

BY THE STREAM SO COOL AND CLEAR.

By the stream so cool and clear,

And thro' the caves where breezes languish,

Soothing still my tender anguish,

Hoping still to find my lover,

I have wander'd far and near,

Oh! where shall I the youth discover!

Sleeps he in your breezy shade,

Ye rocks with moss and Ivy waving,
On some bank where wild waves laving,
Murmur thro' the twisted willow?

On that bank, O! were I laid,
How soft should be my lover's pillow.