

Eiric LLemmunom

## To Mary

Beloved! Amid the earnest woes
That crowd around my earthly path-
(Dread path, alas! Where grows
Not even on lonely rose) -
My soul at least a solace hath
In dreams of thee, and therein knows
An Eden of bland repose.
And thus thy memory is to me
Like some enchanted far-off isle
In some tumultuous sea -
Some ocean throbbing far and free
With storms - but where meanwhile Serenest skies continually

Just o'er that one bright island smile.

## The Arrow and the Song

I shot an arrow into the air, It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.
I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?
Long, long afterward, in an oak, I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end, I found again in the heart of a friend.

- Henry Wadsworth Longfellow


## Hymn

At morn-at noon-at twilight dim-
Maria! Thou has heard my hymn!
In joy and woe - in good and ill-
Mother of God, be with me still!
When the Hours flew brightly by,
And not a cloud obscured the sky,
My soul, lest it should truant be,
Thy grace did guide to thine and thee;
Now, when storms of Fate o'ercast
Darkly my Present and me Past,
Let my Future radiant shine
With sweet hopes of thee and thine!

> - Edgar Allan Poe

## Sonnet 138

When my love swears that she is made of truth I do believe her, though I know she lies, That she might think me some untutor'd youth, Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young. Although she knows my days are past the best, Simply I credit her false speaking tongue:
On both side thus is simple truth suppress'd:
But wherefore says she not she is unjust??
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O! love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her and she with me, And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

- William Shakespeare


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## Molto Adagio $d=50$

Mezzo-soprano





Sonnet 138



M-S.




M-S.


M-S.














Tempo primo





