

TO THE RIVER—

Fair river! in thy bright, clear flow
Of labyrinth-like water,
Thou art an emblem of the glow
Of beauty—the unhidden heart—
The playful mazes of art
In old Alberto's daughter;
But when within thy wave she looks—
Which glistens then, and trembles—
Why, then the prettiest of brooks
My pretty self resembles;
For in his heart, as in thy stream,
Her image deeply lies—
His heart which trembles at the beam
Of her soul-searching eyes.

[1829]