

For now beneath the sunny beam
Of fair Italia's clime I roved,
Discoursing lore of hill and stream,
Companioned by the one I loved.

Again we lingered in the vale
Till came the stars by twilight led,
And poured the ever tuneful tale,
By clustering vines o'ercanopied.

"Oh love! thou pleasing, anxious thrill,
Caught from a tone, a look, a sigh,
Or touch, more evanescent still,
When once thou art, thou canst not die."

I murmured to the midnight air,
In reverie absorbed I ween,
And now a rustling movement near
Recalled my thoughts unto the scene.

Some fledgling of these silvan ways
My steps disturbed, conjecture ran,
I raised my head, my startled gaze
Fell on the figure of a man.

An aged, venerable face
Turned unto me enquiring eyes;
So strangely met in time and place,
I could but pause in mute surprise.