

“Put on thy golden girdle with the mighty
emerald clasp
And thy lotus broidered robe. Braid thy hair
all cunningly,
And wear the winged head-dress with the tur-
quois jewelled asp—
Then come and coax him from his gloom.—
Thou only canst,” said he.

“Wise counsellor!” she smiled; “Nay, but too
wise for thy short years,
I will unto the king;—and such great issues
are at stake
This time I dare not fail. I must go queenly—
without tears
Or humble supplications—but as one no woe
can break.

“Stay thou with thy old nurse, Beloved—she
sitteth in the hall—
And she will tell thee wondrous tales, to win
from thee a smile,
Then take thy supper by her side, and when deep
night doth fall,
Go to the tower, whence I’ll come, but in a
little while.”