

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

Night came, and covered the sweet eyes of heaven ;
And the sea moaned, like its sad heaving breast
Had pain of soul for all its vast unshriven
Dead ; and the winds were torn as with unrest
Of houseless ghosts, lost wailing spirits, driven
Hither and thither by sins unconfessed :
It was a night for evil death to seek
Its prey of love, and darkest vengeance wreak.

"Ah Theodore, my love! I had such strain
Of heart, lest some mischance should beggar thee
And me of love this night, that words are vain
To tell my heart-ease in love's companie."
"My Adeline, beloved ! I would gain
Thy side, though sudden death encompassed me :
So do I love thee dear, thou art my goal
Of deathless love beyond the grave's control."