

Sweet sleep, that snatches care from kings,
And calm repose to labour brings,
That o'er the invalid breathes health,
He could not buy with worlds of wealth,
Dropped cordial in Dorena's cup
And held it to her lips to sup.

Visconti did not seek his tent,
Along the rocks his steps he bent;
For days he'd hardly slept or ate—
He felt like one accurst by fate.
He stopped high on the mountain side,
Far from the tent where lay his bride.

'Twas after midnight he retraced
His steps along the rocky waste;
Passing Dorena's place of rest,
A sudden impulse stirred his breast—
His last farewell he'd take that night,
And leave before the morning light.

Gently he moved the flap aside,
Not to disturb his sleeping bride—
Alas! he thought, she'd ne'er been his—
The fates denied to him such bliss.
The moonlight showed her youthful form—
As lovely as a dewy morn.

She stirred, but did not wake, as he
Dropped at her side on bended knee:
"Andrea," she murmured—'twas his name,
Into his eyes man's teardrops came:
What trick had sleep played with her brain
That dreaming she should speak his name?