

Do you know the tradition of the swan, which seldom sounds his voice, but begins to sing shortly before its death a harmonious song. I believed also to have sung yesterday my sweet song, but it is not in my power to aspire after happy moments, and you shall hear me still repeatedly. If I would write every thought out of my heart, I would describe many sheets and begin anew and had never written the whole, But that will pass, turning them no more upon you: then into, you lie in good tranquillity. The way to you is then the recollection, it must be to me apparition and discourse; might it be ever present to me, losing nothing of your lessons and your inclination.

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