

The grave is yawning :—as its roof shall cover
My limbs with dust and worms, under and over,
So let oblivion hide this grief.—The air
Closes upon my accents as despair
Upon my heart—let death upon my care ! ”

He ceased, and, overcome, leant back awhile ;
Then rising, with a melancholy smile,
Went to a sofa, and lay down, and slept
A heavy sleep, and in his dreams he wept,
And muttered some familiar name, and we
Wept : — a shame in his society.
I think I never was impressed so much !
The man, who was not, must have lacked a touch
Of human nature.—Then we lingered not,
Although our argument was quite forgot ;
But, calling the attendants, went to dine
At Maddalo's ;—yet neither cheer nor wine
Could give us spirits, for we talked of him,
And nothing else, till daylight made stars dim.
And we agreed it was some dreadful ill
Wrought on him boldly, yet unspeakable,
By a dear friend ; some deadly change in love
Of one vowed deeply which he dreamed not of ;
For whose sake he, it seemed, had fixed a blot