

STRADA SAN GIOVANNI.

'Tis a quiet little by-way,
Steep and rugged as Parnassus,
Leading from the noisy highway
Filled with Carbonari asses.
Lofty houses lean above it,
Whispering like neighbors canny;
Still in memory I love it--
Dingy Strada San Giovanni.

Shrined in niches on the corners,
Saints and martyrs smile down grimly
On the unbelieving scorers
Stalking through the twilight dimly,
Going no one knoweth whither,
By the Casa Frangipani
Where the votive flowers wither
In old Strada San Giovanni.