

How plea-sant is it in the blos-som of the year, To

*f* *pp* *rall.*

*a tempo.*

stray and find a nook, Where nought doth fill the hollow of the list'ning

*rall.*

*pp*

*mf*

*a tempo.*

ear, Ex - cept the murm'ring brook; Or bird in neighb'ring grove, That in

so - li-tude doth love To breathe his lone - ly hymn! Lost in the

*rall.*  
*p*  
*mf*  
*a tempo.*

*rall.*  
*p*

mingled song, I careless roam a - long, From morn to twilight dim.