

She came no more to Venice. Every day
He watched the arriving gondolas and barques,
In hope to see the maid among her peers—
A queen-like rose among mere daffodils ;
But she, Francesca Pia, ne'er returned.

He gazed upon the blue Friulian Alps,
Snow-capped and sharp against the cloudless heaven,
And thought how blissful all his days might be,
Forgetting England and his ancient home,
If in life's noon, he might, beloved of her,
Dwell in the valleys, careless of the world.

He sought her—was repulsed—and sought again ;
Till passion, like a flame by tempest fanned,
Throve on obstruction, and consumed his soul.

Thus did he live and suffer ; thus in pain
Refine an idle fancy into love—
Love golden—freed by Sorrow's fire from dross—
Love purified—the love of soul to soul.