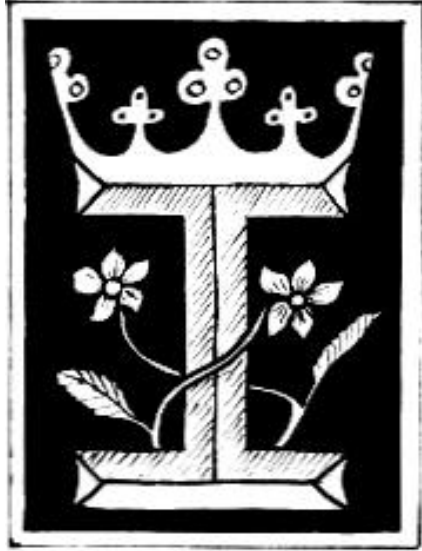


# Of A Queen

*By the hand of Lady Theodora von Koln  
for her partron Sir Ulf de Wilton  
Canterbury Faire, ASXXXVIII*



It speaks poor things of a poet's skill,  
That as she sits bent ouer her quill,  
And euery rhyme she tries to raise,  
Seems vnworthy of her whom she would praise.

But if the subiect is one such as whom,  
Brightens euery facet when she enters a room,  
And all who see her cannot help but loue her,  
You must all know I speak of Her Maiesty, YOLANDE.

Her Lord bears a borage flower, violet in hue,  
He fights well for his Lady, his loue is strong and true,  
And while his skill at arms has won him great renown,  
Inspiration from this Lady helped him take the crown.

Stories do preceed her, some she may wish her self to tell,  
Such as when one night at a feast, a Lord on her fell.  
And you may wonder why I mention this odd thing,  
The Lord in question now sits before you; AEDWARD, your  
king.

We maruel at her dresses, euery one so fine,  
Euery pilgrim here knows well, those stitches take some time.  
Her loue of hats is famous, from the greatest to the small,  
A Queen crowned with many things, her King best of all.

She giues vs inspiration through her sweet and gentle ways,  
the best reward for toil, a smile on her face,  
Euery pilgrim gathered here hopes before she will depart,  
To fill her days with happinesse and leaue gladnesse in her heart.

YOLANDE, Queen of Lochac, you haue the virtues of a saint,  
So sweet and gentle, courteous, and kind without constraint,  
And as each dawn the birds giue praise for the day born anew,  
Your subiects here in Southron Gaard will alwayshonour you.