

name, while all other kings sat removed, the nearest a sword's length from him.

Many songs the minstrel sang: of the men that feasted and the men that slept their sleep: and when Hugh Dall's fingers faltered on the harp-strings, young Colg arose in his place and sang a dream-song that darkened the light of battle in the eyes of his hearers, and paled the flush of battle in their sun-burnt faces. But in the chamber where the Princess sat watching her women comb out the fleece, one maid stopped singing of battles, and holding her silent harp against her breast chanted a whispered song, with her gray-green eyes fixed on her mistress's face. And this was the fashion of her song:

“Sorrow has touched me on the heart,
And will not let me be:
One woman only stands apart
From pain that holds the very heart of me:
Yet, Princess, there is borne to-day for thee
A sorrow: and the sorrow of Manannan.

And dost thou go, my Queen, unwooed, to wed?
Or wilt thou rise and follow after me,
Past graves of women dead,
Whither the Undying Women sail the sea?
Shall gold bespread, or all of amber be
The bridal-bed for thee?
Thy gift, thy father's wrath? or days that dree
The sorrow and the sorrow of Manannan?”