Unending pain, that reigns over all!
The gray eyed king is gone from his hall.

The Autumn evening was sultry and red.
My husband returned and quietly said.

You know, they brought him back from the field,
found next to a tree, on top of his shield

Its sad that he went in the prime of his life,
too soon for the queen, now widow, once wife

On the mantle, his pipe, he silently found,
and left for his work, not making a sound.

I’ll go and I’ll make my daughter to rise.
I’ll go and I’ll look at those little gray eyes.

Outside the poplars, they rustle and twist,
“Your glorious king now enters the mist.”