

And she took pity ; she—the peasant girl—
Met the proud English stranger face to face,
And gave her hand, like lady to a lord,
Equal in love, and pride, and sacrifice,
Superior in her purity of heart.

Well she became her new-born dignity,
Learned English from the lessons of her heart,
And spake it with a prettiness of fault
More lovely than perfection ; learned to sing,—
And sung with such a gush of melody,
That staid approval—of the English mood—
Forgot itself in rapture.

But she died,
Pining for Italy ; a flower too fair
To brave unscathed the winds of Northern skies,
And harsh vicissitude of moist and cold ;—
And Arthur Westwood never smiled again ;
Or if he did, 'twas in his silent home,