A round for any number of singers, imitation beginning at any measure.

When you sail on harmonic bay, so blue, so cool you sail a-way. The ear, in tune with nature's ebb and play, lays course in concord with the uni-verse. Away! We're going to run all night! Sweet morning light reveals the un-tiring horizon of silence, where winds mix sonor-i-ties, and ev'-ry shore's a sure ha-ven. Liquid is the lemon moon skipping on the sil-ver sound, (Supp, supp. Supp, supp. Supp, supp.)

here, where mem-o ries sigh on Lyd-ian seas, when you sail.