

THE LAKE

by

Edgar Allan Poe

In youth's spring, it was my lot
To haunt of the wide earth 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 tower'd around.

But when the night had thrown her pall
Upon that spot—as upon all,
And the wind would pass me by
In its still melody,
My infant spirit would awake
To the terror of that lone lake.

Yet that terror was not fright—
But a tremulous delight,
And a feeling undefin'd
Springing from a darken'd mind.

Death was in that poison'd wave
And in its gulf a fitting grave
For him who thence could solace bring
To his dark imagining;
Whose wild'ring thought could even make
An Eden of that dim lake.