Charles Griffes

Three Tone-Pictures

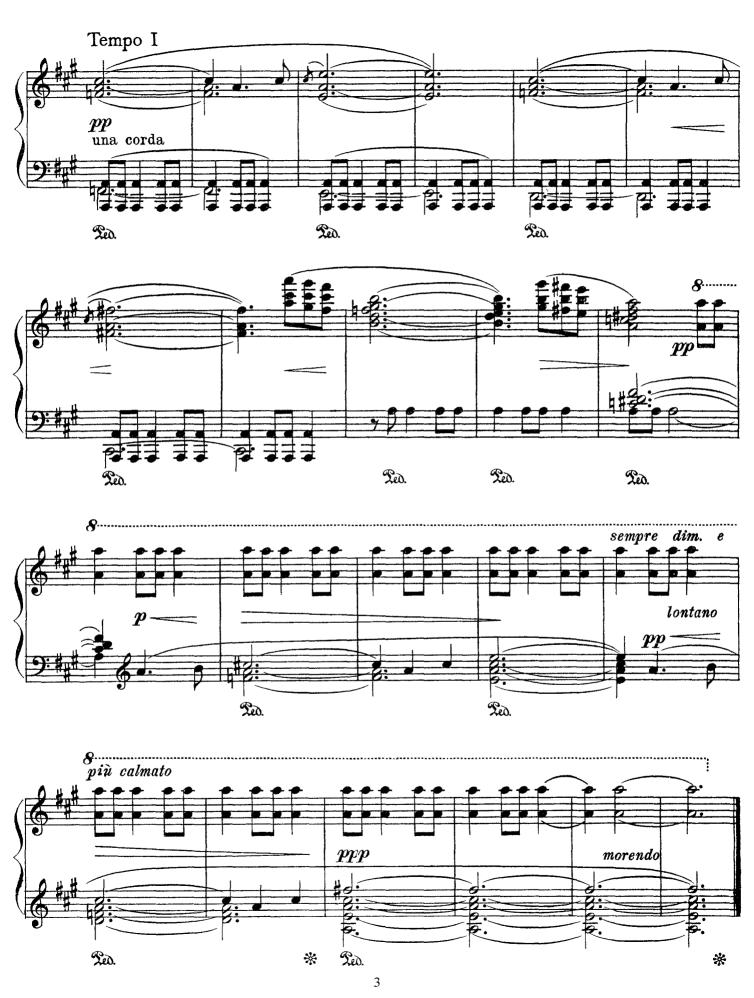
The Lake At Evening Op. 5, No. 1

... for always ...

I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore . . .







The Vale Of Dreams

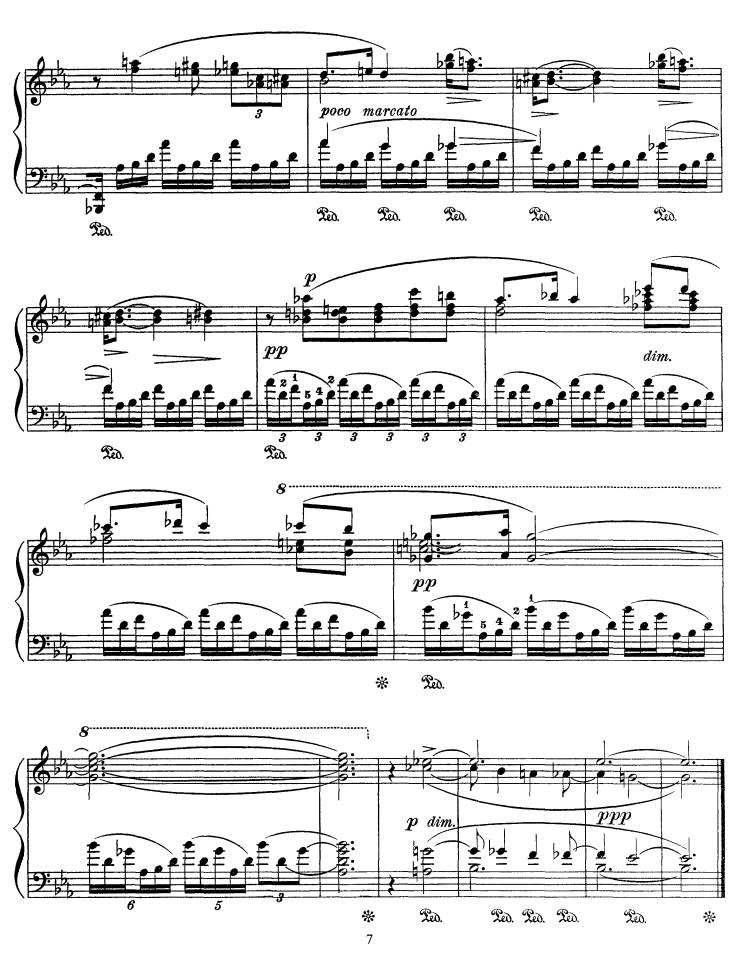
Op. 5, No. 2

At midnight, in the month of June, I stand beneath the mystic moon. An opiate vapour, dewy, dim, exhales from out her golden rim, and, softly dripping, drop by drop, upon the quiet mountain top, steals drowsily and musically into the universal alley -- Poe. *The Sleep*









The Night Winds

Op. 5, No. 3

But when the night had thrown her pall upon that spot, as upon all, and the mystic wind went by mumuring in melody - then - ah then I would awake to the terror of the lone lake. -- Poe, *The Lake*

