
T O T H E R I V E R ——— .

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
 Her worshipper resembles.
 For in my heart—as in thy stream—
 Her image deeply lies—
 The heart which trembles at the beam,
 The scrutiny of her eyes.