

A true Story. (continued)

In this great city now the haunt,
Of priest and friar and monk
Where reason sees her ill-stor'd bark,
By superstition sunk;

Where nature's voice by force repress'd,
Its energy declares,
In demon deeds of wickedness,
When fear its dagger bares;

In Rome itself there lately dwelt
Two sister-maidens fair,
 affianced both to noble youths,
Of form and virtue rare.

Preparing now for that great step,
Of weal or woe, the seal,
Before they joyful give their hands,
Where purest love they feel;

(To be continued)