Once, when my love was strong & gay you speak in reptures of the pleasure of That ting it most be a one? They horse moved on; how after hoof Jul operuse, & in the north of England amongst the mountains and like a rose in fune, When down behind the college roof the in wish to drop you you might enjoy it with ever high the work the work than the want one the planet dropped. I wante a new with william apor his nature Cakes work than the heart to the inagenation something more than the heart to the inagenation something along the lake of Ratge length of harris & constitute with the subject of histories to you soon. This this cription of histories tropics that a lover head, the raised and never stopped, Its her Mage bent my way remate the evening moon. Upon the moon I fixed my cyc at once the planet drapped. all over the total few wide lear my horse trudged on, & we down Tate a lover head, and in the frosty season when the sun Those pater so dear me. and now his reached the orchard-plat " mercy" to myself I ened bas out, and visible for many a mile If dury Mould be dead! The cottage wows ows through the tuilight blazer and as an climber the hell, Leided at the summore: clear and lord I marks the word of Lucy's to. the village clock total six of wheeled about home and coulding who an entired home with star had cares not for his how he will shot with star be hiped along the policies ice in games I told her this; her laughter light The moon descended still. To ringing a lay cars, slept, and when I think whom that right I home of those sweet dreams Confederate , emetative of the chair natures gentlest book, They eyes are den with tears. and wood land pleasures, the resounding hora, The pack land belower har hunted, bone, On the discending moon, So through the darkness and the sold we flew the other oide of the paper. It is the selection of a poen of waier and not a vora was idle: with den.
The leaflet true and every while the from while the from while the formall sent and so the son hills. The beginning is not written. umong the autumnal word, a figure quain Equipped with wellet and with worked stick Of melancholy, not unnoticed while me They led me , & & followed in their sleps, East ward, were sparkling alear, in the west Tricked out in frond disquice of beggars weeks The orange they of evening died rway. But seldon from the uproas & retired. Put on for the occasion, of addice and leghor tation of my frugal dame. Molly accontrament! of power to smile To con not the sheetowist a star at thorn, & brakes, & brandles, & in but That gleamed upon the in and often time, home ragged than need was . They led me for, When we had given our bodies to the winds Those guardiand operets, into some dear nooh and all the shadowy banks on either side lane sweeping through the darhach, spinning she Carrited where not a broken bough De intend to lay out The rapid line of motion, here at once Dooper with its withered leave, ungracious sup a little money on Lave I reclinens back whom my heels, of devastation, but the harles sixod lowered books on our govern Tall & west, with much whole clusters hung. 12 at world you ware Wheeles by me, even as if the earth had rolle. a vorgen suni. a little while I stood, Behind one did they street in when have in to frame & inections with such soft from of the hours ment to see se as joy delights is, I with we restrains Totaltuons, fearly of a resal, eyed Will all was branquel as a armore sea & The banquet, or beneath the trees of sale he map of what forthern has written because it maybe carely detached from the rest, & he care you have now a lake vail, before your eyes. among the flowers, & with the flowers I played a temper have to those who after long and puitles expectation have been blist one evening led by the Twent alone into a hapherd's boat booth oudden happines buy and all hope Lyon eyes are hot a shiff, which to a willow tree was tred Ter haps it wis a bower beneath whose leaves ute will tam a bother a rock, cave, its would home, The violets of five seasons wappear & facts grow this will day The moon was up, The lake was shining clear and fade, leaseer by any kuman tye, . among the way mountains: from the show So be helf afraid that I husked, and House the vario, & struck again you got the third before the adence, & my little bout moved on you got through it. but Whe a man who walks with stately step Where fairy water - breaks do mur mur one For ever, and I can the spartling Joan to and the they whom the most their to your just who a man who walks with stately step On that Vike & mood when Selfisand of to Kan X. but no I you will Though bent on speed. It was an act of stealth &

of mountain whose is my tout move on it How you been able to get any infor mation with concerning the carlier horts of Generally than letter of love's horts of General than letter of love's franch in hort of Jusich had bravels in Justifes land, that Mr. Bodner a Gernen poch of Jusich had Leaving behind her still on either side mall cercles plettering idly in the moon presented him with a volume of amorous verses of the poets of the wall then meller all into one track Therteinth century. This work is orghanted from a manison of while of sparading light. a rock, slup aproxi the Hung of Flance entrusted to the city of French in the year about the laver of the willow here 1452 - Lwill hansente the sentine which follows "Il m'n encore and now, as fetter one who proudly rowed Donne (thelis MA Bodner) a recuest de ses tragedres historiques & with his test shall, I fores a steady view holitiques, ourrage aupi leavant qu'intersepant of it has been son Whom the top of that same slangyy bidge, recel the menning of this sentence would have been evident but the The bound of the horizon, for Jehins word sacral seems to imply that it is a collection of which mr Bod was nothing, but the stars & the grey why. mer is only the edutor unless, being original tragisies they are acc She was an elfin pennace; twenty times companies with who . is to your hexameters I need not say how it the sextenent affected me. Then not been sufficiently accuston I depped my ours into the selent lake, The thing strikes he is con mor with the genner lesses that the for last fut are what personally give they heracter of vivile to the Heracter of vivile to the Heracters. The sun of my feeling is that the two last are more the Heracters. The sun of my feeling is that the two last are more and as I now when the stroke my bout bent he avere, through the water, like a se When from be home that rowly cleek, till them There verse, & all the sest not so much. I near to say that that the should be more of the sensation of neitre in the whole of the verse to break the monotory of the two last fact. The lines also are under out of the lines also are who cash they but that might be easely windled from you will the poem of liveland when you had not used boil you thank of briefand when you had read the money when you thank of briefand you had no mention of Klipstorki, and what is the merit of you make no mention of Klipstorki, and what is the merit Series States of Goethe's new form? - Dorothy has written the other side of This steet while I have been out the has transonbed a few descriptions- you will read them at your leiouve. The will cope amuse you. as I have had no tooks I have teen obliged to write in self-defence. I should have written five times as an and as I have done but they I am prevented by an unequipal my realt of have used the word pein but lineasines & heat are words which more bleasant to the A an absolutely consumed by thenher & feeling & books exertion of once or of links the consequences of those feelings. In the last stange of this little poem you will consider the words and she was graugal as the brome My hope was one, from ceties far, That flowers by Carron's side; The bound of the horizon, a heige eliff, hursed on a lonesome heath; But slow distemper checked her bloom asid with soluntary power instinct, les lifes were sed as somes are and on the seath she died. Upriand its head . I struck & obruck again Her hair a wood line wreath. and, growing that in stature the huge cliff Rose up between me & the stars & Tall Long time before her head las The lived among the untrodden way with measured motion like a living thing, is Dead to the world was the: Buside the springs of Dove, throbe after me. with trembling hand I turned, The differ once to me? and through the sount water stole my way a main whom there were none Back to the cavern of the willow hee, and very few to love; There in her mooring place I left my bash, and throngs the mendows homeward went with a violet by a mopy olone The royt poem is a favorite of and serious thought & after I had seen Fair as a star when only on mine 12 of the Dorothy -That exectable for many days my brain worked with a Dem and undeles mined sense I shering in the They; There was a darkent, call it solitude B