

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

And Theodore, the gondolier !—How pale,
Death pale, and moist as mortal agony,
Then suddenly all dark with rushing zeal ;
As though it were some doomful poignancy
Of heart, that piercèd him with swift assail.
Ah ! all his heart he uttered in a sigh :
And love was born !—great love for Adeline—
Immortal love, that death can never wean.

“ Ah, Jesu Domine ! ”—he prays in thought—
“ I love the Lady Adeline with all
My soul, and in her eyes, if ever aught
Were true, a love as infinite doth call !
Must love be perjured, and forever fraught
With misery of life unbearable,
Because her father's rich, and hath a pride
That would a murder do ere it would chide ? ”