

0, a King

by [Michael Shindler](#) (December 2019)



Ice Clouds over Coniston Old Man, John Ruskin, 1880

0, a King in a firelit ring
Rang a bell in a field of ice,
But 0, the King was sleeping
When the bell rang thrice:

Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong!

O, that King in the firelit ring
Woke at last in the field of ice,
But O, there was no ringing
So, the King cried thrice:

“O-woe, o-woe, o-woe!”

O, gone was the bell’s firelit ring
And dark was all that field of ice,
But O, the King stopped weeping
When all echoed thrice:

Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong!

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