

The skein of shining wool slipped from the lady Tuag's idle fingers, and she stood up slowly, tallest among her maids, and strong and supple of limb as were few women of Eiré. Then the singer also arose from her stool, and she too was beyond the common strength and stature of women, as she stood shoulder to shoulder with the princess.

"Shall we go?" she said.

And Tuag said, "We will go." She looked round the torch-lit chamber as one that takes farewell, and she looked at the waiting women combing their fleece in a dream that kept them deaf and blind. And the woman that had sung of Manannan took up a cloak woven of fine white wool and cast it over Tuag, hiding her long blue gown, and the hood she drew over Tuag's head, crushing the green leaves that were in her fillet; and they went forth hand in hand past kinsfolk that stayed them not, past hounds that heard them not, though their garments brushed their feet. They went through the camp unseen and unheard: past the fences of wattles, beyond byres where the sleeping kine took no heed of them, where the neatherds ceased not from tale-telling at the sound of their soft footsteps. Then they were in the uncleared woodlands, and the Princess clung trembling to her com-