

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

And now they watch beside love's bolted door
And on the moonlit quay the brothers wait.
The priest, forsooth, believed, that nevermore
The ghost would pass beyond its mortal fate;
But ah! He could not know, how love so sure,
Is boundless as the faith it doth create:
O mighty love! 'Twas thine unconscious breath
Did burst th' eternal barriers of death!

And now love cometh home! The watchers heard
Soft utterances within. And fearfully
They listened to a voice more sweet than bird:
It was the maiden in her ecstas^y!
And then the lover's voice, and deathless word:
What tenderness from love's immensity!
Yet none of them saw anything that night;—
Nor did a shadow stir the pale moonlight.