



Venice.

The moon had tipped the housetops, and the wind
Sighed out in music to Italian skies
Its last faint evening breath, and black outlined
I saw the giant Campanile rise,
Go shouldering up to heaven, and a spell
Seemed on the voiceless watery waste to dwell.

Swift as a thought and silent as a grave,
With smooth black sides and thin keen iron prows,
The gondolas swept on, a thin-lipped wave
Of silver ribbon gleaming at their bows ;
So swift and silent that their passage seemed
As if men slumbering saw them when they dreamed.

And so we crossed the narrow shining street
Where every block was mirrored, and we crept
Into long lanes where never hurrying feet
Awoke the sounding echoes as they slept ;
Where moss-grown terrace and gray crumbling wall
The glories of the vanished days recall :