

The Postponed Coronation.



THIS myriad banners dye the breeze
Above broad states, both old and new,
His navies lord the Seven Seas,
His subjects separate birthlands view ;
A monarch of earth-circling power,
He now awaits his crowning hour.
Loud swell the notes of revelry,
A mighty city shines bedight,
The thunderous cannon shake the sky,
Throats strain, and pulsing hearts are high,
Never since primal day's first birth
Wed happier triumph higher mirth.
As when edged arctic vapors pass
And mow the blooms with gelid rain,
So sudden tremor stirs the mass
Transforming all their joy to pain ;
For quick disease hath stricken him
Forenamed to wear a diadem.
Withhold the word that tongue might spake,
Dread silence suits the moment best,
Or if thou wouldst grave comment make
Breathe low within thine inner breast :
The crisis proves, nor move nor less,
Proud man's unmeasured nothingness.

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