Nightingales
Robert Bridges

Beau-ti-ful must be the moun-tains whence ye come, and bright in the fruit-ful val-leys the

streams, where-from ye learn your song: where

are those star-ry woods? O might I

wan-dер there, a-mong the flo-wers, which in that hea-ven-ly air bloom the year long!

Nay, bar-ren are those moun-tains and spent the streams: our song is the voice of de-si-re, that haunts our

dreams, a throe of the heart, whose pi-ning vi-sions dim,

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