

It was with joy that I first ~~heard~~ you smile,
 It was with joy that I first heard you speak,
 You give me such great pleasure for the while
 In which I see you, dear, one day each week.

It was with joy that I first saw you walk
 It was with joy that I first heard you laugh
 The smooth & soothing cadence of your
 talk

To like ripe kernels mixed with so much chaff.

Atmospherical.

I saw the sunlight eddying thru the trees,
 The frosty trees, grey black against the sky.
 It sparkled on the glittering frozen boughs
 in shining beauty falling from on high.

I saw the moonlight gleaming on the sword,
 the frosty sword, with whis upon its brow.
 It had a look of some phantasy
 that chills my soul when thinking of it now.