

# **The Doom–Well of St. Madron**

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER



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## The Doom–Well of St. Madron

### I.

"Plunge thy right hand in St. Madron's spring,  
If true to its troth be the palm you bring:  
But if a false sigil thy fingers bear,  
Lay them rather on the burning share."

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### II.

Loud laughed King Arthur when—as he heard  
That solemn friar his boding word:  
And blithely he sware as a king he may,  
"We tryst for St. Madron's at break of day."

III.

"Now horse and hattock, both but and ben,"  
Was the cry at Lauds, with Dundagel men;  
And forth they pricked upon Routorr side,  
As goodly a raid as a king could ride.



**IV.**

Proud Gwennivar rode like a queen of the land,  
With page and with squire at her bridle hand;  
And the twice six knights of the stony ring,  
They girded and guarded their Cornish king.

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### V.

Then they halted their steeds at St. Madron's cell:  
And they stood by the monk of the cloistered well;  
"Now off with your gauntlets," King Arthur he cried,  
"And glory or shame for our Tamar side."

**VI.**

'Twere sooth to sing how Sir Gauvain smiled,  
When he grasped the waters so soft and mild;  
How Sir Launcelot dashed the glistening spray  
O'er the rugged beard of the rough sir Kay.

**VII.**

Sir Bevis he touched and found no fear:  
'Twas a beniteé stoup to Sir Belvidere;  
How the fountain flashed o'er King Arthur's Queen,  
Say, Cornish dames, for ye guess the scene.

**VIII.**

"Now rede me my riddle, Sir Mordred, I pray,  
My kinsmen, mine ancient, my Bien-aimé;  
Now rede me my riddle, and rede it aright,  
Art thou traitorous knave or my trusty knight?"

**IX.**

He plunged his right arm in the judgement well,  
It bubbled and boiled like a cauldron of hell:  
He drew and he lifted his quivering limb,  
Ha! Sir Judas, how Madron had sodden him.

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**X.**

Now let Uter Pendragon do what he can,  
Still the Tamar river will run as it ran:  
Let king or let kaisar be fond or be fell,  
Ye may harowe their troth in St. Madron's well.