

With all Italia in her glowing face—
Its beauty, passion, tenderness, and hope.

He saw, admired, and fancied that he loved ;—
Love born of idleness and young Romance !
He purchased roses and anemones,
And bade her come to-morrow with fresh flowers,
The choicest she could gather. Morrow came ;
And with it came the maiden and her blooms ;
Herself a rose and lily both in one ;
Fairer than lily—redder than the rose,—
And with a warmth of summer in her smiles
Enough to ripen all the buds of spring.

He overpaid her with too bounteous gold,
Which she refused, with such a wealth of shame
That he was awed ; and, more enamoured still,
He sued for pardon like the veriest slave
Who hath incensed a master that he loves,
And cannot rest until his peace be made.