

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

For Adeline and Theodore were young,
And beautiful as dream, and richly made
For love in Venice—Whom the World hath sung
These thousand years in verse that will not fade.
It was in Venice Desdemona hung
Upon the swarthy Moor impassioned:
And Venice, in her prime imperial,
Was life, and love, and death, in carnival.

All blissful nights those lovers' meetings were,
All full of blissful promise was each day;
He had no thought but it did turn to her,
She bade her bosom secret with him stay;
Truly, they seemed twin souls that could not stir
The air of heaven, save with a single ray;
And thus they might have lived and loved unknown
To earthly song,—which only makes sweet moan—