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THE DÜRREN SEE.

(Suggested by Tom Moore.)

THERE'S a sweet little lake on the road to Cortina

Much painted, much photo'd, much gushed on in books ;
 No peaks are more piquant, no greenery greener,
 No jewels so bright as its crystalline brooks.

Crystalline in two senses ; for Monte Cristallo

Rears proudly behind it his storm-shattered head ;
 By his ice, which is deep, for that lake, which is shallow,
 By his snows and his rocks all those torrents are fed.

I had yearned for that tarn, from whose mirror reflected

Each charm of the scene drew a multiplied grace ;
 So I sold my broad lands and, the proceeds collected,
 I bought a Cook's ticket and rushed to the place.

I arrived on the shore as the day was declining,

The sun on Cristallo still rosily shone ;
 Yet disgusted I turned me from dreaming to dining ;
 For the mud was all there, but the water was gone.

“Such is Life !” (I exclaimed). “In the Mirror of Credit

My purse and my prospects entrancingly shone ;
 But that Mirror they've cracked it, that purse they have bled it,
 And the Bills are all there, but the Balance is gone.”