But said, that in the future years the Princess young should die,
By pricking of a spindle-point—ah, woeful prophecy!
But now, a kind young Fairy, who had waited to the last, [are past;
Stepped forth, and said, "No, she shall sleep till a hundred years
"And then she shall be wakened by a King's son—truth I tell—
"And he will take her for his wife, and all will yet be well."

In vain in all her father's Court
In vain in all the country-side t
For in a lonely turret high, and
There lives an ancient woman
The Princess found her out one
Alas! the spindle pricked her h

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