

Of falsehood in his mind, which flourished not  
But in the light of all-beholding truth ;  
And having stamped this canker on his youth,  
She had abandoned him :—and how much more  
Might be his woe, we guessed not :—he had store  
Of friends and fortune once, as we could guess  
From his nice habits and his gentleness :  
These now were lost —it were a grief indeed  
If he had changed one unsustaining reed  
For all that such a man might else adorn.  
The colours of his mind seemed yet unworn ;  
For the wild language of his grief was high—  
Such as in measure were called poetry.  
And I remember one remark, which then  
Maddalo made : he said —“ Most wretched men  
Are cradled into poetry by wrong :  
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.”

If I had been an unconnected man,  
I, from the moment, should have formed some plan  
Never to leave sweet Venice : for to me  
It was delight to ride by the lone sea :  
And then the town is silent—one may write  
Or read in gondolas, by day or night,  
Having the little brazen lamp alight,