

As when the setting sun has given
 Ten thousand hues to summer even, 720
 And from their tissue fancy frames
 Aerial knights and fairy dames.
 Still by Fitz-James her footing staid;
 A few faint steps she forward made,
 Then slow her drooping head she raised, 725
 And fearful round the presence¹ gazed;
 For him she sought who owned this state,
 The dreaded Prince whose will was fate!—
 She gazed on many a princely port
 Might well have ruled a royal court; 730
 On many a splendid garb she gazed,—
 Then turned bewildered and amazed,
 For all stood bare; and in the room
 Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.
 To him each lady's look was lent, 735
 On him each courtier's eye was bent;
 Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,
 He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
 The centre of the glittering ring,—
 And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King! 740

XXVII

As wreath of snow on mountain-breast
 Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
 Poor Ellen glided from her stay,
 And at the Monarch's feet she lay;
 No word her choking voice commands, 745
 She showed the ring,— she clasped her hands.
 O, not a moment could he brook,
 The generous Prince, that suppliant look!
 Gently he raised her,— and, the while,
 Checked with a glance the circle's smile; 750
 Graceful, but grave, her brow he kissed,

¹ Presence—Presence-chamber.

¹ Infla
² Pros
 has said