

It is sweet to hear

At midnight on the blue & moonlight deep

The song and oar of adrian Gondolin,

By distance mellowed on the water sweep

It is sweet to see the evening star appear,

When on the water as the night winds creep

From leaf to leaf the sweep to view on high

The rain comes down to span the sky.

It is sweet to see the honest bark

Day deep mouth'd come to draw you home

It is sweet to see the music

When coming and brighter come

It is sweet to be awakened by the sun

Or lul'd by falling water. Sweet the hum

Of bees the voice of Girls the song of birds

The lip of Children and their earliest words"

Dyson

Washington Oct 4 1833

