Waking from sleep, I heard, but
A bird, that sang a lone
knew not where,

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The voice of spring, that all the winter long

The quick clear warble

leap, leap through the air,

The voice of spring, that all the winter long

Had slept, now burst in

still faster
melodies as strong
And
tremulous as Love's first

pure
delight;
I could not choose

but bless a song

a song so warm and
Bright. Sweet bird! the fresh, clear

Sprinkle of thy voice Came quickening springs of

Trust and love. What heart could hear such joy,

and not rejoice?

Sweet
bird the fresh, clear sparkle of thy voice Came
quick- ing all the springs, the, quick- ing all the springs of trust and love.
What heart could hear such joy, and not rejoice?
Fresh message from the world around and beauty infinite That clasps the world around fills it with delight! and fills it with delight, That
Tempo Primo (\( \dot{q} = 56 \))

41

rall.

rit.

lunga

clasps the world and fills it with delight!

43

Tempo Primo (\( \dot{q} = 56 \))

Hm or Ah

rall.

Hmm or Ah

Tempo Primo (\( \dot{q} = 56 \))

45

a tempo

rit.

unis

a tempo

It sang of freedom, dimmed by
47

49

51

53

no alloy; Peace, unpossessed upon our

troubled sphere;

A world of noble,

no noble beings born to cheer

The wilderness of
life, and prove the fact

The human grandeur of each

can not choose but bless a song so

warm and bright.

Rhapsodic (move tempo)

marcato
That clasps the world around and

fills it with delight!

Slower

Fast

For Perusal Only