

# BEAUTIFUL VENICE.

## THE SCAFFOLD.

Hark to the clinking of hammers,  
Hark to the driving of nails,  
The men are erecting a gallow,  
In one of her Majesty's gaols,  
A life, a human life's to be taken,  
Which the crowd and the hangman hail,  
For the men erecting a scaffold,  
In one of her Majesty's gaols.

'Tis midnight without, its dead silence ;  
The doom'd wretch in agony moans,  
But the clattering din of the hammer,  
Is drowning the poor victim's groan.  
The chaplin now earnestly prayeth  
To the God of all mercy for him,  
But his mind on his misery stayeth,  
For his cup is full up to the brim,

Oh pray while you may to your maker,  
His mercy, not justice emplore,  
Said the priest while tears fill'd his eyes,  
And his choak'd voice could utter no more.  
You ask me to pray said the felon,  
But no one e'er showed me the way,  
'Tis too late, 'tis too late now to teach me,  
I can't understand what you say.

Hark, hark the death bell is tolling,  
The gallows at last is in view,  
The prisoner, pale, ghastly and sinking,  
To the chaplin has waved an adieu.  
His strong frame in agony quivers,  
His breast—how wildly it heaves,  
His arms, closely are pinioned,  
The hangman himself almost grieves.

Hush, hark for the death bell is tolling,  
Dragoons with drawn swords are below,  
The prisoner appears to be praying,  
'Tis a scence of heart-anguish, and woe,  
There are crowds in the street, men & women  
The war steeds are prancing about,  
The windows are throng'd with spectators,  
Hark! a buzz, a wave, and a shout.

## CHARMING MAY.

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Oh, charming May! oh, charming May!  
Fresh, fair, fair and gay,  
That com'st from thy bow'rs,  
'Mid perfume and flowers,  
Charming, charming, charming May!  
Thou art spring with its wint'ry days gone by,  
And summer without its scorching sky;  
The sun may be bright, the storm may be free,  
But the tranquil beauty of May for me.

Oh, charming May! oh, charming May!  
Fresh, fair, fair and gay,  
That com'st from thy bow'rs,  
'Mid perfume and flowers,  
Charming, charming, charming May!  
There is gladness and joy in thy genial face,  
Fit emblem of innocence, freshness, and grace,  
There is peaceful delight, to me ever dear,  
In the charming May, the queen month of the year.

## BEAUFIFUL VENICE.

Beautiful Venice! City of song!  
What mem'ries of old to thy regions belong;  
What sweet recollections cling to my heart,  
As thy fast fading shores from my vision depart:

Oh! poesy's home is thy light colonnades,  
Where the winds gently sigh, as the sweet twilight fades  
I have known many homes, but the dwelling for me,  
Is beautiful Venice, the bride of the sea.

Beautiful Venice! Queen of the Earth!  
Where dark eyes shine brightly 'mid music and mirth,  
Where gay serenaders, by light of the star,  
Oft mingle their songs with the dulcet guitar:

All that's lovely in life, all that's deathless in song,  
Fair Italy's isles, to thy regions belong;  
I have known many homes, but the dwelling for me,  
Is beautiful Venice, the bride of the sea.

The rope round his neck is adjusted,  
Man's vengeance how fearful thou art,  
His head is covered, and horror  
Strike every man to the heart,  
The dead bolt is drawn, he plunging  
In air, what terrible tale,  
His soul has gone to its maker,  
His corpse taken back to the gaol.

