

POV2 G1.2a ①

The Defence of Guinevere -

Chelwood Vachery,
 Nutley, Sussex.

I The Meeting of Launcelot and Guenevere.

X
 It chanced upon a day that Launcelot came
 To dwell at Arthur's court:

Christmas and whitened winter passed away,
 And over me the April sunshine came,
 Made very awful with black hail clouds, yea

And in the Summer I grew white with flame,
 And bowed my head down; Autumn, and the sick
 Sure knowledge things would never be the same,

Do I not know now of a day in Spring?
 No minute of that wild day ever slips
 From out my memory; I hear Thrushes sing,

And wheresoever I may be, straightway
 Thoughts of it all come up with most fresh sting;

I was half mad with beauty on that day,
 And went without my ladies all alone,
 In a quiet garden wall'd round every way;

Telegrams: Nutley.
Phone: Nutley 10
Station: Forest Row.

PDU2 G1-2a (2)

Chelwood Vachery,
Nutley, Sussex.

- 2 -

..... In that garden fair

Came Launcelot walking; this is true, the kiss
Where with we kissed in meeting that Spring day.
I scarce dare talk of the remembered bliss,
When both our mouths went wandering in one way,
And aching sorely, met among the leaves;
Our hands being left ~~far~~ behind strained far away.
Never withing a yard of my bright sleeves
Had Launcelot come before; & now, so right!
After that day why is it Guenevere grieves?

X

Telegrams: Nutley.
Phone: Nutley 10.
Station: Forest Row.

Chelwood Vachery,
Nutley, Sussex.

II The Fight between Launcelot & Mellyagraunce

Did you see Mellyagraunce
When Launcelot stood by him? What white fear
Curdled his blood, and how his teeth did dance
His side sink in? as my knight cried and said:

Rise you, sir, who are so fleet
At catching ladies, half-arm'd well I fecht,
My left side all uncovered! Then I weel,
Up sprang Sir Mellyagraunce with great delight
Upon his knave's face;

The fight began, and to me they drew nigh;
Ever Sir Launcelot kept him on the right,
And traversed warily, and ever high

And fast leapt catiff's sword, until my knight-
Sudden threw up his sword to his left hand

Telegrams: Nutley.
Phone: Nutley 10.
Station: Forest Row.

Chelwood Vachery,
Nutley, Sussex.

- 2 -

Caught it, and swung it; that was all the fight,

—

Mellyagrance was shent,

For Mellyagrance had fought against the Lord;

—

PROCESSED

EXTRA SERVICE

Telegrams: Nutley.
Phone: Nutley 10.
Station: Forest Row.

P012 G1.2a (5)

Chelwood Vachery,
Nutley, Sussex.

III The love and Accusation of Lancelot & Guenevere

Oh true as steel come now & talk with me,
I love to see you step upon the ground

----- Good friend so dear

To me in everything come here to-night
Or else the hours will pass most dull & drear;

If you come not, I fear this time I might
Get thinking over much of times gone by.

When I was young, & green hope was in sight,

For no man care now to know why I sigh;
And no man comes to sing me pleasant songs
Nor any brings me the sweet flowers that lie

So thick in the gardens; therefore one so longs
To see you, Lancelot, that we may be
Like children once again, free from all wrongs

Just for one night. Did he not come to me?

Telegrams: Nutley.
Phone: Nutley 10.
Station: Forest Row.

PDVZ G1-2a (6)

Chelwood Vachery,
Nutley, Sussex.

-2-

What thing could keep true Lancelot away
If I said, Come? There was one less than three

In my quiet room that night; & we were gay;
Till sudden I rose up, weak, pale, & sick,
Because a howling broke our dream up, & yea

I looked at Lancelot's face & could not speak,
For he looked helpless too, for a little while;
Then I remember how I tried to shriek,

And could not, but fell down; from tile to tile
The stones they threw up rattled o'er my head
And made me dizzy; till within a while

My maids were all about me, & my head
On Lancelot's breast was being soothed away
From its white chattering, until Lancelot said:

By God! I will not tell you more to-day,
Judge any way you will: what matters it?
You know quite well the story of that fray,

Telegrams: Nutley.
Phone: Nutley 10.
Station: Forest Row.

Chelwood Vachery,
Nutley, Sussex.

3

How Lancelot still'd their bawling, the mad fit
That caught up Gauwaine: all, all, verily,
But just that which would save me; these things hit

x
I have said
All is truth, by Christs' dear tears

x
Nevertheless you, O Sir Gauwaine, lie,
Whatever may have happened through
these years,
God knows I speak truth, saying that
you lie.

Delaware Rt-
Continuation of
Warwick Avenue

the road is
that is
the road is

the road is
the road is

the road is
the road is

the road is
the road is

the road is
the road is

X