

Soprano

The Lake

Edgar Allan Poe

Nathan Shirley

♩ = Lento
5

Pno. *8va* **3** **3**

mp In Spring of youth it was my lot To

9
haunt of the wide world a spot The which I could not love the

12
less So love-ly was the lone-li-ness Of a wi-ld lake, with black rock bound,

16
And the t - all pines that tower'd a - round. **5** Pno. **5** **5** But

24
when the Night had thrown her pall U - pon that spot, as u - pon all,

28
And the mys - tic wind went by Mur - mur - ing in me - lo - dy

31
Then *mf* as then I would a - wake *mp* To the ter - ror of the l - one lake.

35
6

g_{vb} f

mine Could teach or bribe me to de-fine Nor love al-though the Love we-re thine.

mp

For him who thence could so - lace bring

 f

mp