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Tattersfield Notebook 1

[Full Table of Content](#)



Poem - Ambition - a Legend

Poem - Ambition - a Legend, Rothamsted Research (1917) Tattersfield Notebook 1, pp 98aL1 - 98aL2

AMBITION.

A Legend.

Unto a well a knight did come
With armour blistered by the sun
Unceasing in the evening light
Revealed to the amazed sight
A gentle face; young womanhood
Upon the stately forehead stood
Her steed sucked in a lovely draught
And at the sight the rider laughed.

'Twas good to see the tender care
Bestowed upon her graceful mare
The coming darkness seemed forgot,
Her journey and her destined lot;
The summer green tinged with the red
Of setting sun, seemed closely wed
The rippled spring laughed all her fear
Down on his waters to the weir.

And dreams had lengthened out the hours
Soft courted by the sleepy flowers
But far across the endless plain
Pursuers viewed pursued again.
Forth into night the flight must go
Until 'tis done, no rest they know.
Pursued flung down into the wood
Pursuers gained full many a rood.

And as the horsemen hurried past
I shouted to the last, and asked
What meant the rout, the furious chase;
And I saw Envy in his face.
In mad career I traced their way
Till in the wood I saw the affray;
Down the dark path the horsemen went
For keen desire their coursing bent.

There in a glade the maiden fair
Spurred each young knight to do and dare
And in the darkness of the night
Each fought and lost a furious fight;
Saw one who seemed to gain the crown
There at her feet he faltered down—
When lo! A mocking laugh — a sob—
And she had gone, more lives to rob.

J. Hayden Barnes.
26/5/16.