

V/E
Bell

Princess and Poet.

THE MESSAGE.

A poet sang of a Queen. His tongue.
Lightly to many lutes had rung.
"Princess and Maiden, cold,
With a chill in your eyes and heart.
And your white still beauty that keeps apart
Those who would woo you,
Those who would know
The strength of your beauty,
Maid of the snow."

So she, in her youthful glory,
Queen of the East and West.
Sung of in verse and story,
In her regal garments drest
Monarch of prairie and moorland,
Monarch of sea and coast.
With her great, grave eyes in calm surprise,
Read the Poet's courteous toast.