

## **Ancestral Legacy** **"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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