

And your stately step, but know—
The most precious gift my hands can lift,
To your crowning Maid of the Snow.”

Bending her brows the Princess
Bore the diadem of rime,
And the jewelled veil her winds prevail
To weave her in winter time.

THE PRESENCE.

Behold before her, her courts, and o'er her
The dome of her clouds and skies;
Behold around her, her guards surround her,
For the honor that never dies ;
Their swords beside her, what ill betide her,
Or the Majesty in her eyes.

“ Now would you speak, Sir Poet,
Seeking me face to face !
Of what all you know
My lands can show
You can find from place to place.
In my regal presence here, Sir,
Where the wealth of a nation lies,
Where the whole earth bows to my frowning brows
And my lofty mountains rise.
Your people have sought and your youth has brought