

It is sweet to hear
At midnight on the blue & moonlight deep
The song out-voiced of all the Tondolies,
By distance mellowed on the water sweep
His song is in the evening far apparent
His song is in the evening far apparent
From leaf to leaf the night winds creep
The night winds creep to view on high
The night winds creep to view on high
His sweet song is heard from hence of back
The night winds creep to view on high
The night winds creep to view on high
You come and look bright when you come
It is sweet to be awakened by the lute
Or lulled by falling waters. Sweet the hum
Of bees the voice of Gulls the song of birds
The lip of children and their earliest words
Dyson
Washington Oct 1 1839

