

The Wooded Lake (193_) [1917]

Edward Joseph Collins, music and words

The moon-beams played among the water lilies,
and sparkled on the snow-white petals.

Earth and stars were wrapped in stillness,
the while they slept and dreamed of love.

A night bird called from the sombre shore,
its note of mysterious longing.

And into my heart crept the sadness of beauty,
while earth and stars still dream of love.

The moon-beams played among the water lilies,
and sparkled on the snow-white petals,

And you were not there with me.