

Shone the Princess' star-like face.

Binding her hair, they robed her there,  
Jewelled her snow-white hands  
So she held no fears midst the wealth of years,  
This mistress of many lands.

Then rising, she among them,  
"Bring me my crown of cost,  
My strong white chains of jewels  
And my courtly veil of the Frost."  
Backward the tire maidens  
Fell lightly one by one ;  
They had robed their queen with the brightest sheen,  
Could be won from Earth or Sun,  
While the first born of their number  
Rose white cowed with her trust,  
"Madame your lands in slumber,  
"Guard I, and keep from rust,  
"They sleep—and I keep and watch them,  
Warming their hearts at my breast.  
They sleep in and over their shadows  
Lies the mantle of my rest  
Nay ! Stand, proud virgin beauty,  
With your sun-kissed, jewelled hair,  
With the wealth my sisters win you  
About you everywhere.  
Go in yon royal presence