

Sat there enthroned a queen ;
 And Pedro stood beside his murdered bride,
 That once had been his pride.

It was a sight to soften hearts of stone,
 But to behold the wild and fearful gaze,
 In which all seemed so strongly thus to own
 The loved of other days ;
 And paid the homage of humility
 To that pale mockery.

His sons knelt down before her—on her hand,
 Clammy and chill, their lips did reverence ;
 And their dark eyes the lifeless being scanned
 With tearful eloquence ;
 Filled with the feelings which have made a part
 Of the afflicted heart.

And courtiers gay and stubborn knights bent low,
 And holy men were suppliant, as they gave
 Their benediction to the pomp and show
 That glorified the grave ;
 While banners, plumes, and scarfs, stirred by the breeze,
 Waved like funereal trees.

The king was on his royal throne, beside
 The corpse of her he loved, he felt how vain
 Were those bright ornaments of regal pride,
 And looked like one in pain ;
 For there were feelings stirring in his eye
 Of some deep agony.

Again there was a pause, and not a sound
 Came on the listening ear. His eyeballs dim
 Had lost observance of the things around :—
 Yet what were they to him ?
 For e'en the dead, clothed in her royal state,
 Looked scarce so desolate.

He found, although he might the dead unearth,
 And deck her out with royal excellence,
 He could not give to her a second birth,