

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

And there upon your bended knee
Your secret whisper to the tree;
Obey the Fates and you'll be free.
The youth obeyed advice received
And much he found his mind relieved.

One day an accident befell
The harper of the king;
The harp from his attendant fell
And broken was its ring;
So to obtain another frame,
To this same willow tree they came.

A branch from it at once they lopped
And when to fitting length 'twas chopped,
And rounded into proper form
That with the other 'twould conform
A harp they very quickly made
But every time the harper played,
As o'er the strings his fingers strayed;
This was its singular discourse:
"The King has ears like any horse."

This news was to the king conveyed;
The latter angered and dismayed
At what they said his harper played,
Became at once so mighty wroth
The player was before him brought
Who used him entertain,
With soothing strains that well he knew,
When close the shades of evening drew;
Now wore his brow the ashy hue
Of terror and of pain;
For every time he touched a string,
Came forth the secret of the king;
Who though hurt in his inmost soul,
Still held his passions in control