

## LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

William Wordsworth.

Henry Waller.

*Quietly, in moderate time.**p* VOICES

heard a thou - sand blend - ed notes while in a grove I sat re - clined, In

heard . . . a thou - sand notes while in . . . a grove re - clined, In

heard a thou - sand blend - ed notes while in a grove I sat re - clined, In

heard . . . a thou - sand blend - ed notes, . . . In

that sweet mood when pleas - ant tho'ts bring sad tho'ts to the mind. Thro'

sad tho'ts to mind.

prim - rose tufts, in that sweet bow'r, the per - i - win - kle trailed its wreaths; And

*a tempo.**cres. e rit.*

'tis my faith that ev - 'ry flow'r en - joys the air it breathes; And

'tis my faith that ev - 'ry flow'r en - joys the air it breathes.