

Vision, A

I hear the wind among the trees,
It plays celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument,
Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scen'ry of the sky,
Where thro a sapphire sea, the sun
Sails like a golden galleon,
Sails like a golden galleon.

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