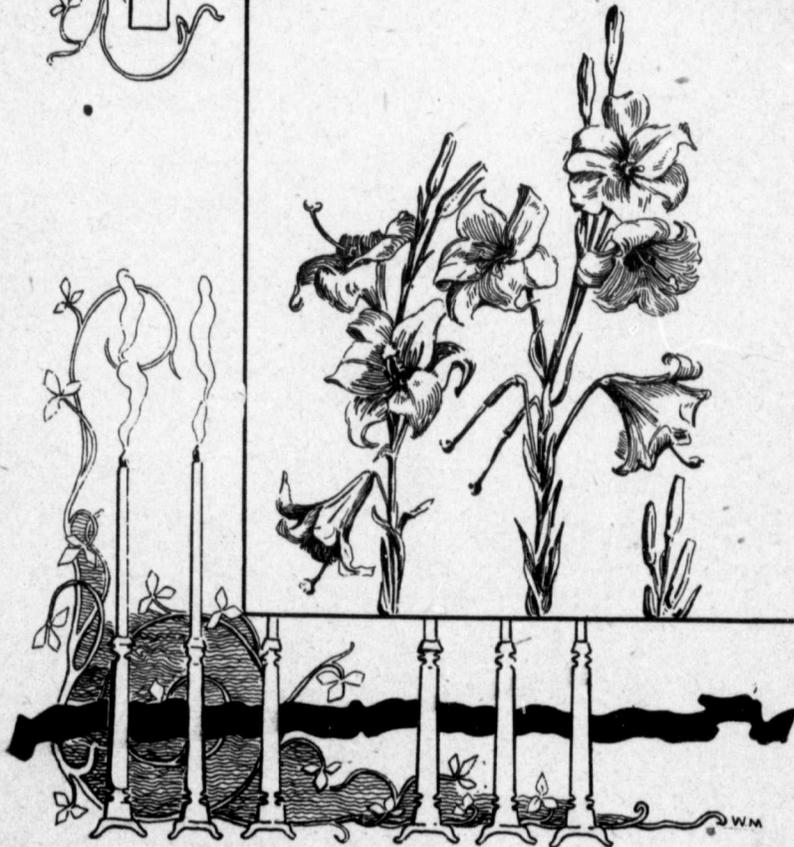




Wandering as I went fortune brought
me to a solemn city. A lovely lady there
I saw, a maiden fair, but alas, she ceas-
ed never from mourning. Why I could
not know, but sadly I beheld her to swoon
and pine, and sigh and nearly was
she spent. With water from the spring
they bathed her temples, but with her
hands she bruised her flesh and rent her
hair, and for all questioning she answered
only as one who does not hear,
"The King's Son, my Son, is dead.
The Son of the King is dead."



Drawings
By
Winifred McKay.