My Days have been so wondrous free &c

F. H. —

Sym

My Days have been so wondrous free the

little Birds that fly with careless Ease from Tree to Tree were but as blest as I, were but as blest as

I. Sym

Ask gliding Waters if a Tear of mine encreas'd their Stream & ask the

breathing Gales if e'er I lent a Sigh to th= = = em I lent a Sigh to them.