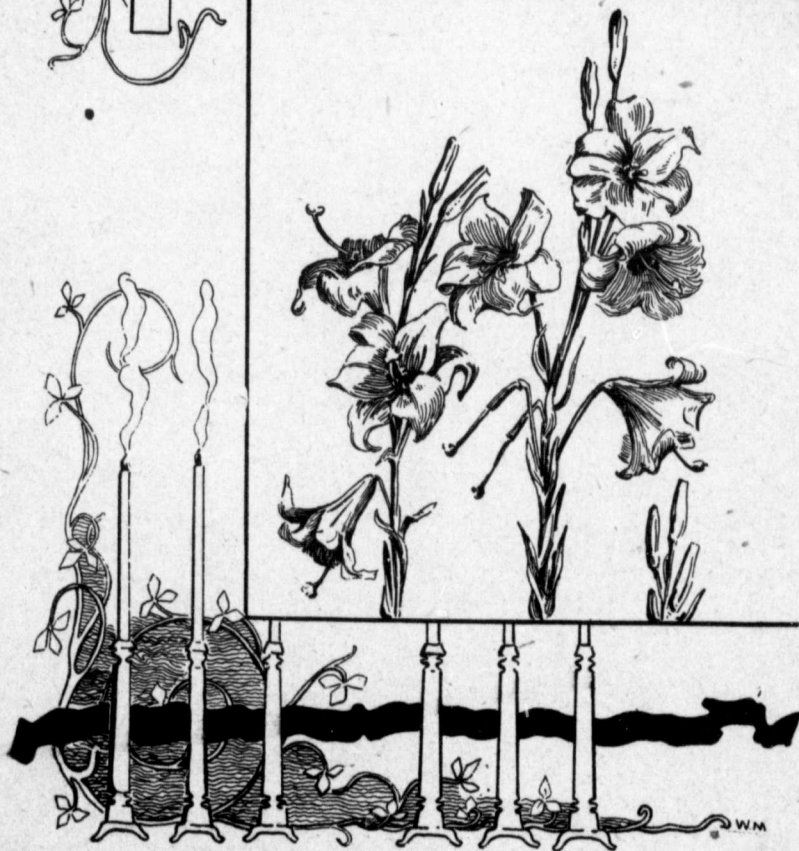




Wandering as I went fortune brought  
 me to a solemn city. A lovely lady there  
 I saw, a maiden fair, but alas, she ceas-  
 ed never from mourning. Why I could  
 not know, but sadly I beheld her to swoon  
 and pine, and sigh and nearly was  
 she spent. With water from the spring  
 they bathed 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.