her breath.  
The dews of horror rise and drench

Sir Palamede the Saracen.  
Then, rising from the hideous meal,  
He plunges to the land of men  
With nerves renewed and limbs of steel.

Who is the naked man that rides  
Yon tameless stallion on the plain,  
His face like Hell's? What fury guides  
The maniac beast without a rein?

Who is the naked man that spurs  
A charger into Camelot,  
His face like Christ's? what glory stirs  
The air around him, do ye wot?

Sir Arthur arms him, makes array  
Of seven times ten thousand men,  
And bids them follow and obey  
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

## VI

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen  
The earth from murder hath released,  
Is hidden from the eyes of men.

Sir Arthur sits again at feast.  
The holy order burns with zeal:  
Its fame revives from west to east.

Now, following Fortune's whirling-wheel,  
There comes a dwarf to Arthur's hall,  
All cased in damascened steel.

A sceptre and a golden ball  
He bears, and on his head a crown;  
But on his shoulders drapes a pall

Of velvet flowing sably down  
Above his vest of cramoisie.  
Now doth the king of high renown

Demand him of his dignity.  
Whereat the dwarf begins to tell  
A quest of loftiest chivalry.

Quod he: "By Goddes holy spell,  
So high a venture was not known,  
Nor so divine a miracle.  
A certain beast there runs alone,  
That ever in his belly sounds  
A hugeous cry, a monster moan,

As if a thirty couple hounds  
    Requested with him. Now God saith  
(I swear it by His holy wounds

And by His lamentable death,  
    And by His holy Mother's face !)  
That he shall know the Beauteous Breath

And taste the Goodly Gift of Grace  
    Who shall achieve this marvel quest.”  
Then Arthur sterte up from his place,

And sterte up boldly all the rest,  
    And sware to seek this goodly thing.  
But now the dwarf doth beat his breast,

And speak on this wise to the king,  
    That he should worthy knight be found  
Who with his hands the dwarf should bring

By might one span from off the ground.  
    Whereat they jeer, the dwarf so small,  
The knights so strong: the walls resound

With laughter rattling round the hall.  
    But Arthur first essays the deed,  
And may not budge the dwarf at all.

Then Lancelot sware by Goddes reed,  
    And pulled so strong his muscel burst,  
His nose and mouth brake out a-bleed ;

Nor moved he thus the dwarf. From first  
    To last the envious knights essayed,  
And all their malice had the worst,

Till strong Sir Bors his prowess played—  
    And all his might availèd nought.  
Now once Sir Bors had been betrayed

To Paynim ; him in traitrise caught,  
They bound to four strong stallion steers,  
To tear asunder, as they thought,

The paladin of Arthur's peers.  
But he, a-bending, breaks the spine  
Of three, and on the fourth he rears

His bulk, and rides away. Divine  
The wonder when the giant fails  
To stir the fatuous dwarf, malign

Who smiles ! But Bors on Arthur rails  
That never a knight is worth but one.  
"By Goddes death" (quod he), "what ails

Us marsh-lights to forget the sun ?  
There is one man of mortal men  
Worthy to win this benison,

Sir Palamede the Saracen."  
Then went the applauding murmur round :  
Sir Lancelot girt him there and then

To ride to that enchanted ground  
Where amid timeless snows the den  
Of Palamedes might be found.

## VII

BEHOLD Sir Lancelot of the Lake  
Breasting the stony screens : behold  
How breath must fail and muscle ache  
That Palamede the Saracen  
Within its hermitage may hold.

At last he cometh to a den  
Perched high upon the savage scaur,  
Remote from every haunt of men,

From every haunt of life afar.  
There doth he find Sir Palamede  
Sitting as steadfast as a star.

Scarcely he knew the knight indeed,  
For he was compassed in a beard  
White as the streams of snow that feed

The lake of Gods and men revered  
That sitteth upon Caucasus.  
So muttered he a darkling weird,

And smote his bosom murderous.  
His nails like eagles' claws were grown ;  
His eyes were wild and dull ; but thus  
Sir Lancelot spake : "Thy deeds atone  
By knightly devoir !" He returned  
That "While the land was overgrown

With giant, fiend, and ogre burned  
My sword ; but now the Paynim bars  
Are broke, and men to virtue turned :

Therefore I sit upon the scars  
Amid my beard, even as the sun  
Sits in the company of the stars!"

Then Lancelot bade this deed be done,  
The achievement of the Questing Beast.  
Which when he spoke that holy one

Rose up, and gat him to the east  
With Lancelot; when as they drew  
Unto the palace and the feast

He put his littlest finger to  
The dwarf, who rose to upper air,  
Piercing the far eternal blue

Beyond the reach of song or prayer.  
Then did Sir Palamede amend  
His nakedness, his horrent hair,

His nails, and made his penance end,  
Clothing himself in steel and gold,  
Arming himself, his life to spend

In vigil cold and wandering bold,  
Disdaining song and dalliance soft,  
Seeking one purpose to behold,

And holding ever that aloft,  
Nor fearing God, nor heeding men.  
So thus his hermit habit doffed  
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

## VIII

KNOW ye where Druid dolmens rise  
In Wessex on the widow plain?  
Thither Sir Palamedes plies

The spur, and shakes the rattling rein.  
He questions all men of the Beast.  
None answer. Is the quest in vain?

With oaken crown there comes a priest  
In samite robes, with hazel wand,  
And worships at the gilded East.

Ay! thither ride! The dawn beyond  
Must run the quarry of his quest.  
He rode as he were wood or fond,

Until at night behoves him rest.  
—He saw the gilding far behind  
Out on the hills toward the West!

With aimless fury hot and blind  
He flung him on a Viking ship.  
He slew the rover, and inclined

The seamen to his stinging whip.  
Accurs'd of God, despising men,  
Thy reckless oars in ocean dip,  
Sir Palamede the Saracen!

## IX

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen

Sailed ever with a favouring wind  
Unto the smooth and swarthy men

That haunt the evil shore of Hind :

He queried eager of the quest.

“Ay! Ay!” their cunning sages grinned :

“It shines! It shines! Guess thou the rest!

For naught but this our Rishis know.”

Sir Palamede his way addressed

Unto the woods: they blaze and glow;

His lance stabs many a shining blade,  
His sword lays many a flower low

That glittering gladdened in the glade.

He wrote himself a wanton ass,

And to the sea his traces laid,

Where many a wavelet on the glass

His prowess knows. But deep and deep  
His futile feet in fury pass,

Until one billow curls to leap,

And flings him breathless on the shore

Half drowned. O fool! his God's asleep,

His armour in illusion's war

Itself illusion, all his might

And courage vain. Yet ardours pour

Through every artery. The knight  
Scales the Himalaya's frozen sides,  
Crowned with illimitable light,

And there in constant war abides,  
Smiting the spangles of the snow;  
Smiting until the vernal tides

Of earth leap high; the steady flow  
Of sunlight splits the icy walls:  
They slide, they hurl the knight below.

Sir Palamede the mighty falls  
Into an hollow where there dwelt  
A bearded crew of monachals

Asleep in various visions spelt  
By mystic symbols unto men.  
But when a foreigner they smelt

They drive him from their holy den,  
And with their glittering eyeballs pelt  
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

## X

Now findeth he, as all alone  
He moves about the burning East,  
The mighty trail of some unknown,  
But surely some majestic beast.

So followeth he the forest ways,  
Remembering his knightly oath,  
And through the hot and dripping days  
Ploughs through the tangled undergrowth.

Sir Palamede the Saracen  
Came on a forest pool at length,  
Remote from any mart of men,  
Where there disported in his strength

The lone and lordly elephant.  
Sir Palamede his forehead beat.  
“O amorous! O militant!  
O lord of this arboreal seat!”

Thus worshipped he, and stalking stole  
Into the presence: he emerged.  
The scent awakes the uneasy soul  
Of that Majestic One: upsurged

The monster from the oozy bed,  
And bounded through the crashing glades.  
—But now a staring savage head  
Lurks at him through the forest shades.

This was a naked Indian,  
Who led within the city gate

The fooled and disappointed man,  
Already broken by his fate.

Here were the brazen towers, and here  
The sculptured rocks, the marble shrine  
Where to a tall black stone they rear  
The altars due to the divine.

The God they deem in sensual joy  
Absorbed, and silken dalliance :  
To please his leisure hours a boy  
Compels an elephant to dance.

So majesty to ridicule  
Is turned. To other climes and men  
Makes off that strong, persistent fool  
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

## XI

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen  
Hath hied him to an holy man,  
Sith he alone of mortal men

Can help him, if a mortal can.  
(So tell him all the Scythian folk.)  
Wherefore he makes a caravan,

And finds him. When his prayers invoke  
The holy knowledge, saith the sage:  
“This Beast is he of whom there spoke

The prophets of the Golden Age:  
‘Mark! all that mind is, he is not.’”  
Sir Palamede in bitter rage

Sterte up: “Is this the fool, ’Od wot,  
To see the like of whom I came  
From castellated Camelot?”

The sage with eyes of burning flame  
Cried: “Is it not a miracle?  
Ay! for with folly travelleth shame,

And thereto at the end is Hell  
Believe! And why believe? Because  
It is a thing impossible.”  
Sir Palamede his pulses pause.  
“It is not possible” (quod he)  
“That Palamede is wroth, and draws

His sword, decapitating thee.  
By parity of argument  
This deed of blood must surely be.”

With that he suddenly besprent  
All Scythia with the sage’s blood,  
And laughing in his woe he went

Unto a further field and flood,  
Aye guided by that wizard’s head,  
That like a windy moon did scud

Before him, winking eyes of red  
And snapping jaws of white: but then  
What cared for living or for dead  
Sir Palamede the Saracen?

## XII

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen  
Follows the Head to gloomy halls  
Of sterile hate, with icy walls.  
A woman clucking like a hen  
Answers his lordly bugle-calls.

She rees him in ungainly rede  
Of ghosts and virgins, doves and wombs,  
Of roods and prophecies and tombs—  
Old pagan fables run to seed!  
Sir Palamede with fury fumes.

So doth the Head that jabbers fast  
Against that woman's tangled tale.  
(God's patience at the end must fail!)  
Out sweeps the sword—the blade hath passed  
Through all her scraggy farthingale.

“This chatter lends to Thought a zest”  
(Quod he), “but I am all for Act.  
Sit here, until your Talk hath cracked  
The addled egg in Nature's nest!”  
With that he fled the dismal tract.

He was so sick and ill at ease  
And hot against his fellow men,  
He thought to end his purpose then—  
Nay! let him seek new lands and seas,  
Sir Palamede the Saracen!

## XIII

SIR PALAMEDE is come anon  
 Into a blue delicious bay.  
 A mountain towers thereupon,  
 Wherein some fiend of ages gone

Is whelmed by God, yet from his breast  
 Spits up the flame, and ashes grey.  
 Hereby Sir Palamede his quest  
 Pursues withouten let or rest.

Seeing the evil mountain be,  
 Remembering all his evil years,  
 He knows the Questing Beast runs free—  
 Author of Evil, then, is he!

Whereat immediate resounds  
 The noise he hath sought so long: appears  
 There quest a thirty couple hounds  
 Within its belly as it bounds.

Lifting his eyes, he sees at last  
 The beast he seeks: 'tis like an hart.  
 Ever it courseth far and fast.  
 Sir Palamede is sore aghast,

But plucking up his will, doth launch  
 A mighty poison-dipped dart:  
 It fareth ever sure and staunch,  
 And smiteth him upon the haunch.

Then as Sir Palamede overhauls  
 The stricken quarry, slack it droops,

Staggers, and final down it falls.  
Triumph! Gape wide, ye golden walls!

Lift up your everlasting doors,  
    O gates of Camelot! See, he swoops  
Down on the prey! The life-blood pours:  
The poison works: the breath implores

Its livelong debt from heart and brain.  
    Alas! poor stag, thy day is done!  
The gallant lungs gasp loud in vain:  
Thy life is spilt upon the plain.

Sir Palamede is stricken numb  
    As one who, gazing on the sun,  
Sees blackness gather. Blank and dumb,  
The good knight sees a thin breath come

Out of his proper mouth, and dart  
    Over the plain: he seeth it  
Sure by some black magician art  
Shape ever closer like an hart:

While such a questing there resounds  
    As God had loosed the very Pit,  
Or as a thirty couple hounds  
Are in its belly as it bounds!

Full sick at heart, I ween, was then  
    The loyal knight, the weak of wit,  
The butt of lewd and puny men,  
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

## XIV

NORTHWARD the good knight gallops fast,  
Resolved to seek his foe at home,  
When rose that Vision of the past,  
The royal battlements of Rome,  
A ruined city, and a dome.

There in the broken Forum sat  
A red-robed robber in a Hat.  
“Whither away, Sir Knight, so fey?”  
“Priest, for the dove on Ararat  
I could not, nor I will not, stay!”

“I know thy quest. Seek on in vain  
A golden hart with silver horns!  
Life springeth out of divers pains.  
What crown the King of Kings adorns?  
A crown of gems? A crown of thorns!

The Questing Beast is like a king  
In face, and hath a pigeon’s wing  
And claw; its body is one fleece  
Of bloody white, a lamb’s in spring.  
Enough. Sir Knight, I give thee peace.”

The knight spurs on, and soon espies  
A monster coursing on the plain.  
He hears the horrid questing rise  
And thunder in his weary brain.  
This time, to slay it or be slain!

Too easy task! The charger gains  
Stride after stride with little pains

Upon the lumbering, flapping thing.  
He stabs the lamb, and splits the brains  
Of that majestic-seeming king.

He clips the wing and pares the claw—  
What turns to laughter all his joy,  
To wondering ribaldry his awe?  
The beast's a mere mechanic toy,  
Fit to amuse an idle boy!

## XV

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen  
 Hath come to an umbrageous land  
 Where nymphs abide, and Pagan men.  
 The Gods are nigh, say they, at hand.  
 How warm a throb from Venus stirs  
 The pulses of her worshippers!

Nor shall the Tuscan God be found  
 Reluctant from the altar-stone:  
 His perfume shall delight the ground,  
 His presence to his hold be known  
 In darkling grove and glimmering shrine—  
 O ply the kiss and pour the wine!

Sir Palamede is fairly come  
 Into a place of glowing bowers,  
 Where all the Voice of Time is dumb:  
 Before an altar crowned with flowers  
 He seeth a satyr fondly dote  
 And languish on a swan-soft goat.

Then he in mid-caress desires  
 The ear of strong Sir Palamede.  
 "We burn," quoth he, "no futile fires,  
 Nor play upon an idle reed,  
 Nor penance vain, nor fatuous prayers—  
 The Gods are ours, and we are theirs."  
 Sir Palamedes plucks the pipe  
 The satyr tends, and blows a trill  
 So soft and warm, so red and ripe,  
 That echo answers from the hill  
 In eager and voluptuous strain,  
 While grows upon the sounding plain

A gallop, and a questing turned  
To one profound melodious bay.  
Sir Palamede with pleasure burned,  
And bowed him to the idol grey  
That on the altar sneered and leered  
With loose red lips behind his beard.

Sir Palamedes and the Beast  
Are woven in a web of gold  
Until the gilding of the East  
Burns on the wanton-smiling wold:  
And still Sir Palamede believed  
His holy quest to be achieved!

But now the dawn from glowing gates  
Floods all the land: with snarling lip  
The Beast stands off and cachinnates.  
That stings the good knight like a whip,  
As suddenly Hell's own disgust  
Eats up the joy he had of lust.

The brutal glee his folly took  
For holy joy breaks down his brain.  
Off bolts the Beast: the earth is shook  
As out a questing roars again,  
As if a thirty couple hounds  
Are in its belly as it bounds!

The peasants gather to deride  
The knight: creation joins in mirth.  
Ashamed and scorned on every side,  
There gallops, hateful to the earth,  
The laughing-stock of beasts and men,  
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

## XVI

WHERE shafts of moonlight splash the vale,  
Beside a stream there sits and strains  
Sir Palamede, with passion pale,

And haggard from his broken brains.  
Yet eagerly he watches still  
A mossy mound where dainty grains

Of gilded corn their beauty spill  
To tempt the quarry to the range  
Of Palamede his archer skill.

All night he sits, with ardour strange  
And hope new-fledged. A gambler born  
Aye thinks the luck one day must change,

Though sense and skill he laughs to scorn.  
So now there rush a thousand rats  
In sable silence on the corn.

They sport their square or shovel hats,  
A squeaking, tooth-bare brotherhood,  
Innumerable as summer gnats

Buzzing some streamlet through a wood.  
Sir Palamede grows mighty wroth,  
And mutters maledictions rude,  
Seeing his quarry far and loth  
And thieves despoiling all the bait.  
Now, careless of the knightly oath,

The sun pours down his eastern gate.  
The chase is over: see ye then,  
Coursing afar, afoam at fate  
Sir Palamede the Saracen!

## XVII

SIR PALAMEDE hath told the tale  
 Of this misfortune to a sage,  
 How all his ventures nought avail,

And all his hopes dissolve in rage.  
 "Now by thine holy beard," quoth he,  
 "And by thy venerable age

I charge thee this my riddle ree."  
 Then said that gentle eremite:  
 "This task is easy unto me!

Know then the Questing Beast aright!  
 One is the Beast, the Questing one:  
 And one with one is two, Sir Knight!

Yet these are one in two, and none  
 Disjoins their substance (mark me well!),  
 Confounds their persons. Rightly run

Their attributes: immeasurable,  
 Incomprehensibundable,  
 Unspeakable, inaudible,

Intangible, ingustable,  
 Insensitive to human smell,  
 Invariable, implacable,  
 Invincible, insciable,  
 Irrationapsychicable,  
 Inequilegijurable,

Immamemimomummable.

Such is its nature : without parts,  
Places, or persons, plumes, or pell,

Having nor lungs nor lights nor hearts,  
But two in one and one in two.  
Be he accursed that disparts

Them now, or seemeth so to do !  
Him will I pile the curses on ;  
Him will I hand, or saw him through,

Or burn with fire, who doubts upon  
This doctrine, hotototon spells  
The holy word otototon.”

The poor Sir Palamedes quells  
His rising spleen ; he doubts his ears.  
“How may I catch the Beast ?” he yells.

The smiling sage rebukes his fears :  
“’Tis easier than all, Sir Knight !  
By simple faith the Beast appears.

By simple faith, not heathen might,  
Catch him, and thus achieve the quest !”  
Then quoth that melancholy wight :

“I will believe !” The hermit blessed  
His convert : on the horizon  
Appears the Beast. “To thee the rest !”

He cries, to urge the good knight on.  
But no ! Sir Palamedes grips  
The hermit by the woebegone

Beard of him ; then away he rips,  
Wood as a maniac, to the West,  
Where down the sun in splendour slips,

And where the quarry of the quest  
    Canter. They run like hippogriffs!  
Like men pursued, or swine possessed,

Over the dizzy Cretan cliffs  
    They smash. And lo! it comes to pass  
He sees in no dim hieroglyphs,

In knowledge easy to amass,  
    This hermit (while he drew his breath)  
Once dead is like a mangy ass.

Bruised, broken, but not bound to death,  
    He calls some passing fishermen  
To bear him. Presently he saith:

“Bear me to some remotest den  
    To Heal me of my ills immense;  
For now hath neither might nor sense  
Sir Palamede the Saracen.”

## XVIII

SIR PALAMEDES for a space  
Deliberates on his rustic bed.  
“I lack the quarry’s awful pace”

(Quod he) ; “my limbs are slack as lead.”  
So, as he gets his strength, he seeks  
The castles where the pennons red

Of dawn illumine their dreadful peaks.  
There dragons stretch their horrid coils  
Adown the winding clefts and creeks :

From hideous mouths their venom boils.  
But Palamede their fury ’scapes,  
Their malice by his valour foils,

Climbing aloft by bays and capes  
Of rock and ice, encounters oft  
The loathly sprites, the misty shapes

Of monster brutes that lurk aloft.  
O! well he works : his youth returns  
His heart revives : despair is doffed

And eager hope in brilliance burns  
Within the circle of his brows  
As fast he flies, the snow he spurns.  
Ah! what a youth and strength he vows  
To the achievement of the quest!  
And now the horrid height allows

His mastery: day by day from crest  
To crest he hastens: faster fly  
His feet: his body knows not rest,

Until with magic speed they ply  
Like oars the snowy waves, surpass  
In one day's march the galaxy

Of Europe's starry mountain mass.  
"Now," quoth he, "let me find the quest!"  
The Beast sterte up. Sir Knight, Alas!

Day after day they race, nor rest  
Till seven days were fairly done.  
Then doth the Questing Marvel crest

The ridge: the knight is well outrun.  
Now, adding laughter to its din,  
Like some lewd comet at the sun,

Around the panting paladin  
It runs with all its splendid speed.  
Yet, knowing that he may not win,

He strains and strives in very deed,  
So that at last a boulder trips  
The hero, that he bursts a-bleed,

And sanguine from his bearded lips  
The torrent of his being breaks.  
The Beast is gone: the hero slips

Down to the valley: he forsakes  
The fond idea (every bone  
In all his body burns and aches)

By speed to attain the dear Unknown,  
By force to achieve the great Beyond.  
Yet from that brain may spring full-grown  
Another folly just as fond.

## XIX

THE knight hath found a naked girl  
Among the dunes of Breton sand.  
She spinneth in a mystic whirl,

And hath a bagpipe in her hand,  
Wherefrom she draweth dismal groans  
The while her maddening saraband

She plies, and with discordant tones  
Desires a certain devil-grace.  
She gathers wreckage-wood, and bones

Of seamen, jetsam of the place,  
And builds therewith a fire, wherein  
She dances, bounding into space

Like an inflated ass's skin.  
She raves, and reels, and yells, and whirls  
So that the tears of toil begin

To dew her breasts with ardent pearls.  
Nor doth she mitigate her dance,  
The bagpipe ever louder skirls,

Until the shapes of death advance  
And gather round her, shrieking loud  
And wailing o'er the wide expanse  
Of sand, the gibbering, mewling crowd.  
Like cats, and apes, they gather close,  
Till, like the horror of a cloud

Wrapping the flaming sun with rose,  
They hide her from the hero's sight.  
Then doth he must thereat morose,

When in one wild cascade of light  
The pageant breaks, and thunder roars :  
Down flaps the loathly wing of night.

He sees the lonely Breton shores  
Lapped in the levin: then his eyes  
See how she shrieking soars and soars

Into the starless, stormy skies.  
Well! well! this lesson will he learn,  
How music's mellowing artifice

May bid the breast of nature burn  
And call the gods from star and shrine.  
So now his sounding courses turn

To find an instrument divine  
Whereon he may pursue his quest.  
How glitter green his gleeful eye

When, where the mice and lice infest  
A filthy hovel, lies a wench  
Bearing a baby at her breast,

Drunk and debauched, one solid stench,  
But carrying a silver lute.  
'Boardeth her, nor doth baulk nor blench,

And long abideth brute by brute  
Amid the unsavoury denizens,  
Until his melodies uproot

The oaks, lure lions from their dens,  
Turn rivers back, and still the spleen  
Of serpents and of Saracens.

Thus then equipped, he quits the quean,  
And in a city fair and wide  
Calls up with music wild and keen

The Questing Marvel to his side.  
Then do the sportful city folk  
About his lonely stance abide :

Making their holiday, they joke  
The melancholy ass : they throw  
Their clattering coppers in his poke.

So day and night they come and go,  
But never comes the Questing Beast,  
Nor doth that laughing people know

How agony's unleavening yeast  
Stirs Palamede. Anon they tire,  
And follow an Egyptian priest

Who boasts him master of the fire  
To draw down lightning, and invoke  
The gods upon a sandal pyre,

And bring up devils in the smoke.  
Sir Palamede is all alone,  
Wrapped in his misery like a cloak,

Despairing now to charm the Unknown.  
So arms and horse he takes again.  
Sir Palamede hath overthrown

The jesters. Now the country men,  
Stupidly staring, see at noon  
Sir Palamede the Saracen

A-riding like an harvest moon  
In silver arms, with glittering lance,  
With plumed helm, and winged shoon,  
Athwart the admiring land of France.

## XX

SIR PALAMEDE hath reasoned out  
 Beyond the shadow of a doubt  
     That this his Questing Beast is one ;  
 For were it Beasts, he must suppose  
 An earlier Beast to father those.  
     So all the tracks of herds that run

Into the forest he discards,  
 And only turns his dark regards  
     On single prints, on marks unique.  
 Sir Palamede doth now attain  
 Unto a wide and grassy plain,  
     Whereon he spies the thing to seek.

Thereat he putteth spur to horse  
 And runneth him a random course,  
     The Beast a-questing aye before.  
 But praise to good Sir Palamede !  
 Hath gotten him a fairy steed  
     Alike for venery and for war,

So that in little drawing near  
 The quarry, lifteth up his spear  
     To run him of his malice through.  
 With that the Beast hopes no escape,  
 Dissolveth all his lordly shape,  
     Splitteth him sudden into two.  
 Sir Palamede in fury runs  
 Unto the nearer beast, that shuns  
     The shock, and splits, and splits again,  
 Until the baffled warrior sees  
 A myriad myriad swarms of these  
     A-questing over all the plain.

The good knight reins his charger in.  
“Now, by the faith of Paladin!  
The subtle quest at last I hen.”  
Rides off the Camelot to plight  
The faith of many a noble knight,  
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

## XXI

Now doth Sir Palamede advance  
The lord of many a sword and lance.  
    In merrie England's summer sun  
Their shields and arms a-glittering glance

And laugh upon the mossy mead.  
Now winds the horn of Palamede,  
    As far upon the horizon  
He spies the Questing Beast a-feed.

With loyal craft and honest guile  
They spread their ranks for many a mile.  
    For when the Beast hath heard the horn  
He practiseth his ancient wile,

And many a myriad beasts invade  
The stillness of that armed glade.  
    Now every knight to rest hath borne  
His lance, and given the accolade,

And run upon a beast: but they  
Slip from the fatal point away  
    And course about, confusing all  
That gallant concourse all the day,

Leading them ever to a vale  
With hugeous cry and monster wail.  
    Then suddenly their voices fall,  
And in the park's resounding pale

Only the clamour of the chase  
Is heard: oh! to the centre race

The unsuspecting knights : but he  
The Questing Beast his former face

Of unity resumes : the course  
Of warriors shocks with man and horse.

In mutual madness swift to see  
They shatter with unbridled force

One on another : down they go  
Swift in stupendous overthrow.

Out sword ! out lance ! Curiass and helm  
Splinter beneath the knightly blow.

They storm, they charge, they hack and hew,  
They rush and wheel the press athrough.

The weight, the murder, over whelm  
One, two, and all. Nor silence knew

His empire till Sir Palamede  
(The last) upon his fairy steed

Struck down his brother ; then at once  
Fell silence on the bloody mead,

Until the questing rose again.

For there, on that ensanguine plain

Standeth a-laughing at the dunce  
The single Beast they had not slain.

There, with his friends and followers dead,  
His brother smitten through the head,

Himself sore wounded in the thigh,  
Weepeth upon the deed of dread,

Alone among his murdered men,  
The champion fool, as fools were then,

Utterly broken, like to die,  
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

## XXII

SIR PALAMEDE his wits doth rally,  
 Nursing his wound beside a lake  
 Within an admirable valley,

Whose walls their thirst on heaven slake,  
 And in the moonlight mystical  
 Their countless spears of silver shake.

Thus reasons he: "In each and all  
 Fyttes of this quest the quarry's track  
 Is wondrous geometrical.

In spire and whorl twists out and back  
 The hart with fair symmetric line.  
 And lo! the grain of wit I lack—

This Beast is Master of Design.  
 So studying each twisted print  
 In this mirific mind of mine,

My heart may happen on a hint."  
 Thus as the seeker after gold  
 Eagerly chases grain or glint,

The knight at last wins to behold  
 The full conception. Breathless-blue  
 The fair lake's mirror crystal-cold  
 Wherein he gazes, keen to view  
 The vast Design therein, to chase  
 The Beast to his last avenue.

Then—O thou gosling scant of grace!  
The dream breaks, and Sir Palamede  
Wakes to the glass of his fool's face!

“Ah, 'sdeath!” (quod he), “by thought and  
deed

This brute for ever mocketh me.  
The lance is made a broken reed,

The brain is but a barren tree—  
For all the beautiful Design  
Is but mine own geometry!”

With that his wrath brake out like wine.  
He plunged his body in, and shattered  
The whole delusion asinine.

All the false water-nymphs that flattered  
He killed with his resounding curse—  
O fool of God! as if it mattered!

So, nothing better, rather worse,  
Out of the blue bliss of the pool  
Came dripping that inveterate fool!

## XXIII

Now still he holdeth argument :

“So grand a Beast must house him well ;  
Hence, now beseemeth me frequent  
Cathedral, palace, citadel.”

So, riding fast among the flowers  
Far off, a Gothic spire he spies,  
That like a gladiator towers  
Its spear-sharp splendour to the skies.

The people cluster round, acclaim :

“Sir Knight, good knight, thy quest is won.  
Here dwells the Beast in orient flame,  
Spring-sweet, and swifter than the sun!”

Sir Palamede the Saracen  
Spurs to the shrine, afire to win  
The end ; and all the urgent men  
Throng with him eloquently in.

Sir Palamede his vizor drops ;  
He lays his loyal lance in rest ;  
He drives the rowels home—he stops !  
Faugh ! but a black-mouthed money-chest !

He turns—the friendly folk are gone,  
Gone with his sumpter-mules and train  
Beyond the infinite horizon  
Of all he hopes to see again !

His brain befooled, his pocket picked—  
How the Beast cachinnated then,

Far from that doleful derelict  
Sir Palamede the Saracen!

## XXIV

“ONE thing at least” (quoth Palamede),  
“Beyond dispute my soul can see :  
This Questing Beast that mocks my need  
Dwelleth in deep obscurity.”

So delveth he a darksome hole  
Within the bowels of Etna dense,  
Closing the harbour of his soul  
To all the pirate-ships of sense.

And now the questing of the Beast  
Rolls in his very self, and high  
Leaps his whole heart in fiery feast  
On the expected ecstasy.

But echoing from the central roar  
Reverberates many a mournful moan,  
And shapes more mystic than before  
Baffle its formless monotone !

Ah! mocks him many a myriad vision,  
Warring within him masterless,  
Turning devotion to derision,  
Beatitude to beastliness.

They swarm, they grow, they multiply ;  
The Strong knight's brain goes all a-swim,  
Paced by that maddening minstrelsy,  
Those dog-like demons hunting him.

The last bar breaks ; the steel will snaps ;  
The black hordes riot in his brain ;

A thousand threatening thunder-claps  
Smite him—insane—insane—insane!

His muscles roar with senseless rage ;  
The pale knight staggers, deathly sick ;  
Reels to the light that sorry sage,  
Sir Palamede the Lunatick.

## XXV

A SAVAGE sea without a sail,  
 Grey gulphs and green a-glittering,  
 Rare snow that floats—a vestal veil  
 Upon the forehead of the spring.

Here in a plunging galleon  
 Sir Palamede, a listless drone,  
 Drifts desperately on—and on—  
 And on—with heart and eyes of stone.

The deep-scarred brain of him is healed  
 With wind and sea and star and sun,  
 The assoiling grace that God revealed  
 For gree and bounteous benison.

Ah! still he trusts the recreant brain,  
 Thrown in a thousand tourney-justs;  
 Still he raves on in reason-strain  
 With senseless “oughts” and fatuous “musts.”

“All the delusions” (argueth  
 The ass), “all uproars, surely rise  
 From that curst Me whose name is Death,  
 Whereas the Questing beast belies

The Me with Thou; then swift the quest  
 To slay the Me should hook the Thou.”  
 With that he crossed him, brow and breast,  
 And flung his body from the prow.

An end? Alas! on silver sand  
 Open his eyes; the surf-rings roar.

What snorts there, swimming from the land?  
The Beast that brought him to the shore!

“O Beast!” quoth purple Palamede,  
“A monster strange as Thou am I.  
I could not live before, indeed;  
And not I cannot even die!

Who chose me, of the Table Round  
By miracle acclaimed the chief?  
Here, waterlogged and muscle-bound,  
Marooned upon a coral reef!”

## XXVI

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen  
 Hath gotten him a swift canoe,  
 Paddled by stalwart South Sea men.

They cleave the oily breasts of blue,  
 Straining toward the westering disk  
 Of the tall sun; they battle through

Those weary days; the wind is brisk;  
 The stars are clear; the moon is high.  
 Now, even as a white basilisk

That slayeth all men with his eye,  
 Stands up before them tapering  
 The cone of speechless sanctity.

Up, up its slopes the pilgrims swing,  
 Chanting their pagan gramarye  
 Unto the dread volcano-king.

“Now, then, by Goddes reed!” quod he,  
 “Behold the secret of my quest  
 In this far-famed stability!

For all these Paynim knights may rest  
 In the black bliss they struggle to.”  
 But from the earth’s full-flowered breast  
 Brake the blind roar of earthquake through,  
 Tearing the belly of its mother,  
 Engulphing all that heathen crew,

That cried and cursed on one another.  
Aghast he standeth, Palamede!  
For twinned with Earthquake laughs her brother

The Questing Beast. As Goddess reed  
Sweats blood for sin, so now the heart  
Of the good knight begins to bleed.

Of all the ruinous shafts that dart  
Within his liver, this hath plied  
The most intolerable smart.

“By Goddess wounds!” the good knight cried,  
“What is this quest, grown daily dafter,  
Where nothing—nothing—may abide?

Westward!” They fly, but rolling after  
Echoes the Beast’s unsatisfied  
And inextinguishable laughter!

## XXVII

SIR PALAMEDE goes aching on  
 (Pox of despair's dread interdict!)  
 Aye to the western horizon,

Still meditating, sharp and strict,  
 Upon the changes of the earth,  
 Its towers and temples derelict,

The ready ruin of its mirth,  
 The flowers, the fruits, the leaves that fall,  
 The joy of life, its growing girth—

And nothing as the end of all.  
 Yea, even as the Yang-tze rolled  
 Its rapids past him, so the wall

Of things brake down; his eyes behold  
 The mighty Beast serenely couched  
 Upon its breast of burnished gold.

“Ah! by Christ's blood!” (his soul avouched),  
 “Nothing but change (but change!) abides.  
 Death lurks, a leopard curled and crouched,

In all the seasons and the tides.  
 But ah! the more it changed and changed”—  
 (The good knight laughed to split his sides!)  
 “What? Is the soul of things deranged?  
 The more it changed, and rippled through  
 Its changes, and still changed, and changed,

The liker to itself it grew.

“Bear me,” he cried, “to purge my bile  
To the old land of Hormakhu,

That I may sit and curse awhile

At all these follies fond that pen  
My quest about—on, on to Nile!

Tread tenderly, my merry men!

For nothing is so void and vile  
As Palamede the Saracen.”

## XXVIII

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen  
Hath clad him in a sable robe ;  
Hath curses, writ by holy men  
From all the gardens of the globe.

He standeth at an altar-stone ;  
The blood drips from the slain babe's throat ;  
His chant rolls in a magick moan ;  
His head bows to the crowned goat.

His wand makes curves and spires in air ;  
The smoke of incense curls and quivers ;  
His eyes fix in a glass-cold stare :  
The land of Egypt rocks and shivers !

“Lo! by thy Gods, O God, I vow  
To burn the authentic bones and blood  
Of curst Osiris even now  
To the dark Nile's upsurging flood !

I cast thee down, oh crowned and throned !  
To black Amennti's void profane.  
Until mine anger be atoned  
Thou shalt not ever rise again.”

With firm red lips and square black beard,  
Osiris in his strength appeared.  
He made the sign that saveth men  
On Palamede the Saracen.

Hath hushed his conjuration grim :  
The curse comes back to sleep with him.

Hath fallen himself to that profane  
Whence none might ever rise again.

Dread torture racks him ; all his bones  
Get voice to utter forth his groans.

The very poison of his blood  
Joins in that cry's soul-shaking flood.

For many a chiliad counted well  
His soul stayed in its proper Hell.

Then, when Sir Palamedes came  
    Back to himself, the shrine was dark.  
Cold was the incense, dead the flame ;  
    The slain babe lay there black and stark.

What of the Beast ? What of the quest ?  
    More blind the quest, the Beast more dim.  
Even now its laughter is suppressed,  
    While his own demons mock at him !

O thou most desperate dupe that Hell's  
    Malice can make of mortal men !  
Meddle no more with magick spells,  
    Sir Palamede the Saracen !

## XXIX

HA! but the good knight, striding forth  
 From Set's abominable shrine,  
 Pursues the quest with bitter wrath,  
 So that his words flow out like wine.

And lo! the soul that heareth them  
 Is straightway healed of suffering.  
 His fame runs through the land of Khem:  
 They flock, the peasant and the king.

There he works many a miracle:  
 The blind see, and the cripples walk;  
 Lepers grow clean; sick folk grow well;  
 The deaf men hear, the dumb men talk.

He casts out devils with a word;  
 Circleth his wand, and dead men rise.  
 No such a wonder hath been heard  
 Since Christ our God's sweet sacrifice.

"Now, by the glad blood of our Lord!"  
 Quoth Palamede, "my heart is light.  
 I am the chosen harpsichord  
 Whereon God playeth; the perfect knight,

The saint of Mary"—there he stayed,  
 For out of Memnon's singing stone  
 So fierce a questing barked and brayed,  
 It turned his laughter to a groan.

His vow forgot, his task undone,  
 His soul whipped in God's bitter school!

(He moaned a mighty malison!)  
The perfect knight? The perfect fool!

“Now, by God’s wounds!” quoth he, “my strength  
Is burnt out to a pest of pains.  
Let me fling off my curse at length  
In old Chaldea’s starry plains!

Thou blessed Jesus, foully nailed  
Unto the cruel Calvary tree,  
Look on my soul’s poor fort assailed  
By all the hosts of devilry!

Is there no medicine but death  
That shall avail me in my place,  
That I may know the Beauteous Breath  
And taste the Goodly Gift of Grace?

Keep Thou yet firm this trembling leaf  
My soul, dear God Who died for men;  
Yea! for that sinner-soul the chief,  
Sir Palamede the Saracen!”

## XXX

STARRED is the blackness of the sky;  
 Wide is the sweep of the cold plain  
 Where good Sir Palamede doth lie,  
 Keen on the Beast-slot once again.

All day he rode ; all night he lay  
 With eyes wide open to the stars,  
 Seeking in many a secret way  
 The key to unlock his prison bars.

Beneath him, hark! the marvel sounds!  
 The Beast that questeth horribly.  
 As if a thirty couple hounds  
 Are in his belly questeth he.

Beneath him? Heareth he aright?  
 He leaps to's feet—a wonder shews:  
 Steep dips a stairway from the light  
 To what obscurity God knows.

Still never a tremor shakes his soul  
 (God praise thee, knight of adamant!);  
 He plungers to that gruesome goal  
 Firm as an old bull-elephant!

The broad stair winds; he follows it;  
 Dark is the way; the air is blind;  
 Black, black the blackness of the pit,  
 The light long blotted out behind!

His sword sweeps out; his keen glance peers  
 For some shape glimmering through the gloom:

Naught, naught in all that void appears ;  
More still, more silent than the tomb!

Ye now the good knight is aware  
Of some black force, of some dread throne,  
Waiting beneath that awful stair,  
Beneath that pit of slippery stone.

Yea! though he sees not anything,  
Nor hears, his subtle sense is 'ware  
That, lackeyed by the devil-king,  
The Beast—the Questing Beast—is there!

So though his heart beats close with fear,  
Though horror grips his throat, he goes,  
Goes on to meet it, spear to spear,  
As good knight should, to face his foes.

Nay! but the end is come. Black earth  
Belches that peerless Paladin  
Up from her gulphs—untimely birth!  
—Her horror could not hold him in!

White as a corpse, the hero hails  
The dawn, that night of fear still shaking  
His body. All death's doubt assails  
Him. Was it sleep or was it waking?

“By God, I care not, I!” (quod he).  
“Or wake or sleep, or live or dead,  
I will pursue this mystery.  
So help me Grace of Godlihead!”

Ay! with thy wasted limbs pursue  
That subtle Beast home to his den!  
Who know but thou mayst win athrough,  
Sir Palamede the Saracen?

## XXXI

FROM God's sweet air Sir Palamede  
Hath come unto a demon bog,  
A city where but rats may breed

In sewer-stench and fetid fog.  
Within its heart pale phantoms crawl.  
Breathless with foolish haste they jog

And jostle, all for naught! They scrawl  
Vain things all night that they disown  
Ere day. They call and bawl and squall

Hoarse cries; they moan, they groan. A stone  
Hath better sense! And these among  
A cabbage-headed god they own,

With wandering eye and jabbering tongue.  
He, rotting in that grimy sewer  
And charnel-house of death and dung,

Shrieks: "How the air is sweet and pure!  
Give me the entrails of a frog  
And I will teach thee! Lo! the lure

Of light! How lucent is the fog!  
How noble is my cabbage-head!  
How sweetly fragrant is the bog!"  
"God's wounds!" (Sir Palamedes said),  
"What have I done to earn this portion?  
Must I, the clean knight born and bred,

Sup with this filthy toad-abortion?"

Nathless he stayed with him awhile,  
Lest by disdain his mention torsion

Slip back, or miss the serene smile

Should crown his quest; for (as onesaith)  
The unknown may lurk within the vile.

So he who sought the Beauteous Breath,

Desired the Goodly Gift of Grace,  
Went equal into life and death.

But oh! the foulness of his face!

Not here was anything of worth;  
He turned his back upon the place,

Sought the blue sky and the green earth,

Ay! and the lustral sea to cleanse  
That filth that stank about his girth,

The sores and scabs, the warts and wens,

The nameless vermin he had gathered  
In those insufferable dens,

The foul diseases he had fathered.

So now the quest slips from his brain:  
"First (Christ!) let me be clean again!"

## XXXII

“HA!” cries the knight, “may patient toil  
Of brain dissolve this cruel coil!

In Afric they that chase the ostrich  
Clothe them with feathers, subtly foil

Its vigilance, come close, then dart  
Its death upon it. Brave my heart!

Do thus!” And so the knight disguises  
Himself, on hands and knees doth start

His hunt, goes questing up and down.  
So in the fields the peasant clown

Flies, shrieking, from the dreadful figure.  
But when he came to any town

They caged him for a lunatic.

Quod he: “Would God I had the trick!

The beast escaped from my devices;  
I will the same. The bars are thick,

But I am strong.” He wrenched in vain;

Then—what is this? What wild, sharp strain  
Smites on the air? The prison smashes.

Hark! ’tis the Questing Beast again!

Then as he rushes forth the note

Roars from that Beast’s malignant throat

With laughter, laughter, laughter, laughter!  
The wits of Palamedes float

In ecstasy of shame and rage.

“O Thou!” exclaims the baffled sage;

“How should I match Thee? Yet, I will so,  
Though Doomisday devour the Age.”

Weeping, and beating on his breast,  
Gnashing his teeth, he still confessed  
The might of the dread oath that bound him:  
He would not yet give up the quest.

“Nay! while I am,” quoth he, “though Hell  
Engulph me, though God mock me well,  
I follow as I sware; I follow,  
Though it be unattainable.

Nay, more! Because I may not win,  
Is't worth man's work to enter in!  
The Infinite with mighty passion  
Hath caught my spirit in a gin.

Come! since I may not imitate  
The Beast, at least I work and wait.  
We shall discover soon or late  
Which is the master---I or Fate!”

## XXXIII

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen  
 Hath passed unto the tideless sea,  
     That the keen whisper of the wind  
 May bring him that which never men  
     Knew—on the quest, the quest, rides he!  
     So long to seek, so far to find!

So weary was the knight, his limbs  
     Were slack as new-slain dove's; his knees  
     No longer gripped the charger rude.  
 Listless, he aches; his purpose swims  
     Exhausted in the oily seas  
     Of laxity and lassitude.

The soul subsides; its serious motion  
     Still throbs; by habit, not by will.  
     And all his lust to win the quest  
 Is but a passive-mild devotion.  
 (Ay! soon the blood shall run right chill  
     —And is not death the Lord of Rest?)

There as he basks upon the cliff  
     He yearns toward the Beast; his eyes  
     Are moist with love; his lips are fain  
 To breathe fond prayers; and (marry!) if  
     Man's soul were measured by his sighs  
     He need not linger to attain.  
 Nay! while the Beast squats there, above  
     Him, smiling on him; as he vows  
     Wonderful deeds and fruitless flowers,  
 He grows so maudlin in his love  
     That even the knaves of his own house  
     Mock at him in their merry hours.

“God’s death!” raged Palamede, not wroth  
But irritated, “laugh ye so?  
Am I a jape for scullions?”  
His curse came in a flaky froth.  
He seized a club, with blow on blow  
Breaking the knave’s unreverent sconce!

“Thou mock the Questing Beast I chase,  
The Questing Beast I love? ‘Od’s wounds!”  
Then sudden from the slave there brake  
A cachinnation scant of grace,  
As if a thirty couple hounds  
Were in his belly! Knight, awake!

Ah! well he woke! His love an scorn  
Grapple in death-throe at his throat.  
“Lead me away” (quoth he), “my men!  
Woe, woe is me was ever born  
So blind a bat, so gross a goat,  
As Palamede the Saracen!”

## XXXIV

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen  
Hath hid him in an hermit's cell  
Upon an island in the fen

Of that lone land where Druids dwell.  
There came an eagle from the height  
And bade him mount. From dale to dell

They sank and soared. Last to the light  
Of the great sun himself they flew,  
Piercing the borders of the night,

Passing the irremeable blue.  
Far into space beyond the stars  
At last they came. And there he knew

All the blind reasonable bars  
Broken, and all the emotions stilled,  
And all the stains and all the scars

Left him; sop like a child he thrilled  
With utmost knowledge; all his soul,  
With perfect sense and sight fulfilled,

Touched the extreme, the giant goal!  
Yea! all things in that hour transcended,  
All power in his sublime control,  
All felt, all thought, all comprehended—  
“How is it, then, the quest” (he saith)  
“Is not—at last!—achieved and ended?”

Why taste I not the Bounteous Breath,  
Receive the Goodly Gift of Grace?  
Now, kind king-eagle (by God's death!),

Restore me to mine ancient place!  
I am advantaged nothing then!"  
Then swooped he from the Byss of Space,

And set the knight amid the fen.  
"God!" quoth Sir Palamede, "that I  
Who have won nine should fail at ten!

I set my all upon the die:  
There is no further trick to try.  
Call thrice accursed above men  
Sir Palamede the Saracen!"

## XXXV

“YEA!” quoth the knight, “I rede the spell.  
This Beast is the Unknowable.  
I seek in Heaven, I seek in Hell ;

Ever he mocks me. Yet, methinks,  
I have the riddle of the Sphinx.  
For were I keener than the lynx

I should not see within my mind  
One thought that is not in its kind  
In sooth That Beast that lurks behind :

And in my quest his questing seems  
The authentic echo of my dreams,  
The proper thesis of my themes !

I know him ? Still he answers : No !  
I know him not ? Maybe—and lo !  
He is the one sole thing I know !

Nay ! who knows not is different  
From him that knows. Then be content ;  
Thou canst not alter the event !

Ah ! what conclusion subtly draws  
From out this chaos of mad laws ?  
An I, the effect, as I, the cause ?  
Nay, the brain reels beneath its swell  
Of pompous thoughts. Enough to tell  
That He is known Unknowable !”

Thus did that knightly Saracen  
In Cantabrig's miasmal fen  
Lecture to many learned men.

So clamorous was their applause—  
“His mind” (said they) “is free of flaws :  
The Veil of God is thin as gauze!”—

That almost they had dulled or drowned  
The laughter (in its belly bound)  
Of that dread Beast he had not found.

Nathless—although he would away—  
They forced the lack-luck knight to stay  
And lecture many a weary day.

Verily, almost he had caught  
The infection of their costive thought,  
And brought his loyal quest to naught.

It was by night that Palamede  
Ran from that mildewed, mouldy breed,  
Moth-eathen dullards run to seed !

How weak Sir Palamedes grows !  
We hear no more of bouts and blows !  
His weapons are his ten good toes !

He that was Arthur's peer, good knight  
Proven in many a foughten fight,  
Flees like a felon in the night !

Ay! this thy quest is past the ken  
Of thee and of all mortal men,  
Sir Palamede the Saracen !

## XXXVI

OFT, as Sir Palamedes went  
    Upon the quest, he was aware  
Of some vast shadow subtly bent  
    With his own shadow in the air.

It had no shape, no voice had it  
    Wherewith to daunt the eye or ear;  
Yet all the horror of the pit  
    Clad it with all the arms of fear.

Moreover, though he sought to scan  
    Some feature, though he listened long,  
No shape of God or fiend or man,  
    No whisper, groan, shriek, scream, or song

Gave him to know it. Now it chanced  
    One day Sir Palamedes rode  
Through a great wood whose leafage danced  
    In the thin sunlight as it flowed

From heaven. He halted in a glade,  
    Bade his horse crop the tender grass;  
Put off his armour, softly laid  
    Himself to sleep till noon should pass.

He woke. Before him stands and grins  
    A motley hunchback. "Knave!" quoth he,  
"Hast seen the Beast? The quest that wins  
    The loftiest prize of chivalry?"

"Sir Knight," he answers, "hast thou seen  
    Aught of that Beast? How knowest thou, then,

That it is ever or hath been,  
Sir Palamede the Saracen?"

Sir Palamede was well awake.  
"Nay! I deliberate deep and long,  
Yet find no answer fit to make  
To thee. The weak beats down the strong;

The fool's cap shames the helm. But thou!  
I know thee for the shade that haunts  
My way, sets shame upon my brow,  
My purpose dims, my courage daunts.

Then, since the thinker must be dumb,  
At least the knight may knightly act:  
The wisest monk in Christendom  
May have his skull broke by a fact."

With that, as a snake strikes, his sword  
Leapt burning to the burning blue;  
And fell, one swift, assured award,  
Stabbing that hunchback through and  
through.

Straight he dissolved, a voiceless shade.  
"Or scotched or slain," the knight said then,  
"What odds? Keep bright and sharp thy blade,  
Sir Palamede the Saracen!"

## XXXVII

SIR PALAMEDE is sick to death!  
 The staring eyen, the haggard face!  
 God grant to him the Beauteous breath!  
 God send the Goodly Gift of Grace!

There is a white cave by the sea  
 Wherein the knight is hid away.  
 Just ere the night falls, spieth he  
 The sun's last shaft flicker astray.

All day is dark. There, there he mourns  
 His wasted years, his purpose faint.  
 A million whips, a million scorns  
 Make the knight flinch, and stain the saint.

For now! what hath he left? He feeds  
 On limpets and wild roots. What odds?  
 There is no need a mortal needs  
 Who hath loosed man's hope to grasp at God's!

How his head swims! At night what stirs  
 Above the faint wash of the tide,  
 And rare sea-birds whose winging whirrs  
 About the cliffs? Now good betide!

God save thee, woeful Palamede!  
 The questing of the Beast is loud  
 Within thy ear. By Goddes reed,  
 Thou has won the tilt from all the crowd!

Within thy proper bowels it sounds  
 Mighty and musical at need,

As if a thirty couple hounds  
    Quested within thee, Palamede!

Now, then, he grasps the desperate truth  
    He hath toiled these many years to see,  
Hath wasted strength, hath wasted youth—  
    He was the Beast; the Beast was he!

He rises from the cave of death,  
    Runs to the sea with shining face  
To know at last the Bounteous Breath,  
    To taste the Goodly Gift of Grace.

Ah! Palamede, thou has mistook!  
    Thou art the butt of all confusion!  
Not to be written in my book  
    Is this most drastic disillusion!

So weak and ill was he, I doubt  
    If he might hear the royal feast  
Of laughter that came rolling out  
    Afar from that elusive Beast.

Yet, those white lips were snapped, like steel  
    Upon the ankles of a slave!  
That body broken on the wheel  
    Of time suppressed the groan it gave!

“Not there, not here, my quest!” he cried.  
    “Not thus! Not now! do how and when  
Matter? I am, and I abide,  
    Sir Palamede the Saracen!”

## XXXVIII

SIR PALAMEDE of great renown  
rode through the land upon the quest,  
His sword loose and his vizor down,  
His buckler braced, his lance in rest.

Now, then, God save thee, Palamede!  
Who courseth yonder on the field?  
Those silver arms, that sable steed,  
The sun and rose upon his shield?

The strange knight spurs to him. Disdain  
Curls that proud lip as he uplifts  
His vizor. "Come, an end! In vain,  
Sir Fox, thy thousand turns and shifts!"

Sir Palamede was white with fear.  
Lord Christ! those features were his own;  
His own that voice so icy clear  
That cuts him, cuts him to the bone.

"False knight! false knight!" the stranger cried.  
"Thou bastard dog, Sir Palamede?  
I am the good knight fain to ride  
Upon the Questing Beast at need.

Thief of my arms, my crest, my quest,  
My name, now meetest thou thy shame.  
See, with this whip I lash thee back,  
Back to the kennel whence there came

So false a hound." "Good knight, in sooth,"  
Answered Sir Palamede, "not I

Presume to asset the idlest truth ;  
And here, by this good ear and eye,

I grant thou art Sir Palamede.

But—try the first and final test  
If thou or I be he. Take heed !”

He backed his horse, covered his breast,

Drove his spurs home, and rode upon  
That knight. His lance-head fairly struck  
The barred strength of his morion,  
And rolled the stranger in the muck.

“Now, by God’s death !” quoth Palamede,  
His sword at work, “I will not leave  
So much of thee as God might feed  
His sparrows with. As I believe

The sweet Christ’s mercy shall avail,  
So will I not have aught for thee ;  
Since every bone of thee may rail  
Against me, crying treachery.

Thou hast lied. I am the chosen knight  
To slay the Questing beast for men ;  
I am the loyal son of light,  
Sir Palamede the Saracen !

Thou wast the subtlest fiend that yet  
Hath crossed my path. To say thee nay  
I dare not, but my sword is wet  
With thy knave’s blood, and with thy clay

Fouled ! Dost thou think to resurrect ?  
O sweet Lord Christ that savest men !  
From all such fiends do thou protect  
Me, Palamede the Saracen !”

## XXXIX

GREEN and Grecian is the valley,  
 Shepherd lads and shepherd lasses  
 Dancing in a ring  
 Merrily and musically.  
 How their happiness surpasses  
 The mere thrill of spring!

“Come” (they cry), “Sir Knight, put by  
 All that weight of shining armour!  
 Here’s a posy, here’s a garland, there’s a chain of  
 daisies!  
 Here’s a charmer! There’s a charmer!  
 Praise the God that crazes men, the God that  
 raises  
 All our lives to ecstasy!”

Sir Palamedes was too wise  
 To mock their gentle wooing;  
 He smiles into their sparkling eyes  
 While they his armour are undoing.  
 “For who” (quoth he) “may say that this  
 Is not the mystery I miss?”

Soon he is gathered in the dance,  
 And smothered in the flowers.  
 A boy’s laugh and a maiden’s glance  
 Are sweet as paramours!  
 Stay! is there naught some wanton wight  
 May do to excite the glamoured knight?  
 Yea! the song takes a sea-wild swell;  
 The dance moves in a mystic web;  
 Strange lights abound and terrible;  
 The life that flowed is out at ebb.

The lights are gone ; the night is come ;  
The lads and lasses sink, awaiting  
Some climax—oh, how tense and dumb  
The expectant hush intoxicating!  
Hush! the heart's beat! Across the moor  
Some dreadful god rides fast, be sure!

The listening Palamede bites through  
His thin white lips—what hoofs are those?  
Are they the Quest? How still and blue  
The sky is! Hush—God knows—God knows!

Then on a sudden in the midst of them  
Is a swart god, from hoof to girdle a goat,  
Upon his brow the twelve-star diadem  
And the King's Collar fastened on this throat.

Thrill upon thrill courseth through Palamede.  
Life, live, pure life is bubbling in his blood.  
All youth comes back, all strength, all you indeed  
Flaming within that throbbing spirit-flood!  
Yet was his heart immeasurably sad,  
For that no questing in his ear he had.

Nay! he saw all. He saw the Curse  
That wrapped in ruin the World primæval.  
He saw the unborn Universe,  
And all its gods coeval.  
He saw, and was, all things at once  
In Him that is ; he was the stars,  
The moons, the meteors, the suns,  
All in one net of triune bars ;  
Inextricably one, inevitably one,  
Immeasurable, immutable, immense  
Beyond all the wonder that his soul had won  
By sense, in spite of sense, and beyond sense.  
“Praise God!” quoth Palamede, “by this  
I attain the uttermost of bliss. . . .

God's wounds! but that I never sought.  
The Questing Beast I sware to attain  
And all this miracle is naught.  
Off on my travels once again!

I keep my youth regained to foil  
Old Time that took me in his toil.  
I keep my strength regained to chase  
The beast that mocks me now as then  
Dear Christ! I pray Thee of Thy grace  
Take pity on the forlorn case  
Of Palamede the Saracen!"

## XL

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen

Hath see the All; his mind is set  
To pass beyond that great Amen.

Far hath he wandered; still to fret  
His soul against that Soul. He breaches  
The rhododendron forest-net,

His body bloody with its leeches.  
Sternly he travelleth the crest  
Of a great mountain, far that reaches

Toward the King-snows; the rains molest  
The knight, white wastes updriven of wind  
In sheets, in torrents, fiend-possessed,

Up from the steaming plains of Ind.  
They cut his flesh, they chill his bones:  
Yet he feels naught; his mind is pinned

To that one point where all the thrones  
Join to one lion-head of rock,  
Towering above all crests and cones

That crouch like jackals. Stress and shock  
Move Palamede no more. Like fate  
He moves with silent speed. They flock,  
The Gods, to watch him. Now abate  
His pulses; he threads through the vale,  
And turns him to the mighty gate,

The glacier. Oh, the flowers that scale  
Those sun-kissed heights! The snows that  
crown

The quartz ravines! The clouds that veil

The awful slopes! Dear God! look down  
And see this petty man move on.  
Relentless as Thine own renown,

Careless of praise or orison,  
Simply determined. Wilt thou launch  
(This knight's presumptuous head upon)

The devastating avalanche?  
He knows too much, and cares too little!  
His wound is more than Death can staunch.

He can avoid, though by one tittle,  
Thy surest shaft! And now the knight,  
Breasting the crags, may laugh and whittle

Away the demon-club whose might  
Threatened him. Now he leaves the spur;  
And eager, with a boy's delight,

Treads the impending glacier.  
Now, now he strikes the steep black ice  
That leads to the last neck. By Her

That bore the lord, by what device  
May he pass there? Yet still he moves,  
Ardent and steady, as if the price

Of death were less than life approves,  
As if on eagles' wings he mounted,  
Or as on angels' wings—or love's!

So, all the journey he discounted,  
Holding the goal. Supreme he stood  
Upon the summit; dreams uncounted,

Worlds of sublime beatitude!

He passed beyond. The All he hath touched,  
And dropped to vile desuetude.

What lay beyond? What star unsmutched

By being? His poor fingers fumble,  
And all the Naught their ardour clutched,

Like all the rest, begins to crumble.

Where is the Beast? His bliss exceeded  
All that bards sing of or priests mumble;

No man, no God, hath known what he did.

Only this baulked him—that he lacked  
Exactly the one thing he needed.

“Faugh!” cried the knight. “Thought, word, and  
act

Confirm me. I have proved the quest  
Impossible. I break the pact.

Back to the gilded halls, confessed

A recreant! Achieved or not,  
This task hath earned a foison—rest.

In Caerlon and Camelot

Let me embrace my fellow-men!

To buss the wenches, pass the pot,  
Is now the enviable lot

Of Palamede the Saracen!”

## XLI

SIR ARTHUR sits again at feast  
    Within the high and holy hall  
Of Camelot. From West to East

The Table Round hath burst the thrall  
    Of Paynimrie. The goodliest gree  
Sits on the gay knights, one and all;

Till Arthur: "Of your chivalry,  
    Knights, let us drink the happiness  
Of the one knight we lack" (quoth he) ;

"For surely in some sore distress  
    May be Sir Palamede." Then they  
Rose as one man in glad liesse

To honour that great health. "God's way  
    Is not as man's" (quoth Lancelot).  
"Yet, may God send him back this day,

His quest achieved, to Camelot!"  
    "Amen!" they cried, and raised the bowl;  
When—the wind rose, a blast as hot

As the simoom, and forth did roll  
    A sudden thunder. Still they stood.  
Then came a bugle-blast. The soul  
Of each knight stirred. With vigour rude,  
    The blast tore down the tapestry  
That hid the door. All ashen-hued

The knights laid hand to sword. But he  
    (Sir Palamedes) in the gap  
Was found—God knoweth—bitterly

Weeping. Cried Arthur: “Strange the hap!  
    My knight, my dearest knight, my friend!  
What gift had Fortune in her lap

Like thee? Embrace me!” “Rather rend  
    Your garments, if you love me, sire!”  
(Quod he). “I am come unto the end.

All mine intent and my desire,  
    My quest, mine oath—all, all is done.  
Burn them with me in fatal fire!

For I have failed. All ways, each one  
    I strove in, mocked me. If I quailed  
Or shirked, God knows. I have not won:

That and no more I know. I failed.”  
    King Arthur fell a-weeping. Then  
Merlin uprose, his face unveiled;

Thrice cried he piteously then  
    Upon our Lord. Then shook his head  
Sir Palamede the Saracen,

As knowing nothing might bestead,  
    When lo! there rose a monster moan,  
A hugeous cry, a questing dread,

As if (God’s death!) there coursed alone  
    The Beast, within whose belly sounds  
That marvellous music monotone

As if a thirty couple hounds  
    Quested within him. Now, by Christ  
And by His pitiful five wounds!—

Even as a lover to his tryst,  
 That Beast came questing in the hall,  
 One flame of gold and amethyst,

Bodily seen then of them all.  
 Then came he to Sir Palamede,  
 Nestling to him, as sweet and small

As a young babe clings at its need  
 To the white bosom of its mother,  
 As Christ clung to the gibbet-reed!

Then every knight turned to his brother,  
 Sobbing and signing for great gladness;  
 And, as they looked on one another,

Surely there stole a subtle madness  
 Into their veins, more strong than death:  
 For all the roots of sin and sadness

Were plucked. As a flower perisheth,  
 So all sin died. And in that place  
 All they did know the Beauteous Breath

And taste the Goodly Gift of Grace.  
 Then fell the night. Above the baying  
 Of the great Beast, that was the bass

To all the harps of Heaven a-playing,  
 There came a solemn voice (not one  
 But was upon his knees in praying

And glorifying God). The Son  
 Of God Himself —men thought—spoke then.  
 “Arise! brave soldier, thou hast won

The quest not given to mortal men.  
 Arise! Sir Palamede Adept,  
 Christian, and no more Saracen!

On wake or sleeping, wise, inept,  
    Still thou didst seek. Those foolish ways  
On which thy folly stumbled, leapt,

All led to the one goal. Now praise  
    Thy Lord that He hath brought thee through  
To win the quest!" The good knight lays

His hand upon the Beast. Then blew  
    Each angel on his trumpet, then  
All Heaven resounded that it knew

Sir Palamede the Saracen  
    Was master! Through the domes of death,  
Through all the mighty realms of men

And spirits breathed the Beauteous Breath:  
    They taste the Goodly Gift of Grace.  
—Now 'tis the chronicler that saith:

Our Saviour grant in little space  
    That also I, even I, be blest  
Thus, though so evil is my case—

Let them that read my rime attest  
    The same sweet unction in my pen—  
That writes in pure blood of my breast;

For that I figure unto men  
    The story of my proper quest  
    As thine, first Eastern in the West,  
Sir Palamede the Saracen!