

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

His voice was soft and wistful as a lute :
Her every word was melody divine.
How could they otherwise than be the fruit
Of tender verse and haunting honeyed line ?
The fancy feigns that many a lover's suit
Was won with murmuring of sonnet fine,
Wherein those imaged hearts were ever warm
With pleading love that will forever charm.

O for a touch of him whose name doth dwell
In liquid numbers, gushing full and clear
In saddest song of love-lorn Isabel !
That some rich meaning might be given here
To deathless love, under the Old-World spell
Of beauty 'prisoned in this legend dear.
Haply, because the story aches the heart,
The gentle reader may forgive its art.