

Of the poor menial man, where thriftless
toil

The I love all drear waste
wild

And solitary places, where no fear
we
where you taste

Of man The pleasure of believing what you see
we
Is boundless, as we wish our soul to be

was this [?wide] Ocean shore
And such is the wide [O] Ocean, and this land

More than then drove
As barren as its waves . . . the winds which
drove [bore]

living
The awakening spray along the sunny air,

Heaven was []
[Strand] And that [divinest] [depths] of Heaven laid bare
remotest cope

[profoundest]
Even [to] its deepest [Blue] [by] the keen North

[Were] [From] which; a spirit [like] [broke]
When like one spirit which delight [breaks]
forth

Harmonizing [it]
To harmonize [with] [solitude], & sent

Into our hearts aerial merriment

[So] swift
And as we rode we talked — such talk
it [chanced] [that] I
Winging & the light thought

Winging
Clothing itself in laughter lingered not

But flew [ever] from brain to brain

Charged light hours
Laden with memories of remembered years
[recorded] [years] hours

But ~~[fled]~~ like busy bees from the flowers, to flowers
Charged w ~~But Flew~~ from brain to brain
But flew from lip to lip & brain to brain
But flew from brain to brain, such glee was

ours

Charged ~~like~~ with light memories of remembered

[?hours]

Such pleasant [term] [—————] [as] those

[?shore] oh,

How beautiful is sunset when the glow [flow]

Of Heaven is spread above a land like thee —

Tower—————shade of

Thy mountains & thy towers [erected] Italy