EARLY one morning by the shores of 1802 I heard a sweetest bird song, arising in a voice of such beautiful quality, so clear and distinct, and so true to the notes that it could be easily written down. It made a record of its sweetest and purest notes, and the notes that I heard were so true that it was easy to write them down. The bird sang beautifully and gracefully, and it was beautiful in its melody, and it was beautiful in its singing. It was beautiful in its voice, and it was beautiful in its notes. It was beautiful in its song, and it was beautiful in its melody.