

Quickly they brought her where a thicket dense
Concealed the entrance to a dark ravine,
At which the robbers, and their helpless prey,
Plunged in and disappeared. In this recess,
Lay a recess more secret. 'Neath a rock,
Like gable-tree projecting from its base,
Stood, half in ruins, a low-constructed house.
The broken reed-thatch scarce could bear th' attacks
Of wind and rain; but thick-grown ginko trees,
Which, like to golden clouds, filled the ravine,
Saved the scant thatch. A ceaseless chattering brook
Flowed by the house, and the rank ivy-stems
Grew o'er the broken windows. Here the sun
Ne'er visits with his parting rays at eve,
But all is gloom and silence save the cry
Of some belated bird that wakes the night.
Here with wild shouts, because their prize was rare,
The robbers called their comrades, who received
Them and their captive with much boisterous joy,
Putting a thousand questions to the maid,
Who wept, and almost fainted in her fear.
Then with coarse jests they mocked her, as the crows
That scold at carrion. Then they sat them down,

