

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

"My sole request to our great King
Or else I am undone;
My humble prayer before him fling;
Have mercy on my son!"

His highness soon was made aware
Of the poor frantic mother's prayer;
He saw her tears and her despair,
Which caused him her son's life to spare;
But still the king must pay good heed,
Or this might to exposure lead.

And lest the barber might betray
His secret, ere he got away
He touched a tiny bell:
Her son appeared whom he dismissed,
Then in his ear those words he hissed:
Come tonsor, to this warning list,
On pain of death don't tell!
Now go but keep this in your mind,
Though other shavers death might find,
On your discretion I rely.
Your kindness Sire calls for reply!
You saved my life, what less can I
Than guard your secret till I die?
Then bowing himself out of the place,
His steps at once he did retrace.

The barber's mother wept with joy,
As in her arms she clasped her boy,
Whose secret did him so annoy,
He soon became unwell.
He pines away the mother thought;
A druid's advice at once she sought,
And this the message that she brought:
Seek Drum where four roads meet,
Where formerly two chieftains fought,
A willow there you'll greet;