

## A LEGEND OF VENICE.

Upon her father's summons, Adeline  
Came with fond curtsy ; and against his cheek,  
Wrinkled and white, her soft rich bloom did lean ;  
And with her scarlet-berried lips did seek  
His love so sweetly, that a face unseen  
For years shone on him there, and made him weak :  
It was a mother's loveliness that pled  
For Adeline.....Ah, pity she was dead !

The weeping willow, full of leafy woe,  
Hangs o'er her sculptured urn ; the cuckoo sings  
Its boding sorrow, mournfully and low ;  
The heavy cloud a wreathèd shadow flings  
Upon the sunken mound ; and to and fro  
The faded grass the pale moth spreads its wings :  
Come hither grief, and cry "Alas, the day !"   
For love and death soon will be one for aye.