

A lush green forest scene with sunlight filtering through the trees. The image is dominated by vibrant green foliage, including ferns and various types of trees. Sunlight creates a bright, glowing path through the center of the forest, illuminating the ground and the lower branches of the trees. The overall atmosphere is serene and natural.

Mike Young

# The Forest Reverie

Poem by Edgar Allan Poe

Autumn 2025

# The Forest Reverie

for Soprano, Flute & Violoncello

Edgar Allan Poe

Mike Young

Andante ♩ = c. 84

Soprano

Flute

Violoncello

*mp*

'Tis said,

*mp*

4

S.

Fl.

Vc.

'Tis said, that when the

*mp*

*mp*

8

S.

Fl.

Vc.

hand of men tamed this pri - mev-al wood, \_\_\_\_\_

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

*mp*

13

S.

Fl.

Vc.

*mp*

arco

17

S.

Fl.

Vc.

*mp*

And hoar-y trees with groans of wo, — Like war - ri - ors — by an

20

S.

Fl.

Vc.

*p*

*mf*

*mf*

*sfz*

*sfz*

*p*

un-known-foe, Were in their strength sub-dued,

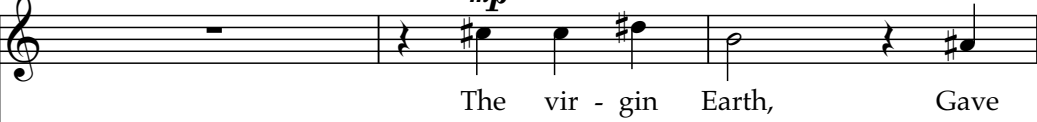
23 **A**


S. 


Fl.  *mp*

Vc.  *mp*


26


S.  *mp*  
The vir - gin Earth, Gave


Fl.  *mf* *mp*

Vc.  *mf* *mp*

29

S.  *mf*  
in - stant birth, To springs that ne'er did

Fl.  *mf*

Vc.  *mf* pizz.

33

S. *flow*

Fl.

Vc. *arco*  
*mf*

37

S. That

Fl.

Vc.

41

S. *molto rit.* *A tempo* ♩ = c. 84  
in the sun\_ Did riv-u-lets run,\_ And all a-round, rare

Fl.

Vc.

45

S. *f*  
 flow - ers did blow, The wild rose pale, Per -

Fl. *f*

Vc. *f*

48

S. **B** *mp*  
 fumed the gale, And the queen - ly

Fl. *mp* *tr*

Vc. *mp*

51

S. *mf*  
 -lil - y a - down the dale

Fl. *mf* *tr*

Vc. *mf* *sul tasto*

molto rit. A tempo ♩ = c. 84

55 *p* *f*

S. dale \_\_\_\_\_ (Whom the sun and the dew

Fl. *p* *tr* *f*

Vc. *p*

59

S. \_\_\_\_\_ And the winds, the winds did woo) \_\_\_\_\_

Fl. *f*

Vc. pizz. *f*

62

S. \_\_\_\_\_ With the gourd and the grape, \_\_\_\_\_ lu -

Fl. *mp*

Vc. arco *mp*

rit. *f* C A tempo ♩ = c. 84

65

S. *f*  
xu ri - ant grew.

Fl. *mp*

Vc. *mp*

69

S. *mp*  
So when in tears The love of

Fl.

Vc.

72

S. *f* *> p* *p*  
years Is was-ted as the snow, And the

Fl. *f* *> p*

Vc. *f* *pizz.* *arco* *p*

76

S. fine fib - rils of its life, By the

Fl. *p*

Vc.

79

S. rude wrong of in - stant strife Are bro - ken at a

Fl. *f*

Vc. *f*

82

S. blow, With - in the heart\_

Fl. *mf*

Vc. *mf* pizz. arco

86

S. Do springs up - start,

Fl.

Vc.

89

S. Of which it doth now know, And strange,——

Fl.

Vc.

92

S. sweet dreams, That from new foun - tains ov - er

Fl.

Vc.

96

S. 
  
flow, With the ear-li-er tide, Of riv - ers

Fl.

Vc.

99

*molto rit.* *mp* *A tempo* ♩ = c. 84

S. 
  
glide Deep in the heart whose hope has

Fl. 
  
*mp*

Vc. 
  
*mp*

102

*f* *molto rit.* *mp* *mf* *A tempo* ♩ = c. 84

S. 
  
died, hope has died,

Fl. 
  
*f* *mp* *mf*

Vc. 
  
*f* *mp* *mf*

106

S. *mp* *3* *3*  
 Quen-ching the fires— its ash— es

Fl. *mp*

Vc. *mp*

110

S. *mf* *3*  
 hide— Its ash - es, whence will

Fl. *mf*

Vc. *mf* *pizz.* *arco* *mp*

114 *mp* *mp* *f*

S. *mp* *mp* *f*  
 spring and grow,— grow

Fl. *mp* *mp* *f*

Vc. *mp* *f*

118

S. *mp*  
Sweet flow - ers, ere long, The rare long and

Fl. *mp*

Vc. *mp*

121

S. *mp*  
ra - di - ant flow - ers of

Fl. *mp*

Vc. *mp*

123

S. *molto rit.*  
song! of song!

Fl. *pp* *mp*

Vc. *pp* *mp*

# The Forest Reverie

## by Edgar Allan Poe

'Tis said that when  
 The hands of men  
 Tamed this primeval wood,  
 And hoary trees with groans of wo,  
 Like warriors by an unknown foe,  
 Were in their strength subdued,  
 The virgin Earth  
 Gave instant birth  
 To springs that ne'er did flow—  
 That in the sun  
 Did rivulets run,  
 And all around rare flowers did blow—  
 The wild rose pale  
 Perfumed the gale,  
 And the queenly lily adown the dale  
 (Whom the sun and the dew  
 And the winds did woo),  
 With the gourd and the grape luxuriant grew.

So when in tears  
 The love of years  
 Is wasted like the snow,  
 And the fine fibrils of its life  
 By the rude wrong of instant strife  
 Are broken at a blow—  
 Within the heart  
 Do springs upstart  
 Of which it doth now know,  
 And strange, sweet dreams,  
 Like silent streams  
 That from new fountains overflow,  
 With the earlier tide  
 Of rivers glide  
 Deep in the heart whose hope has died—  
 Quenching the fires its ashes hide,—  
 Its ashes, whence will spring and grow  
 Sweet flowers, ere long,—  
 The rare and radiant flowers of song!