

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

And often would the lovers breathe farewell,
Only to cling more close in tenderness,
Until, dreamlike, some power invisible
Compelled a last adieu. Ah, piteous stress !
For such a swift heart-rending door befell
Young Theodore, he did but seem to bless
His love with all his heart, in one long sigh
To Adeline,—who thought it love's good bye.

She knew not that he sank upon the stair
A streaming corpse, but met his speeding soul
With airy kiss and heavenly whispered prayer ;
Then to her fragrant chamber, soft, she stole,
To sleep and dream her lover still was there ;
The while her brothers, in their bloody role,
Gloating in darkness o'er their victim's clay,
Made haste to hide it from the coming day.