

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

And Theodore, that day, was like a bird
Leaving its happy mate in downy nest,
Yet ever flitting near with song that stirred
Her there to chirp and peep in fluttering quest :
He sang an old refrain, a ditty weird
With mystery of love that may not rest
Its yearning spirit long in earthly room :
'La Belle Dame Sans Merci is true love's doom.'

And when 'twas dark, and all the palace slept,
He tied his boat, and climbed the balcony ;
And like a thief of love he softly crept,
And 'gainst the lattice leaned so hungrily.....
There was a sobbing sigh—as though love wept—
And then, ah! then there was great ecstasy!
And lovers' happiness in lady's bower,
That night did linger till the dawning hour.