The trees were quiet, and the blue, blue water lay under the warmth of late summer. Lay under the warmth the warmth of late summer. The trees were quiet, and the
Blue—water lay under the warm, the warmth of late summer.

Hardly moving with the slow, slow tide.

It seemed that for a long long moment, I went out a cross it and a—

A poco

Alla grande

way, A way into that distant music.

That way

mollo dimin.

Sustain without striking.