

Compared with them young Westwood was but poor,
Though rich enough to pass his morn of life
To his own fancy, and the art he loved ;
To show a fair exterior to the world,
And seem, and be—an English gentleman.

Two years, or ere his eyes beheld the morn,
His father, stepping from a gondola,
Stood in the market-place—an idle man,
And watched the peasant girls of Friuli
Bring flowers to flowerless Venice. Young and fair,
He roamed for pastime, master of himself,
To study Art and Nature in the South.
Here, as he loitered to refresh his soul
With beauty fashioned in immortal stone ;
Painted on canvas ; streaming from the sky ;
Impermeate in all shapes of earth and heaven ;
He saw a maiden lovelier than Art
Had e'er imagined in its happiest dream ;