

Due gran nemiche

BEAUTY and purity, once deadly foes
Were joined in bands of peace and harmony,
And dwelt within her spirit's sanctuary,
Unmoved by storms, in undisturbed repose.
Now Death has cut the tie that bound them close
And one in Heaven shines most gloriously,
And one lies underground—the earth doth lie
On those fair eyes whose fire no longer glows.
The kindly deed, the language sweet and soft,
By noble thoughts inspired, the gentle glance
Which soothed my spirit, I recall them oft.
These all are gone, and if I still delay,
I linger in the hope that thus perchance
Her name may shine the brighter for my lay.