

## The Lake

by Edgar Allan Poe

In spring of youth it was my lot  
To haunt of the wide world a spot  
The which I could not love the less -  
So lovely was the loneliness  
Of a wild lake, with black rock bound,  
And the tall pines that towered around.

But when the Night had thrown her pall  
Upon that spot, as upon all,  
And the mystic wind went by  
Murmuring in melody -  
Then - ah then I would awake  
To the terror of the lone lake.

Yet that terror was not fright,  
But a tremulous delight -  
A feeling not the jewelled mine  
Could teach or bribe me to define -  
Nor Love- although the Love were thine.

Death was in that poisonous wave,  
And in its gulf a fitting grave  
For him who thence could solace bring  
To his lone imagining -  
Whose solitary soul could make  
An Eden of that dim lake.