

STRADA SAN GIOVANNI.

When the summer days were weary
With the breathings of Sirocco,
Blowing with persistence dreary,
Red and sultry from Morocco,
Pleasant was that shady alley,
When there were not passers many,
Like an ancient cliff-walled valley—
Lonely Strada San Giovanni.

With her cushion, making laces,
Deftly working like a fairy,
Fairest of the island graces,
Little Anna Camelleri
Sat upon her doorstep singing,
Giving little heed to any;
To and fro her bobbins flinging
In old Strada San Giovanni.

Gentle, dark-eyed little maiden—
Dream of unforgotten pleasure—
With her tresses, coin o'erladen,
All her dowry and her treasure.