Of the poor menial man, where thriftless toil

The wild
I love all drear waste

And solitary places, where no fear
we where you taste

Of mane The pleasure of believing what you see

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 then 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

[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 [crest] shade of
Thy mountains & thy towers [crest] Italy