

## Maino

### "Solitary Soul"

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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. Death was in that poisonous wave, and in it's 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?

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