

# The Trav'ler Stands Perplexed



From The Seasons

F.J. Haydn

**Recit. *p tranquillo* Recitative and Aria.**

A crys-tal pave-ment lies the lake; Ar-rest-ed stands the ra-pid  
stream; And o'er the lof-ty cliff the tor-rent hangs With i-dle threat and seeming roar.  
The leaf-less woods no more re-sound, The fields are hid, the val-leys chok'd, With  
heaps im-mense of drift-ed snow; The drea-ry earth ap-pears a  
grave, Where Nature's splendour lies conceal'd; A death-like hue o'er all prevails,  
And o'er the wild and bleak expanse Pale Desolation spreads her wings.