Strangers

1

He could not understand her ;
  When kindly words she said,
His eyes were full of wonder,
  He shook his curly head.

2

They asked each other questions,
  But neither could reply,
For he was from Venezia,
  And she from Peckham Rye.

3

And yet he lingered by her,
  And thought, while she was near,
That London streets looked fairer,
  And London skies less drear.

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