

SONG - THE TEMPEST

I love to sit, and list unto  
The mighty roaring wind,  
For O, it seems to bring me joy,  
It seems to cheer my mind.

When in my little room at night,  
Alone in bed I lie,  
What rapture is the sound to me  
Of the wild tempest's cry.

All night I lie awake to list  
Unto the storm so wild,  
And louder as the winds do rage,  
The more I'm reconciled.

For O, 'tis music unto me,  
Which doth my soul engage,  
No earthly thing can sooth my heart,  
Like as the storms that rage.

Then howl around me bitter winds,  
O wail, and sigh, and roar,  
I love to list unto your power  
Against my cottage door.

For like the world your voice it is,  
That rails against one so,  
But O 'tis bliss to have no care,  
To let it rail and go.