

C A N Z O N E T T A.

BY THE SAME.

SOFT slept the sea within its silver bed,
To the scarce breathing gale
The silken sail
With venturous hands I spread,
And saw the rocks, and pass'd; yet felt no fear;
All danger distant seem'd, which was alas! too near.

Love, calm deceiver, seated by my side,
His secret fraud enjoy'd,
Too oft employ'd
In sport my bark to guide.
We reach'd the port: the little pilot smil'd.
Can Love deceive! I said: and kiss'd the laughing child.

He clapp'd his wings, and lightly thro' the air
Flew from my longing eyes.
The storms arise,
And back my vessel bear.
Secure what port can hapless lovers meet:
We blame the winds and seas, yet clasp the dear deceit.

THE