

Soprano

The Lake

Edgar Allan Poe

Nathan Shirley

Pno. *8va* 3 3
♩ = Lento 5

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 tall pines that tower'd a-round. 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 as then I would a - wake mp To the ter-ror of the lone lake.
mf

35

6

2

Soprano

41 Pno.

&vib.

mf Yet that ter - ror was not fright,

43

f But a tre - mu-lous de - light

mf A fee - ling not the je-welled

46

mine Could teach or bribe me to de-fine

Nor love al-although the Love we-re thine.

50

mp Death was in that poiso-nous wave,

And in its gulf a fi - tting grave

53

For him who thence could so - lace bring

55

To his lone im - ag - in - ing

f Whose so - li - ta - ry soul could make

58

mp An E - den of that dim lake.

8