

## IV

Thou in whose sword great story shine the deeds  
of history her heroes, sounds the tread  
of those vast armies of the marching dead,  
with standards and the neighing of great steeds  
moving to war across the smiling meads;  
thou by whose page we break the precious bread  
of dear communion with the past, and wed  
to valor, battle with heroic breeds;

thou, Froissart, for that thou didst love the pen  
while others wrote in steel, accept all praise  
of after ages, and of hungering days  
for whom the old glories move, the old trumpets cry;  
who gavest as one of those immortal men  
his life that his fair city might not die.