

There, lady, is thy sole dominion,
 Where varying tribes of men await
 The hour—far be it in its coming!—
 That makes the mistress of their fate.

The sun in constant course revolving,
 Sets never in the wide domain,
 O'er which thy loved and lovely mother,
 Stretches the sceptre of her reign.

Sweet was the song, though small its moment,
 Sung to lov'd boy by gipsy crone,
 Which told that stream, and hill, and valley,
 Seen from his towers were all his own.

To thee imperial rule is destined—
 And thine shall be baronial sway :
 May they who hold thee in their guidance,
 Endow thee for another day !

When earthly pomp has pass'd and vanish'd,
 And thou, thy worldly labours done,
 Shalt come with other worms to tremble
 Before the one Eternal Throne.

Bright be thy path in peace and glory,
 Worthy of her who rules the free,
 And fit to crave from Him a blessing,
 Who died as well for us as *thee*.

Rough is our lay though true and faithful,
 He who should hail thee with his song
 Sits silent mid his much-loved mountains :
 Mute is the Laureate's tuneful tongue !

The Persian prayer be thine, dear baby—
 As thou, a naked, new-born child,
 Wailed at the moment of thy birth-hour,
 While every eye around thee smiled.