

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **Edgar Allan Poe**

**- poems -**

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### **Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849)**

Poe was born in Massachusetts, the son of travelling actors David and Elizabeth Arnold Poe. His mother died when he was two and his father was an alcoholic, so Poe went to live with a prosperous Scottish tobacco merchant, John Allan, in Richmond. Allan always refused to adopt Poe which led to bad feeling between the two of them.

Poe was educated at Stoke Newington in London from 1815-20. Despite considerable academic success his gambling debts forced him to leave the University of Virginia, where he had gone to study, after one year. By 1827 Poe, with typical restlessness, had moved from Boston to Richmond and then back to Boston again. He gained a good reputation in the army which he joined in 1827, but spent a miserable year at the US Military Academy at West Point in 1830, before being dishonourably discharged.

Poe stayed in Baltimore from 1831-35 and began writing more seriously. In 1836 he married his 13 year old cousin, Virginia. He had been working as a journalist since 1831, earning a bare minimum to survive, and from 1835-37 edited the Southern Literary Messenger.

His short stories reveal a fascination with emotional extremes, particularly fear, though his essays show that he was capable of being objective and critical.

In 1844 Poe moved to New York, but despite popular acclaim his life was still wretched. Virginia died of tuberculosis in 1847 and Poe, still poor and an alcoholic, died in Baltimore two years later.

## **A Dream**

In visions of the dark night  
I have dreamed of joy departed-  
But a waking dream of life and light  
Hath left me broken-hearted.

Ah! what is not a dream by day  
To him whose eyes are cast  
On things around him with a ray  
Turned back upon the past?

That holy dream- that holy dream,  
While all the world were chiding,  
Hath cheered me as a lovely beam  
A lonely spirit guiding.

What though that light, thro' storm and night,  
So trembled from afar-  
What could there be more purely bright  
In Truth's day-star?

Edgar Allan Poe

## **A Dream Within A Dream**

Take this kiss upon the brow!  
And, in parting from you now,  
Thus much let me avow-  
You are not wrong, who deem  
That my days have been a dream;  
Yet if hope has flown away  
In a night, or in a day,  
In a vision, or in none,  
Is it therefore the less gone?  
All that we see or seem  
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar  
Of a surf-tormented shore,  
And I hold within my hand  
Grains of the golden sand-  
How few! yet how they creep  
Through my fingers to the deep,  
While I weep- while I weep!  
O God! can I not grasp  
Them with a tighter clasp?  
O God! can I not save  
One from the pitiless wave?  
Is all that we see or seem  
But a dream within a dream?

Edgar Allan Poe

## **A pÆan**

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Edgar Allan Poe

## A Valentine

For her this rhyme is penned, whose luminous eyes,  
Brightly expressive as the twins of Leda,  
Shall find her own sweet name, that nestling lies  
Upon the page, enwrapped from every reader.  
Search narrowly the lines!- they hold a treasure  
Divine- a talisman- an amulet  
That must be worn at heart. Search well the measure-  
The words- the syllables! Do not forget  
The trivialest point, or you may lose your labor  
And yet there is in this no Gordian knot  
Which one might not undo without a sabre,  
If one could merely comprehend the plot.  
Enwritten upon the leaf where now are peering  
Eyes scintillating soul, there lie perdus  
Three eloquent words oft uttered in the hearing  
Of poets, by poets- as the name is a poet's, too,  
Its letters, although naturally lying  
Like the knight Pinto- Mendez Ferdinando-  
Still form a synonym for Truth- Cease trying!  
You will not read the riddle, though you do the best you can do.

Edgar Allan Poe

## Al Araaf

### PART I

O! nothing earthly save the ray  
(Thrown back from flowers) of Beauty's eye,  
As in those gardens where the day  
Springs from the gems of Circassy-  
O! nothing earthly save the thrill  
Of melody in woodland rill-  
Or (music of the passion-hearted)  
Joy's voice so peacefully departed  
That like the murmur in the shell,  
Its echo dwelleth and will dwell-  
Oh, nothing of the dross of ours-  
Yet all the beauty- all the flowers  
That list our Love, and deck our bowers-  
Adorn yon world afar, afar-  
The wandering star.

'Twas a sweet time for Nesace- for there  
Her world lay lolling on the golden air,  
Near four bright suns- a temporary rest-  
An oasis in desert of the blest.  
Away- away- 'mid seas of rays that roll  
Empyrean splendor o'er th' unchained soul-  
The soul that scarce (the billows are so dense)  
Can struggle to its destin'd eminence,-  
To distant spheres, from time to time, she rode  
And late to ours, the favor'd one of God-  
But, now, the ruler of an anchor'd realm,  
She throws aside the sceptre- leaves the helm,  
And, amid incense and high spiritual hymns,  
Laves in quadruple light her angel limbs.

Now happiest, loveliest in yon lovely Earth,  
Whence sprang the "Idea of Beauty" into birth,  
(Falling in wreaths thro' many a startled star,  
Like woman's hair 'mid pearls, until, afar,  
It lit on hills Achaian, and there dwelt)  
She looked into Infinity- and knelt.  
Rich clouds, for canopies, about her curled-  
Fit emblems of the model of her world-  
Seen but in beauty- not impeding sight  
Of other beauty glittering thro' the light-  
A wreath that twined each starry form around,  
And all the opal'd air in color bound.

All hurriedly she knelt upon a bed  
Of flowers: of lilies such as rear'd the head  
On the fair Capo Deucato, and sprang  
So eagerly around about to hang  
Upon the flying footsteps of- deep pride-  
Of her who lov'd a mortal- and so died.

The Sephalica, budding with young bees,  
 Upreared its purple stem around her knees:-  
 And gemmy flower, of Trebizond misnam'd-  
 Inmate of highest stars, where erst it sham'd  
 All other loveliness:- its honied dew  
 (The fabled nectar that the heathen knew)  
 Deliriously sweet, was dropp'd from Heaven,  
 And fell on gardens of the unforgiven  
 In Trebizond- and on a sunny flower  
 So like its own above that, to this hour,  
 It still remaineth, torturing the bee  
 With madness, and unwonted reverie:  
 In Heaven, and all its environs, the leaf  
 And blossom of the fairy plant in grief  
 Disconsolate linger- grief that hangs her head,  
 Repenting follies that full long have Red,  
 Heaving her white breast to the balmy air,  
 Like guilty beauty, chasten'd and more fair:  
 Nyctanthes too, as sacred as the light  
 She fears to perfume, perfuming the night:  
 And Clytia, pondering between many a sun,  
 While pettish tears adown her petals run:  
 And that aspiring flower that sprang on Earth,  
 And died, ere scarce exalted into birth,  
 Bursting its odorous heart in spirit to wing  
 Its way to Heaven, from garden of a king:  
 And Valisnerian lotus, thither flown"  
 From struggling with the waters of the Rhone:  
 And thy most lovely purple perfume, Zante!  
 Isola d'oro!- Fior di Levante!  
 And the Nelumbo bud that floats for ever  
 With Indian Cupid down the holy river-  
 Fair flowers, and fairy! to whose care is given  
 To bear the Goddess' song, in odors, up to Heaven:

"Spirit! that dwellest where,  
     In the deep sky,  
 The terrible and fair,  
     In beauty vie!  
 Beyond the line of blue-  
     The boundary of the star  
 Which turneth at the view  
     Of thy barrier and thy bar-  
 Of the barrier overgone  
     By the comets who were cast  
 From their pride and from their throne  
     To be drudges till the last-  
 To be carriers of fire  
     (The red fire of their heart)  
 With speed that may not tire  
     And with pain that shall not part-  
 Who livest- that we know-

In Eternity- we feel-  
But the shadow of whose brow  
What spirit shall reveal?  
Tho' the beings whom thy Nesace,  
Thy messenger hath known  
Have dream'd for thy Infinity  
A model of their own-  
Thy will is done, O God!  
The star hath ridden high  
Thro' many a tempest, but she rode  
Beneath thy burning eye;  
And here, in thought, to thee-  
In thought that can alone  
Ascend thy empire and so be  
A partner of thy throne-  
By winged Fantasy,  
My embassy is given,  
Till secrecy shall knowledge be  
In the environs of Heaven."

She ceas'd- and buried then her burning cheek  
Abash'd, amid the lilies there, to seek  
A shelter from the fervor of His eye;  
For the stars trembled at the Deity.  
She stirr'd not- breath'd not- for a voice was there  
How solemnly pervading the calm air!  
A sound of silence on the startled ear  
Which dreamy poets name "the music of the sphere."  
Ours is a world of words: Quiet we call  
"Silence"- which is the merest word of all.  
All Nature speaks, and ev'n ideal things  
Flap shadowy sounds from visionary wings-  
But ah! not so when, thus, in realms on high  
The eternal voice of God is passing by,  
And the red winds are withering in the sky:-

"What tho 'in worlds which sightless cycles run,  
Linked to a little system, and one sun-  
Where all my love is folly and the crowd  
Still think my terrors but the thunder cloud,  
The storm, the earthquake, and the ocean-wrath-  
(Ah! will they cross me in my angrier path?)  
What tho' in worlds which own a single sun  
The sands of Time grow dimmer as they run,  
Yet thine is my resplendency, so given  
To bear my secrets thro' the upper Heaven!  
Leave tenantless thy crystal home, and fly,  
With all thy train, athwart the moony sky-  
Apart- like fire-flies in Sicilian night,  
And wing to other worlds another light!  
Divulge the secrets of thy embassy  
To the proud orbs that twinkle- and so be

To ev'ry heart a barrier and a ban  
Lest the stars totter in the guilt of man!"

Up rose the maiden in the yellow night,  
The single-mooned eve!- on Earth we plight  
Our faith to one love- and one moon adore-  
The birth-place of young Beauty had no more.  
As sprang that yellow star from downy hours  
Up rose the maiden from her shrine of flowers,  
And bent o'er sheeny mountains and dim plain  
Her way, but left not yet her Therasaeon reign.

PART II

High on a mountain of enamell'd head-  
Such as the drowsy shepherd on his bed  
Of giant pasturage lying at his ease,  
Raising his heavy eyelid, starts and sees  
With many a mutter'd "hope to be forgiven"  
What time the moon is quadrated in Heaven-  
Of rosy head that, towering far away  
Into the sunlit ether, caught the ray  
Of sunken suns at eve- at noon of night,  
While the moon danc'd with the fair stranger light-  
Uprear'd upon such height arose a pile  
Of gorgeous columns on th' unburthen'd air,  
Flashing from Parian marble that twin smile  
Far down upon the wave that sparkled there,  
And nursled the young mountain in its lair.  
Of molten stars their pavement, such as fall  
Thro' the ebon air, besilvering the pall  
Of their own dissolution, while they die-  
Adorning then the dwellings of the sky.  
A dome, by linked light from Heaven let down,  
Sat gently on these columns as a crown-  
A window of one circular diamond, there,  
Look'd out above into the purple air,  
And rays from God shot down that meteor chain  
And hallow'd all the beauty twice again,  
Save, when, between th' empyrean and that ring,  
Some eager spirit Flapp'd his dusky wing.  
But on the pillars Seraph eyes have seen  
The dimness of this world: that greyish green  
That Nature loves the best Beauty's grave  
Lurk'd in each cornice, round each architrave-  
And every sculptur'd cherub thereabout  
That from his marble dwelling peered out,  
Seem'd earthly in the shadow of his niche-  
Achaian statues in a world so rich!  
Friezes from Tadmor and Persepolis-  
From Balbec, and the stilly, clear abyss  
Of beautiful Gomorrah! O, the wave  
Is now upon thee- but too late to save!

Sound loves to revel in a summer night:  
Witness the murmur of the grey twilight  
That stole upon the ear, in Eyraco,  
Of many a wild star-gazer long ago-  
That stealeth ever on the ear of him  
Who, musing, gazeth on the distance dim,  
And sees the darkness coming as a cloud-  
Is not its form- its voice- most palpable and loud?

But what is this?- it cometh, and it brings  
A music with it- 'tis the rush of wings-  
A pause- and then a sweeping, falling strain  
And Nesace is in her halls again.  
From the wild energy of wanton haste  
Her cheeks were flushing, and her lips apart;  
And zone that clung around her gentle waist  
Had burst beneath the heaving of her heart.  
Within the centre of that hall to breathe,  
She paused and panted, Zante! all beneath,  
The fairy light that kiss'd her golden hair  
And long'd to rest, yet could but sparkle there.

Young flowers were whispering in melody  
To happy flowers that night- and tree to tree;  
Fountains were gushing music as they fell  
In many a star-lit grove, or moon-lit dell;  
Yet silence came upon material things-  
Fair flowers, bright waterfalls and angel wings-  
And sound alone that from the spirit sprang  
Bore burthen to the charm the maiden sang:

"'Neath the blue-bell or streamer-  
Or tufted wild spray  
That keeps, from the dreamer,  
The moonbeam away-  
Bright beings! that ponder,  
With half closing eyes,  
On the stars which your wonder  
Hath drawn from the skies,  
Till they glance thro' the shade, and  
Come down to your brow  
Like- eyes of the maiden  
Who calls on you now-  
Arise! from your dreaming  
In violet bowers,  
To duty beseeming  
These star-litten hours-  
And shake from your tresses  
Encumber'd with dew  
The breath of those kisses  
That cumber them too-

(O! how, without you, Love!  
Could angels be blest?)  
Those kisses of true Love  
That lull'd ye to rest!  
Up!- shake from your wing  
Each hindering thing:  
The dew of the night-  
It would weigh down your flight  
And true love caresses-  
O, leave them apart!  
They are light on the tresses,  
But lead on the heart.

Ligeia! Ligeia!  
My beautiful one!  
Whose harshest idea  
Will to melody run,  
O! is it thy will  
On the breezes to toss?  
Or, capriciously still,  
Like the lone Albatros,  
Incumbent on night  
(As she on the air)  
To keep watch with delight  
On the harmony there?

Ligeia! wherever  
Thy image may be,  
No magic shall sever  
Thy music from thee.  
Thou hast bound many eyes  
In a dreamy sleep-  
But the strains still arise  
Which thy vigilance keep-  
The sound of the rain,  
Which leaps down to the flower-  
And dances again  
In the rhythm of the shower-  
The murmur that springs  
From the growing of grass  
Are the music of things-  
But are modell'd, alas!-  
Away, then, my dearest,  
Oh! hie thee away  
To the springs that lie clearest  
Beneath the moon-ray-  
To lone lake that smiles,  
In its dream of deep rest,  
At the many star-isles  
That enjewel its breast-  
Where wild flowers, creeping,  
Have mingled their shade,

On its margin is sleeping  
 Full many a maid-  
 Some have left the cool glade, and  
 Have slept with the bee-  
 Arouse them, my maiden,  
 On moorland and lea-  
 Go! breathe on their slumber,  
 All softly in ear,  
 Thy musical number  
 They slumbered to hear-  
 For what can awaken  
 An angel so soon,  
 Whose sleep hath been taken  
 Beneath the cold moon,  
 As the spell which no slumber  
 Of witchery may test,  
 The rhythmical number  
 Which lull'd him to rest?"

Spirits in wing, and angels to the view,  
 A thousand seraphs burst th' Empyrean thro',  
 Young dreams still hovering on their drowsy flight-  
 Seraphs in all but "Knowledge," the keen light  
 That fell, refracted, thro' thy bounds, afar,  
 O Death! from eye of God upon that star:  
 Sweet was that error- sweeter still that death-  
 Sweet was that error- even with us the breath  
 Of Science dims the mirror of our joy-  
 To them 'twere the Simoom, and would destroy-  
 For what (to them) availeth it to know  
 That Truth is Falsehood- or that Bliss is Woe?  
 Sweet was their death- with them to die was rife  
 With the last ecstasy of satiate life-  
 Beyond that death no immortality-  
 But sleep that pondereth and is not "to be!-  
 And there- oh! may my weary spirit dwell-  
 Apart from Heaven's Eternity- and yet how far from Hell!  
 What guilty spirit, in what shrubbery dim,  
 Heard not the stirring summons of that hymn?  
 But two: they fell: for Heaven no grace imparts  
 To those who hear not for their beating hearts.  
 A maiden-angel and her seraph-lover-  
 O! where (and ye may seek the wide skies over)  
 Was Love, the blind, near sober Duty known?  
 Unguided Love hath fallen- 'mid "tears of perfect moan."  
 He was a goodly spirit- he who fell:  
 A wanderer by moss-y-mantled well-  
 A gazer on the lights that shine above-  
 A dreamer in the moonbeam by his love:  
 What wonder? for each star is eye-like there,  
 And looks so sweetly down on Beauty's hair-  
 And they, and ev'ry mossy spring were holy

To his love-haunted heart and melancholy.  
The night had found (to him a night of woe)  
Upon a mountain crag, young Angelo-  
Beetling it bends athwart the solemn sky,  
And scowls on starry worlds that down beneath it lie.  
Here sat he with his love- his dark eye bent  
With eagle gaze along the firmament:  
Now turn'd it upon her- but ever then  
It trembled to the orb of EARTH again.

"Ianthe, dearest, see- how dim that ray!  
How lovely 'tis to look so far away!  
She seem'd not thus upon that autumn eve  
I left her gorgeous halls- nor mourn'd to leave.  
That eve- that eve- I should remember well-  
The sun-ray dropp'd in Lemnos, with a spell  
On th' arabesque carving of a gilded hall  
Wherein I sate, and on the draperied wall-  
And on my eyelids- O the heavy light!  
How drowsily it weigh'd them into night!  
On flowers, before, and mist, and love they ran  
With Persian Saadi in his Gulistan:  
But O that light!- I slumber'd- Death, the while,  
Stole o'er my senses in that lovely isle  
So softly that no single silken hair  
Awoke that slept- or knew that he was there.

"The last spot of Earth's orb I trod upon  
Was a proud temple call'd the Parthenon;  
More beauty clung around her column'd wall  
Than ev'n thy glowing bosom beats withal,  
And when old Time my wing did disenthral  
Thence sprang I- as the eagle from his tower,  
And years I left behind me in an hour.  
What time upon her airy bounds I hung,  
One half the garden of her globe was flung  
Unrolling as a chart unto my view-  
Tenantless cities of the desert too!  
Ianthe, beauty crowded on me then,  
And half I wish'd to be again of men."

"My Angelo! and why of them to be?  
A brighter dwelling-place is here for thee-  
And greener fields than in yon world above,  
And woman's loveliness- and passionate love."

"But, list, Ianthe! when the air so soft  
Fail'd, as my pennon'd spirit leapt aloft,  
Perhaps my brain grew dizzy- but the world  
I left so late was into chaos hurl'd-  
Sprang from her station, on the winds apart.  
And roll'd, a flame, the fiery Heaven athwart.

Methought, my sweet one, then I ceased to soar  
And fell- not swiftly as I rose before,  
But with a downward, tremulous motion thro'  
Light, brazen rays, this golden star unto!  
Nor long the measure of my falling hours,  
For nearest of all stars was thine to ours-  
Dread star! that came, amid a night of mirth,  
A red Daedalion on the timid Earth."

"We came- and to thy Earth- but not to us  
Be given our lady's bidding to discuss:  
We came, my love; around, above, below,  
Gay fire-fly of the night we come and go,  
Nor ask a reason save the angel-nod  
She grants to us, as granted by her God-  
But, Angelo, than thine grey Time unfurl'd  
Never his fairy wing O'er fairier world!  
Dim was its little disk, and angel eyes  
Alone could see the phantom in the skies,  
When first Al Aaraaf knew her course to be  
Headlong thitherward o'er the starry sea-  
But when its glory swell'd upon the sky,  
As glowing Beauty's bust beneath man's eye,  
We paused before the heritage of men,  
And thy star trembled- as doth Beauty then!"

Thus, in discourse, the lovers whiled away  
The night that waned and waned and brought no day.  
They fell: for Heaven to them no hope imparts  
Who hear not for the beating of their hearts.

Edgar Allan Poe

## Alone

From childhood's hour I have not been  
As others were; I have not seen  
As others saw; I could not bring  
My passions from a common spring.  
From the same source I have not taken  
My sorrow; I could not awaken  
My heart to joy at the same tone;  
And all I loved, I loved alone.  
Then- in my childhood, in the dawn  
Of a most stormy life- was drawn  
From every depth of good and ill  
The mystery which binds me still:  
From the torrent, or the fountain,  
From the red cliff of the mountain,  
From the sun that round me rolled  
In its autumn tint of gold,  
From the lightning in the sky  
As it passed me flying by,  
From the thunder and the storm,  
And the cloud that took the form  
(When the rest of Heaven was blue)  
Of a demon in my view.

Edgar Allan Poe

## An Enigma

"Seldom we find," says Solomon Don Dunce,  
"Half an idea in the profoundest sonnet.  
Through all the flimsy things we see at once  
As easily as through a Naples bonnet-  
Trash of all trash!- how can a lady don it?  
Yet heavier far than your Petrarchan stuff-  
Owl-downy nonsense that the faintest puff  
Twirls into trunk-paper the while you con it."  
And, veritably, Sol is right enough.  
The general tuckermanities are arrant  
Bubbles- ephemeral and so transparent-  
But this is, now- you may depend upon it-  
Stable, opaque, immortal- all by dint  
Of the dear names that he concealed within 't.

Edgar Allan Poe

## Annabel Lee

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea;  
But we loved with a love that was more than love-  
I and my Annabel Lee;  
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her highborn kinsman came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me-  
Yes!- that was the reason (as all men know,  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we-  
Of many far wiser than we-  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling- my darling- my life and my bride,  
In the sepulchre there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Edgar Allan Poe

## Bells, The

### I

Hear the sledges with the bells-  
Silver bells!  
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!  
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
In the icy air of night!  
While the stars that oversprinkle  
All the heavens, seem to twinkle  
With a crystalline delight;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells  
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells-  
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

### II

Hear the mellow wedding bells,  
Golden bells!  
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!  
Through the balmy air of night  
How they ring out their delight!  
From the molten-golden notes,  
And an in tune,  
What a liquid ditty floats  
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats  
On the moon!  
Oh, from out the sounding cells,  
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!  
How it swells!  
How it dwells  
On the Future! how it tells  
Of the rapture that impels  
To the swinging and the ringing  
Of the bells, bells, bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells-  
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

### III

Hear the loud alarum bells-  
Brazen bells!  
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!  
In the startled ear of night  
How they scream out their affright!  
Too much horrified to speak,  
They can only shriek, shriek,  
Out of tune,  
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,

In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,  
Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
With a desperate desire,  
And a resolute endeavor,  
Now- now to sit or never,  
By the side of the pale-faced moon.  
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!  
What a tale their terror tells  
Of Despair!  
How they clang, and clash, and roar!  
What a horror they outpour  
On the bosom of the palpitating air!  
Yet the ear it fully knows,  
By the twanging,  
And the clanging,  
How the danger ebbs and flows:  
Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
In the jangling,  
And the wrangling,  
How the danger sinks and swells,  
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells-  
Of the bells-  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells-  
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

#### IV

Hear the tolling of the bells-  
Iron Bells!  
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!  
In the silence of the night,  
How we shiver with affright  
At the melancholy menace of their tone!  
For every sound that floats  
From the rust within their throats  
Is a groan.  
And the people- ah, the people-  
They that dwell up in the steeple,  
All Alone  
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,  
In that muffled monotone,  
Feel a glory in so rolling  
On the human heart a stone-  
They are neither man nor woman-  
They are neither brute nor human-  
They are Ghouls:  
And their king it is who tolls;  
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,  
Rolls  
A paean from the bells!  
And his merry bosom swells

With the paeon of the bells!  
And he dances, and he yells;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the paeon of the bells-  
Of the bells:  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the throbbing of the bells-  
Of the bells, bells, bells-  
To the sobbing of the bells;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
As he knells, knells, knells,  
In a happy Runic rhyme,  
To the rolling of the bells-  
Of the bells, bells, bells:  
To the tolling of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells-  
Bells, bells, bells-  
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Edgar Allan Poe

## Bridal Ballad

The ring is on my hand,  
And the wreath is on my brow;  
Satin and jewels grand  
Are all at my command,  
And I am happy now.

And my lord he loves me well;  
But, when first he breathed his vow,  
I felt my bosom swell-  
For the words rang as a knell,  
And the voice seemed his who fell  
In the battle down the dell,  
And who is happy now.

But he spoke to re-assure me,  
And he kissed my pallid brow,  
While a reverie came o'er me,  
And to the church-yard bore me,  
And I sighed to him before me,  
Thinking him dead D'Elormie,  
"Oh, I am happy now!"

And thus the words were spoken,  
And this the plighted vow,  
And, though my faith be broken,  
And, though my heart be broken,  
Here is a ring, as token  
That I am happy now!

Would God I could awaken!  
For I dream I know not how!  
And my soul is sorely shaken  
Lest an evil step be taken,-  
Lest the dead who is forsaken  
May not be happy now.

Edgar Allan Poe

## City In The Sea, The

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne  
In a strange city lying alone  
Far down within the dim West,  
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best  
Have gone to their eternal rest.  
There shrines and palaces and towers  
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)  
Resemble nothing that is ours.  
Around, by lifting winds forgot,  
Resignedly beneath the sky  
The melancholy waters he.

No rays from the holy heaven come down  
On the long night-time of that town;  
But light from out the lurid sea  
Streams up the turrets silently-  
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free-  
Up domes- up spires- up kingly halls-  
Up fanes- up Babylon-like walls-  
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers  
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers-  
Up many and many a marvellous shrine  
Whose wreathed friezes intertwine  
The viol, the violet, and the vine.  
Resignedly beneath the sky  
The melancholy waters lie.  
So blend the turrets and shadows there  
That all seem pendulous in air,  
While from a proud tower in the town  
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves  
Yawn level with the luminous waves;  
But not the riches there that lie  
In each idol's diamond eye-  
Not the gaily-jewelled dead  
Tempt the waters from their bed;  
For no ripples curl, alas!  
Along that wilderness of glass-  
No swellings tell that winds may be  
Upon some far-off happier sea-  
No heavings hint that winds have been  
On seas less hideously serene.

But lo, a stir is in the air!  
The wave- there is a movement there!  
As if the towers had thrust aside,  
In slightly sinking, the dull tide-  
As if their tops had feebly given  
A void within the filmy Heaven.  
The waves have now a redder glow-  
The hours are breathing faint and low-

And when, amid no earthly moans,  
Down, down that town shall settle hence,  
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,  
Shall do it reverence.

Edgar Allan Poe

## Coliseum, The

Type of the antique Rome! Rich reliquary  
Of lofty contemplation left to Time  
By buried centuries of pomp and power!  
At length- at length- after so many days  
Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst,  
(Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie,)  
I kneel, an altered and an humble man,  
Amid thy shadows, and so drink within  
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom, and glory!

Vastness! and Age! and Memories of Eld!  
Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!  
I feel ye now- I feel ye in your strength-  
O spells more sure than e'er Judaeen king  
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!  
O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee  
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!  
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,  
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!  
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair  
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle!  
Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled,  
Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,  
Lit by the wan light of the horned moon,  
The swift and silent lizard of the stones!

But stay! these walls- these ivy-clad arcades-  
These moldering plinths- these sad and blackened shafts-  
These vague entablatures- this crumbling frieze-  
These shattered cornices- this wreck- this ruin-  
These stones- alas! these grey stones- are they all-  
All of the famed, and the colossal left  
By the corrosive Hours to Fate and me?

"Not all"- the Echoes answer me- "not all!  
Prophetic sounds and loud, arise forever  
From us, and from all Ruin, unto the wise,  
As melody from Memnon to the Sun.  
We rule the hearts of mightiest men- we rule  
With a despotic sway all giant minds.  
We are not impotent- we pallid stones.  
Not all our power is gone- not all our fame-  
Not all the magic of our high renown-  
Not all the wonder that encircles us-  
Not all the mysteries that in us lie-  
Not all the memories that hang upon  
And cling around about us as a garment,  
Clothing us in a robe of more than glory."

Edgar Allan Poe

## Conqueror Worm, The

Lo! 'tis a gala night  
    Within the lonesome latter years!  
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight  
    In veils, and drowned in tears,  
Sit in a theatre, to see  
    A play of hopes and fears,  
While the orchestra breathes fitfully  
    The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,  
    Mutter and mumble low,  
And hither and thither fly-  
    Mere puppets they, who come and go  
At bidding of vast formless things  
    That shift the scenery to and fro,  
Flapping from out their Condor wings  
    Invisible Woe!

That motley drama- oh, be sure  
    It shall not be forgot!  
With its Phantom chased for evermore,  
    By a crowd that seize it not,  
Through a circle that ever returneth in  
    To the self-same spot,  
And much of Madness, and more of Sin,  
    And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout  
    A crawling shape intrude!  
A blood-red thing that writhes from out  
    The scenic solitude!  
It writhes!- it writhes!- with mortal pangs  
    The mimes become its food,  
And seraphs sob at vermin fangs  
    In human gore imbued.

Out- out are the lights- out all!  
    And, over each quivering form,  
The curtain, a funeral pall,  
    Comes down with the rush of a storm,  
While the angels, all pallid and wan,  
    Uprising, unveiling, affirm  
That the play is the tragedy, "Man,"  
    And its hero the Conqueror Worm.

Edgar Allan Poe

## Dreamland

By a route obscure and lonely,  
    Haunted by ill angels only,  
    Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,  
    On a black throne reigns upright,  
I have reached these lands but newly  
From an ultimate dim Thule-  
From a wild clime that lieth, sublime,  
    Out of SPACE- out of TIME.

Bottomless vales and boundless floods,  
And chasms, and caves, and Titan woods,  
With forms that no man can discover  
For the tears that drip all over;  
Mountains toppling evermore  
Into seas without a shore;  
Seas that restlessly aspire,  
Surging, unto skies of fire;  
Lakes that endlessly outspread  
Their lone waters- lone and dead,-  
Their still waters- still and chilly  
With the snows of the lolling lily.

By the lakes that thus outspread  
Their lone waters, lone and dead,-  
Their sad waters, sad and chilly  
With the snows of the lolling lily,-  
By the mountains- near the river  
Murmuring lowly, murmuring ever,-  
By the grey woods,- by the swamp  
Where the toad and the newt encamp-  
By the dismal tarns and pools  
    Where dwell the Ghouls,-  
By each spot the most unholy-  
In each nook most melancholy-  
There the traveller meets aghast  
Sheeted Memories of the Past-  
Shrouded forms that start and sigh  
As they pass the wanderer by-  
White-robed forms of friends long given,  
In agony, to the Earth- and Heaven.

For the heart whose woes are legion  
'Tis a peaceful, soothing region-  
For the spirit that walks in shadow  
'Tis- oh, 'tis an Eldorado!  
But the traveller, travelling through it,  
May not- dare not openly view it!  
Never its mysteries are exposed  
To the weak human eye unclosed;  
So wills its King, who hath forbid  
The uplifting of the fringed lid;  
And thus the sad Soul that here passes

Beholds it but through darkened glasses.

By a route obscure and lonely,  
Haunted by ill angels only,  
Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,  
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I have wandered home but newly  
From this ultimate dim Thule.

Edgar Allan Poe

## Dream-land

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From this ultimate dim Thule.

Edgar Allan Poe

## Dreams

Oh! that my young life were a lasting dream!  
My spirit not awakening, till the beam  
Of an Eternity should bring the morrow.  
Yes! tho' that long dream were of hopeless sorrow,  
'Twere better than the cold reality  
Of waking life, to him whose heart must be,  
And hath been still, upon the lovely earth,  
A chaos of deep passion, from his birth.  
But should it be- that dream eternally  
Continuing- as dreams have been to me  
In my young boyhood- should it thus be given,  
'Twere folly still to hope for higher Heaven.  
For I have revell'd, when the sun was bright  
I' the summer sky, in dreams of living light  
And loveliness,- have left my very heart  
In climes of my imagining, apart  
From mine own home, with beings that have been  
Of mine own thought- what more could I have seen?  
'Twas once- and only once- and the wild hour  
From my remembrance shall not pass- some power  
Or spell had bound me- 'twas the chilly wind  
Came o'er me in the night, and left behind  
Its image on my spirit- or the moon  
Shone on my slumbers in her lofty noon  
Too coldly- or the stars- howe'er it was  
That dream was as that night-wind- let it pass.

I have been happy, tho' in a dream.  
I have been happy- and I love the theme:  
Dreams! in their vivid coloring of life,  
As in that fleeting, shadowy, misty strife  
Of semblance with reality, which brings  
To the delirious eye, more lovely things  
Of Paradise and Love- and all our own!  
Than young Hope in his sunniest hour hath known.

Edgar Allan Poe

## Eldorado

Gaily bedight,  
A gallant knight,  
In sunshine and in shadow,  
Had journeyed long,  
Singing a song,  
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old-  
This knight so bold-  
And o'er his heart a shadow  
Fell as he found  
No spot of ground  
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength  
Failed him at length,  
He met a pilgrim shadow-  
"Shadow," said he,  
"Where can it be-  
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the Mountains  
Of the Moon,  
Down the Valley of the Shadow,  
Ride, boldly ride,"  
The shade replied-  
"If you seek for Eldorado!"

Edgar Allan Poe

## Elizabeth

Elizabeth, it surely is most fit  
[Logic and common usage so commanding]  
In thy own book that first thy name be writ,  
Zeno and other sages notwithstanding;  
And I have other reasons for so doing  
Besides my innate love of contradiction;  
Each poet - if a poet - in pursuing  
The muses thro' their bowers of Truth or Fiction,  
Has studied very little of his part,  
Read nothing, written less - in short's a fool  
Endued with neither soul, nor sense, nor art,  
Being ignorant of one important rule,  
Employed in even the theses of the school-  
Called - I forget the heathenish Greek name  
[Called anything, its meaning is the same]  
"Always write first things uppermost in the heart."

Edgar Allan Poe

## Eulalie

I dwelt alone

    In a world of moan,  
    And my soul was a stagnant tide,  
Till the fair and gentle Eulalie became my blushing bride-  
Till the yellow-haired young Eulalie became my smiling bride.

    Ah, less- less bright  
    The stars of the night  
    Than the eyes of the radiant girl!  
    That the vapor can make  
    With the moon-tints of purple and pearl,  
Can vie with the modest Eulalie's most unregarded curl-  
Can compare with the bright-eyed Eulalie's most humble and careless  
curl.

    Now Doubt- now Pain  
    Come never again,  
For her soul gives me sigh for sigh,  
    And all day long  
    Shines, bright and strong,  
    Astarte within the sky,  
While ever to her dear Eulalie upturns her matron eye-  
While ever to her young Eulalie upturns her violet eye.

Edgar Allan Poe

## Evening Star

'Twas noontide of summer,  
And mid-time of night;  
And stars, in their orbits,  
Shone pale, thro' the light  
Of the brighter, cold moon,  
'Mid planets her slaves,  
Herself in the Heavens,  
Her beam on the waves.  
I gazed awhile  
On her cold smile;  
Too cold- too cold for me-  
There pass'd, as a shroud,  
A fleecy cloud,  
And I turned away to thee,  
Proud Evening Star,  
In thy glory afar,  
And dearer thy beam shall be;  
For joy to my heart  
Is the proud part  
Thou bearest in Heaven at night,  
And more I admire  
Thy distant fire,  
Than that colder, lowly light.

Edgar Allan Poe

## Fairy-Land

Dim vales- and shadowy floods-  
And cloudy-looking woods,  
Whose forms we can't discover  
For the tears that drip all over!  
Huge moons there wax and wane-  
Again- again- again-  
Every moment of the night-  
Forever changing places-  
And they put out the star-light  
With the breath from their pale faces.  
About twelve by the moon-dial,  
One more filmy than the rest  
(A kind which, upon trial,  
They have found to be the best)  
Comes down- still down- and down,  
With its centre on the crown  
Of a mountain's eminence,  
While its wide circumference  
In easy drapery falls  
Over hamlets, over halls,  
Wherever they may be-  
O'er the strange woods- o'er the sea-  
Over spirits on the wing-  
Over every drowsy thing-  
And buries them up quite  
In a labyrinth of light-  
And then, how deep!- O, deep!  
Is the passion of their sleep.  
In the morning they arise,  
And their moony covering  
Is soaring in the skies,  
With the tempests as they toss,  
Like- almost anything-  
Or a yellow Albatross.  
They use that moon no more  
For the same end as before-  
Videlicet, a tent-  
Which I think extravagant:  
Its atomies, however,  
Into a shower dissever,  
Of which those butterflies  
Of Earth, who seek the skies,  
And so come down again,  
(Never-contented things!)  
Have brought a specimen  
Upon their quivering wings.

Edgar Allan Poe

## For Annie

Thank Heaven! the crisis-  
The danger is past,  
And the lingering illness  
Is over at last-  
And the fever called "Living"  
Is conquered at last.

Sadly, I know  
I am shorn of my strength,  
And no muscle I move  
As I lie at full length-  
But no matter!-I feel  
I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly,  
Now, in my bed  
That any beholder  
Might fancy me dead-  
Might start at beholding me,  
Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning,  
The sighing and sobbing,  
Are quieted now,  
With that horrible throbbing  
At heart:- ah, that horrible,  
Horrible throbbing!

The sickness- the nausea-  
The pitiless pain-  
Have ceased, with the fever  
That maddened my brain-  
With the fever called "Living"  
That burned in my brain.

And oh! of all tortures  
That torture the worst  
Has abated- the terrible  
Torture of thirst  
For the naphthaline river  
Of Passion accurst:-  
I have drunk of a water  
That quenches all thirst:-

Of a water that flows,  
With a lullaby sound,  
From a spring but a very few  
Feet under ground-  
From a cavern not very far  
Down under ground.

And ah! let it never

Be foolishly said  
That my room it is gloomy  
And narrow my bed;  
For man never slept  
In a different bed-  
And, to sleep, you must slumber  
In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit  
Here blandly reposes,  
Forgetting, or never  
Regretting its roses-  
Its old agitations  
Of myrtles and roses:

For now, while so quietly  
Lying, it fancies  
A holier odor  
About it, of pansies-  
A rosemary odor,  
Commingled with pansies-  
With rue and the beautiful  
Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,  
Bathing in many  
A dream of the truth  
And the beauty of Annie-  
Drowned in a bath  
Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kissed me,  
She fondly caressed,  
And then I fell gently  
To sleep on her breast-  
Deeply to sleep  
From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguished,  
She covered me warm,  
And she prayed to the angels  
To keep me from harm-  
To the queen of the angels  
To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly,  
Now, in my bed,  
(Knowing her love)  
That you fancy me dead-  
And I rest so contentedly,  
Now, in my bed,  
(With her love at my breast)

That you fancy me dead-  
That you shudder to look at me,  
Thinking me dead.

But my heart it is brighter  
Than all of the many  
Stars in the sky,  
For it sparkles with Annie-  
It glows with the light  
Of the love of my Annie-  
With the thought of the light  
Of the eyes of my Annie.

Edgar Allan Poe

## **Happiest Day, the Happiest Hour, The**

The happiest day- the happiest hour  
My sear'd and blighted heart hath known,  
The highest hope of pride and power,  
I feel hath flown.

Of power! said I? yes! such I ween;  
But they have vanish'd long, alas!  
The visions of my youth have been-  
But let them pass.

And, pride, what have I now with thee?  
Another brow may even inherit  
The venom thou hast pour'd on me  
Be still, my spirit!

The happiest day- the happiest hour  
Mine eyes shall see- have ever seen,  
The brightest glance of pride and power,  
I feel- have been:

But were that hope of pride and power  
Now offer'd with the pain  
Even then I felt- that brightest hour  
I would not live again:

For on its wing was dark alloy,  
And, as it flutter'd- fell  
An essence- powerful to destroy  
A soul that knew it well.

Edgar Allan Poe

## Haunted Palace, The

In the greenest of our valleys  
By good angels tenanted,  
Once a fair and stately palace-  
Radiant palace- reared its head.  
In the monarch Thought's dominion-  
It stood there!  
Never seraph spread a pinion  
Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,  
On its roof did float and flow,  
(This- all this- was in the olden  
Time long ago,)  
And every gentle air that dallied,  
In that sweet day,  
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,  
A winged odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,  
Through two luminous windows, saw  
Spirits moving musically,  
To a lute's well-tuned law,  
Round about a throne where, sitting  
(Porphyrogene!)  
In state his glory well-befitting,  
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing  
Was the fair palace door,  
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,  
And sparkling evermore,  
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty  
Was but to sing,  
In voices of surpassing beauty,  
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,  
Assailed the monarch's high estate.  
(Ah, let us mourn!- for never morrow  
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)  
And round about his home the glory  
That blushed and bloomed,  
Is but a dim-remembered story  
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,  
Through the red-litten windows see  
Vast forms, that move fantastically  
To a discordant melody,  
While, like a ghastly rapid river,  
Through the pale door  
A hideous throng rush out forever

And laugh- but smile no more.

-THE END-

.

Edgar Allan Poe

## Hymn

At morn- at noon- at twilight dim-  
Maria! thou hast 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 my Past,  
Let my Future radiant shine  
With sweet hopes of thee and thine!

Edgar Allan Poe

## **Hymn to Aristogeiton and Harmodius**

Wreathed in myrtle, my sword I'll conceal  
Like those champions devoted and brave,  
When they plunged in the tyrant their steel,  
And to Athens deliverance gave.

Beloved heroes! your deathless souls roam  
In the joy breathing isles of the blest;  
Where the mighty of old have their home -  
Where Achilles and Diomed rest.

In fresh myrtle my blade I'll entwine,  
Like Harmodious, the gallant and good,  
When he made at the tutelary shrine  
A libation of Tyranny's blood.

Ye deliverers of Athens from shame!  
Ye avengers of Liberty's wrongs!  
Endless ages shall cherish your fame  
Embalmed in their echoing songs!

Edgar Allan Poe

## Imitation

A dark unfathomed tide  
Of interminable pride -  
A mystery, and a dream,  
Should my early life seem;  
I say that dream was fraught  
With a wild and waking thought  
Of beings that have been,  
Which my spirit hath not seen,  
Had I let them pass me by,  
With a dreaming eye!  
Let none of earth inherit  
That vision of my spirit;  
Those thoughts I would control,  
As a spell upon his soul:  
For that bright hope at last  
And that light time have past,  
And my worldly rest hath gone  
With a sigh as it passed on:  
I care not though it perish  
With a thought I then did cherish

Edgar Allan Poe

## In the Greenest of our Valleys

I.

In the greenest of our valleys,  
By good angels tenanted,  
Once fair and stately palace --  
Radiant palace --reared its head.  
In the monarch Thought's dominion --  
It stood there!  
Never seraph spread a pinion  
Over fabric half so fair.

II.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,  
On its roof did float and flow;  
(This --all this --was in the olden  
Time long ago)  
And every gentle air that dallied,  
In that sweet day,  
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,  
A winged odour went away.

III.

Wanderers in that happy valley  
Through two luminous windows saw  
Spirits moving musically  
To a lute's well-tuned law,  
Round about a throne, where sitting  
(Porphyrogene!)  
In state his glory well befitting,  
The ruler of the realm was seen.

IV.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing  
Was the fair palace door,  
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing  
And sparkling evermore,  
A troop of Echoes whose sweet duty  
Was but to sing,  
In voices of surpassing beauty,  
The wit and wisdom of their king.

V.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,  
Assailed the monarch's high estate;  
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow  
Shall dawn upon him, desolate!)  
And, round about his home, the glory  
That blushed and bloomed  
Is but a dim-remembered story  
Of the old time entombed.

VI.

And travellers now within that valley,

Through the red-litten windows, see  
Vast forms that move fantastically  
To a discordant melody;  
While, like a rapid ghastly river,  
Through the pale door,  
A hideous throng rush out forever,  
And laugh --but smile no more.

Edgar Allan Poe

## **In Youth I have Known One**

How often we forget all time, when lone  
Admiring Nature's universal throne;  
Her woods - her winds - her mountains - the intense  
Reply of Hers to Our intelligence!

I.

In youth I have known one with whom the Earth  
In secret communing held - as he with it,  
In daylight, and in beauty, from his birth:  
Whose fervid, flickering torch of life was lit  
From the sun and stars, whence he had drawn forth  
A passionate light - such for his spirit was fit -  
And yet that spirit knew - not in the hour  
Of its own fervour - what had o'er it power.

II.

Perhaps it may be that my mind is wrought  
To a fever by the moonbeam that hangs o'er,  
But I will half believe that wild light fraught  
With more of sovereignty than ancient lore  
Hath ever told - or is it of a thought  
The unembodied essence, and no more  
That with a quickening spell doth o'er us pass  
As dew of the night time, o'er the summer grass?

III.

Doth o'er us pass, when as th' expanding eye  
To the loved object - so the tear to the lid  
Will start, which lately slept in apathy?  
And yet it need not be - (that object) hid  
From us in life - but common - which doth lie  
Each hour before us - but then only bid  
With a strange sound, as of a harpstring broken  
T' awake us - 'Tis a symbol and a token -

IV.

Of what in other worlds shall be - and given  
In beauty by our God, to those alone  
Who otherwise would fall from life and Heaven  
Drawn by their heart's passion, and that tone,  
That high tone of the spirit which hath striven  
Though not with Faith - with godliness - whose throne  
With desperate energy 't hath beaten down;  
Wearing its own deep feeling as a crown.

Edgar Allan Poe

## Israfel

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell  
"Whose heart-strings are a lute";  
None sing so wildly well  
As the angel Israfel,  
And the giddy stars (so legends tell),  
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell  
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above  
In her highest noon,  
The enamored moon  
Blushes with love,  
While, to listen, the red levin  
(With the rapid Pleiads, even,  
Which were seven,)  
Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir  
And the other listening things)  
That Israfeli's fire  
Is owing to that lyre  
By which he sits and sings-  
The trembling living wire  
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,  
Where deep thoughts are a duty-  
Where Love's a grown-up God-  
Where the Houri glances are  
Imbued with all the beauty  
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore thou art not wrong,  
Israfeli, who despisest  
An unimpassioned song;  
To thee the laurels belong,  
Best bard, because the wisest!  
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above  
With thy burning measures suit-  
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,  
With the fervor of thy lute-  
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this  
Is a world of sweets and sour;  
Our flowers are merely- flowers,  
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss  
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell

Where Israfael  
Hath dwelt, and he where I,  
He might not sing so wildly well  
A mortal melody,  
While a bolder note than this might swell  
From my lyre within the sky.

Edgar Allan Poe

## Lake. To --, The

In spring of youth it was my lot  
To haunt of the wide world a spot  
The which I could not love the less-  
So lovely was the loneliness  
Of a wild lake, with black rock bound,  
And the tall pines that towered around.

But when the Night had thrown her pall  
Upon that spot, as upon all,  
And the mystic wind went by  
Murmuring in melody-  
Then- ah then I would awake  
To the terror of the lone lake.

Yet that terror was not fright,  
But a tremulous delight-  
A feeling not the jewelled mine  
Could teach or bribe me to define-  
Nor Love- although the Love were thine.

Death was in that poisonous wave,  
And in its gulf a fitting grave  
For him who thence could solace bring  
To his lone imagining-  
Whose solitary soul could make  
An Eden of that dim lake.

Edgar Allan Poe

## Lenore

Ah, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown forever!  
Let the bell toll!- a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river;  
And, Guy de Vere, hast thou no tear?- weep now or nevermore!  
See! on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love, Lenore!  
Come! let the burial rite be read- the funeral song be sung!-  
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young-  
A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so young.

"Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth and hated her for her pride,  
And when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed her- that she died!  
How shall the ritual, then, be read?- the requiem how be sung  
By you- by yours, the evil eye,- by yours, the slanderous tongue  
That did to death the innocence that died, and died so young?"

Peccavimus; but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath song  
Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no wrong.  
The sweet Lenore hath "gone before," with Hope, that flew beside,  
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy  
bride.

For her, the fair and debonair, that now so lowly lies,  
The life upon her yellow hair but not within her eyes  
The life still there, upon her hair- the death upon her eyes.

"Avaunt! avaunt! from fiends below, the indignant ghost is riven-  
From Hell unto a high estate far up within the Heaven-  
From grief and groan, to a golden throne, beside the King of  
Heaven!

Let no bell toll, then,- lest her soul, amid its hallowed mirth,  
Should catch the note as it doth float up from the damned Earth!  
And I!- to-night my heart is light!- no dirge will I upraise,  
But waft the angel on her flight with a Paean of old days!"

Edgar Allan Poe

## Raven, The

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.  
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door-  
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow;- vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow- sorrow for the lost Lenore-  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore-  
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me- filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,  
"Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door-  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;-  
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you"- here I opened wide the door;-  
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering,  
fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"  
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"-  
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.  
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice:  
Let me see, then, what thence is, and this mystery explore-  
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;-  
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and  
flutter,  
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore;  
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed  
he;  
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door-  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door-  
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore.  
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no  
craven,  
Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the Nightly shore-  
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning- little relevancy bore;  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber door-  
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,  
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
Nothing further then he uttered- not a feather then he fluttered-  
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "other friends have flown  
before-  
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."  
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,  
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore-  
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore  
Of 'Never- nevermore'."

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and  
door;  
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore-  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore  
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;  
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,  
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er,  
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer  
Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.  
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee- by these angels he  
hath sent thee  
Respite- respite and nepenthe, from thy memories of Lenore!  
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!- prophet still, if bird or  
devil!-  
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted-  
On this home by horror haunted- tell me truly, I implore-  
Is there- is there balm in Gilead?- tell me- tell me, I implore!"  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil- prophet still, if bird or  
devil!  
By that Heaven that bends above us- by that God we both adore-  
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore-  
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign in parting, bird or fiend," I shrieked,  
upstarting-  
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!  
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!  
Leave my loneliness unbroken!- quit the bust above my door!  
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my  
door!"  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting  
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,  
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the  
floor;  
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
Shall be lifted- nevermore!

Edgar Allan Poe

## Romance

Romance, who loves to nod and sing,  
With drowsy head and folded wing,  
Among the green leaves as they shake  
Far down within some shadowy lake,  
To me a painted paroquet  
Hath been- a most familiar bird-  
Taught me my alphabet to say-  
To lisp my very earliest word  
While in the wild wood I did lie,  
A child- with a most knowing eye.

Of late, eternal Condor years  
So shake the very Heaven on high  
With tumult as they thunder by,  
I have no time for idle cares  
Through gazing on the unquiet sky.  
And when an hour with calmer wings  
Its down upon my spirit flings-  
That little time with lyre and rhyme  
To while away- forbidden things!  
My heart would feel to be a crime  
Unless it trembled with the strings.

Edgar Allan Poe

## **Sancta Maria**

Sancta Maria! turn thine eyes -  
Upon the sinner's sacrifice,  
Of fervent prayer and humble love,  
From thy holy throne above.  
At morn - at noon - at twilight dim -  
Maria! thou hast heard my hymn!  
In joy and wo - 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 my Past,  
Let my Future radiant shine  
With sweet hopes of thee and thine!

Edgar Allan Poe

## Serenade

So sweet the hour, so calm the time,  
I feel it more than half a crime,  
When Nature sleeps and stars are mute,  
To mar the silence ev'n with lute.  
At rest on ocean's brilliant dyes  
An image of Elysium lies:  
Seven Pleiades entranced in Heaven,  
Form in the deep another seven:  
Endymion nodding from above  
Sees in the sea a second love.  
Within the valleys dim and brown,  
And on the spectral mountain's crown,  
The wearied light is dying down,  
And earth, and stars, and sea, and sky  
Are redolent of sleep, as I  
Am redolent of thee and thine  
Enthralling love, my Adeline.  
But list, O list,- so soft and low  
Thy lover's voice tonight shall flow,  
That, scarce awake, thy soul shall deem  
My words the music of a dream.  
Thus, while no single sound too rude  
Upon thy slumber shall intrude,  
Our thoughts, our souls- O God above!  
In every deed shall mingle, love.

Edgar Allan Poe

## Sleeper, The

At midnight, in the month of June,  
I stand beneath the mystic moon.  
An opiate vapor, 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 valley.  
The rosemary nods upon the grave;  
The lily lolls upon the wave;  
Wrapping the fog about its breast,  
The ruin molders into rest;  
Looking like Lethe, see! the lake  
A conscious slumber seems to take,  
And would not, for the world, awake.  
All Beauty sleeps!- and lo! where lies  
Irene, with her Destinies!

O, lady bright! can it be right-  
This window open to the night?  
The wanton airs, from the tree-top,  
Laughingly through the lattice drop-  
The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,  
Flit through thy chamber in and out,  
And wave the curtain canopy  
So fitfully- so fearfully-  
Above the closed and fringed lid  
'Neath which thy slumb'ring soul lies hid,  
That, o'er the floor and down the wall,  
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall!  
Oh, lady dear, hast thou no fear?  
Why and what art thou dreaming here?  
Sure thou art come O'er far-off seas,  
A wonder to these garden trees!  
Strange is thy pallor! strange thy dress,  
Strange, above all, thy length of tress,  
And this all solemn silentness!

The lady sleeps! Oh, may her sleep,  
Which is enduring, so be deep!  
Heaven have her in its sacred keep!  
This chamber changed for one more holy,  
This bed for one more melancholy,  
I pray to God that she may lie  
For ever with unopened eye,  
While the pale sheeted ghosts go by!

My love, she sleeps! Oh, may her sleep  
As it is lasting, so be deep!  
Soft may the worms about her creep!  
Far in the forest, dim and old,  
For her may some tall vault unfold-

Some vault that oft has flung its black  
And winged panels fluttering back,  
Triumphant, o'er the crested palls,  
Of her grand family funerals-  
Some sepulchre, remote, alone,  
Against whose portal she hath thrown,  
In childhood, many an idle stone-  
Some tomb from out whose sounding door  
She ne'er shall force an echo more,  
Thrilling to think, poor child of sin!  
It was the dead who groaned within.

Edgar Allan Poe

## Song

I saw thee on thy bridal day-  
When a burning blush came o'er thee,  
Though happiness around thee lay,  
The world all love before thee:

And in thine eye a kindling light  
(Whatever it might be)  
Was all on Earth my aching sight  
Of Loveliness could see.

That blush, perhaps, was maiden shame-  
As such it well may pass-  
Though its glow hath raised a fiercer flame  
In the breast of him, alas!

Who saw thee on that bridal day,  
When that deep blush would come o'er thee,  
Though happiness around thee lay;  
The world all love before thee.

Edgar Allan Poe

## Sonnet

*To Science*

Science! true daughter of Old Time thou art!  
Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.  
Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart,  
Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?  
How should he love thee? or how deem thee wise?  
Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering  
To seek for treasure in the jewelled skies,  
Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing?  
Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car?  
And driven the Hamadryad from the wood  
To seek a shelter in some happier star?  
Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,  
The Elfin from the green grass, and from me  
The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?

Edgar Allan Poe

## Sonnet - To Science

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Edgar Allan Poe

## Sonnet- Silence

There are some qualities- some incorporate things,  
That have a double life, which thus is made  
A type of that twin entity which springs  
From matter and light, evinced in solid and shade.  
There is a two-fold Silence- sea and shore-  
Body and soul. One dwells in lonely places,  
Newly with grass o'ergrown; some solemn graces,  
Some human memories and tearful lore,  
Render him terrorless: his name's "No More."  
He is the corporate Silence: dread him not!  
No power hath he of evil in himself;  
But should some urgent fate (untimely lot!)  
Bring thee to meet his shadow (nameless elf,  
That haunteth the lone regions where hath trod  
No foot of man,) commend thyself to God!

Edgar Allan Poe

## Sonnet- To Science

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Edgar Allan Poe

## Sonnet- To Zante

Fair isle, that from the fairest of all flowers,  
Thy gentlest of all gentle names dost take!  
How many memories of what radiant hours  
At sight of thee and thine at once awake!  
How many scenes of what departed bliss!  
How many thoughts of what entombed hopes!  
How many visions of a maiden that is  
No more- no more upon thy verdant slopes!  
No more! alas, that magical sad sound  
Transforming all! Thy charms shall please no more-  
Thy memory no more! Accursed ground  
Henceforth I hold thy flower-enameled shore,  
O hyacinthine isle! O purple Zante!  
"Isola d'oro! Fior di Levante!"

Edgar Allan Poe

## Spirits Of The Dead

Thy soul shall find itself alone  
'Mid dark thoughts of the grey tomb-stone;  
Not one, of all the crowd, to pry  
Into thine hour of secrecy.

Be silent in that solitude,  
Which is not loneliness- for then  
The spirits of the dead, who stood  
In life before thee, are again  
In death around thee, and their will  
Shall overshadow thee; be still.

The night, though clear, shall frown,  
And the stars shall not look down  
From their high thrones in the Heaven  
With light like hope to mortals given,  
But their red orbs, without beam,  
To thy weariness shall seem  
As a burning and a fever  
Which would cling to thee for ever.

Now are thoughts thou shalt not banish,  
Now are visions ne'er to vanish;  
From thy spirit shall they pass  
No more, like dew-drop from the grass.

The breeze, the breath of God, is still,  
And the mist upon the hill  
Shadowy, shadowy, yet unbroken,  
Is a symbol and a token.  
How it hangs upon the trees,  
A mystery of mysteries!

Edgar Allan Poe

## Stanzas

How often we forget all time, when lone  
Admiring Nature's universal throne;  
Her woods- her wilds- her mountains- the intense  
Reply of HERS to OUR intelligence! [BYRON, The Island.]

### I

In youth have I known one with whom the Earth  
In secret communing held- as he with it,  
In daylight, and in beauty from his birth:  
Whose fervid, flickering torch of life was lit  
From the sun and stars, whence he had drawn forth  
A passionate light- such for his spirit was fit-  
And yet that spirit knew not, in the hour  
Of its own fervor what had o'er it power.

### II

Perhaps it may be that my mind is wrought  
To a fever by the moonbeam that hangs o'er,  
But I will half believe that wild light fraught  
With more of sovereignty than ancient lore  
Hath ever told- or is it of a thought  
The unembodied essence, and no more,  
That with a quickening spell doth o'er us pass  
As dew of the night-time o'er the summer grass?

### III

Doth o'er us pass, when, as th' expanding eye  
To the loved object- so the tear to the lid  
Will start, which lately slept in apathy?  
And yet it need not be- (that object) hid  
From us in life- but common- which doth lie  
Each hour before us- but then only, bid  
With a strange sound, as of a harp-string broken,  
To awake us- 'Tis a symbol and a token

### IV

Of what in other worlds shall be- and given  
In beauty by our God, to those alone  
Who otherwise would fall from life and Heaven  
Drawn by their heart's passion, and that tone,  
That high tone of the spirit which hath striven,  
Tho' not with Faith- with godliness- whose throne  
With desperate energy 't hath beaten down;  
Wearing its own deep feeling as a crown.

Edgar Allan Poe

## Tamerlane

Kind solace in a dying hour!

Such, father, is not (now) my theme-  
I will not madly deem that power  
Of Earth may shrive me of the sin  
Unearthly pride hath revell'd in-  
I have no time to dote or dream:  
You call it hope- that fire of fire!  
It is but agony of desire:  
If I can hope- Oh God! I can-  
Its fount is holier- more divine-  
I would not call thee fool, old man,  
But such is not a gift of thine.

Know thou the secret of a spirit  
Bow'd from its wild pride into shame.  
O yearning heart! I did inherit  
Thy withering portion with the fame,  
The searing glory which hath shone  
Amid the jewels of my throne,  
Halo of Hell! and with a pain  
Not Hell shall make me fear again-  
O craving heart, for the lost flowers  
And sunshine of my summer hours!  
The undying voice of that dead time,  
With its interminable chime,  
Rings, in the spirit of a spell,  
Upon thy emptiness- a knell.

I have not always been as now:  
The fever'd diadem on my brow  
I claim'd and won usurpingly-  
Hath not the same fierce heirdom given  
Rome to the Caesar- this to me?  
The heritage of a kingly mind,  
And a proud spirit which hath striven  
Triumphantly with human kind.

On mountain soil I first drew life:  
The mists of the Taglay have shed  
Nightly their dews upon my head,  
And, I believe, the winged strife  
And tumult of the headlong air  
Have nestled in my very hair.

So late from Heaven- that dew- it fell  
(Mid dreams of an unholy night)  
Upon me with the touch of Hell,  
While the red flashing of the light  
From clouds that hung, like banners, o'er,  
Appeared to my half-closing eye  
The pageantry of monarchy,  
And the deep trumpet-thunder's roar

Came hurriedly upon me, telling  
Of human battle, where my voice,  
My own voice, silly child!- was swelling  
(O! how my spirit would rejoice,  
And leap within me at the cry)  
The battle-cry of Victory!

The rain came down upon my head  
Unshelter'd- and the heavy wind  
Rendered me mad and deaf and blind.  
It was but man, I thought, who shed  
Laurels upon me: and the rush-  
The torrent of the chilly air  
Gurgled within my ear the crush  
Of empires- with the captive's prayer-  
The hum of suitors- and the tone  
Of flattery 'round a sovereign's throne.

My passions, from that hapless hour,  
Usurp'd a tyranny which men  
Have deem'd, since I have reach'd to power,  
My innate nature- be it so:  
But father, there liv'd one who, then,  
Then- in my boyhood- when their fire  
Burn'd with a still intenser glow,  
(For passion must, with youth, expire)  
E'en then who knew this iron heart  
In woman's weakness had a part.

I have no words- alas!- to tell  
The loveliness of loving well!  
Nor would I now attempt to trace  
The more than beauty of a face  
Whose lineaments, upon my mind,  
Are- shadows on th' unstable wind:  
Thus I remember having dwelt  
Some page of early lore upon,  
With loitering eye, till I have felt  
The letters- with their meaning- melt  
To fantasies- with none.

O, she was worthy of all love!  
Love- as in infancy was mine-  
'Twas such as angel minds above  
Might envy; her young heart the shrine  
On which my every hope and thought  
Were incense- then a goodly gift,  
For they were childish and upright-  
Pure- as her young example taught:  
Why did I leave it, and, adrift,  
Trust to the fire within, for light?

We grew in age- and love- together,  
Roaming the forest, and the wild;  
My breast her shield in wintry weather-  
And when the friendly sunshine smil'd,  
And she would mark the opening skies,  
I saw no Heaven- but in her eyes.

Young Love's first lesson is- the heart:  
For 'mid that sunshine, and those smiles,  
When, from our little cares apart,  
And laughing at her girlish wiles,  
I'd throw me on her throbbing breast,  
And pour my spirit out in tears-  
There was no need to speak the rest-  
No need to quiet any fears  
Of her- who ask'd no reason why,  
But turn'd on me her quiet eye!

Yet more than worthy of the love  
My spirit struggled with, and strove,  
When, on the mountain peak, alone,  
Ambition lent it a new tone-  
I had no being- but in thee:  
The world, and all it did contain  
In the earth- the air- the sea-  
Its joy- its little lot of pain  
That was new pleasure- the ideal,  
Dim vanities of dreams by night-

And dimmer nothings which were real-  
(Shadows- and a more shadowy light!)  
Parted upon their misty wings,  
And, so, confusedly, became  
Thine image, and- a name- a name!  
Two separate- yet most intimate things.

I was ambitious- have you known  
The passion, father? You have not:  
A cottager, I mark'd a throne  
Of half the world as all my own,  
And murmur'd at such lowly lot-  
But, just like any other dream,  
Upon the vapour of the dew  
My own had past, did not the beam  
Of beauty which did while it thro'  
The minute- the hour- the day- oppress  
My mind with double loveliness.

We walk'd together on the crown  
Of a high mountain which look'd down  
Afar from its proud natural towers  
Of rock and forest, on the hills-

The dwindled hills! begirt with bowers,  
And shouting with a thousand rills.

I spoke to her of power and pride,  
But mystically- in such guise  
That she might deem it nought beside  
The moment's converse; in her eyes  
I read, perhaps too carelessly-  
A mingled feeling with my own-  
The flush on her bright cheek, to me  
Seem'd to become a queenly throne  
Too well that I should let it be  
Light in the wilderness alone.

I wrapp'd myself in grandeur then,  
And donn'd a visionary crown-  
Yet it was not that Fantasy  
Had thrown her mantle over me-  
But that, among the rabble- men,  
Lion ambition is chained down-  
And crouches to a keeper's hand-  
Not so in deserts where the grand-  
The wild- the terrible conspire  
With their own breath to fan his fire.

Look 'round thee now on Samarcand!  
Is not she queen of Earth? her pride  
Above all cities? in her hand  
Their destinies? in all beside  
Of glory which the world hath known  
Stands she not nobly and alone?  
Falling- her veriest stepping-stone  
Shall form the pedestal of a throne-  
And who her sovereign? Timour- he  
Whom the astonished people saw  
Striding o'er empires haughtily  
A diadem'd outlaw!

O, human love! thou spirit given  
On Earth, of all we hope in Heaven!  
Which fall'st into the soul like rain  
Upon the Siroc-wither'd plain,  
And, failing in thy power to bless,  
But leav'st the heart a wilderness!  
Idea! which bindest life around  
With music of so strange a sound,  
And beauty of so wild a birth-  
Farewell! for I have won the Earth.

When Hope, the eagle that tower'd, could see  
No cliff beyond him in the sky,  
His pinions were bent droopingly-

And homeward turn'd his soften'd eye.  
'Twas sunset: when the sun will part  
There comes a sullenness of heart  
To him who still would look upon  
The glory of the summer sun.  
That soul will hate the ev'ning mist,  
So often lovely, and will list  
To the sound of the coming darkness (known  
To those whose spirits hearken) as one  
Who, in a dream of night, would fly  
But cannot from a danger nigh.

What tho' the moon- the white moon  
Shed all the splendour of her noon,  
Her smile is chilly, and her beam,  
In that time of dreariness, will seem  
(So like you gather in your breath)  
A portrait taken after death.  
And boyhood is a summer sun  
Whose waning is the dreariest one-  
For all we live to know is known,  
And all we seek to keep hath flown-  
Let life, then, as the day-flower, fall  
With the noon-day beauty- which is all.

I reach'd my home- my home no more  
For all had flown who made it so.  
I pass'd from out its mossy door,  
And, tho' my tread was soft and low,  
A voice came from the threshold stone  
Of one whom I had earlier known-  
O, I defy thee, Hell, to show  
On beds of fire that burn below,  
A humbler heart- a deeper woe.

Father, I firmly do believe-  
I know- for Death, who comes for me  
From regions of the blest afar,  
Where there is nothing to deceive,  
Hath left his iron gate ajar,  
And rays of truth you cannot see  
Are flashing thro' Eternity-  
I do believe that Eblis hath  
A snare in every human path-  
Else how, when in the holy grove  
I wandered of the idol, Love,  
Who daily scents his snowy wings  
With incense of burnt offerings  
From the most unpolluted things,  
Whose pleasant bowers are yet so riven  
Above with trellis'd rays from Heaven,  
No mote may shun- no tiniest fly-

The lightning of his eagle eye-  
How was it that Ambition crept,  
Unseen, amid the revels there,  
Till growing bold, he laughed and leapt  
In the tangles of Love's very hair?

Edgar Allan Poe

## The Bells

Hear the sledges with the bells--  
Silver bells--  
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!  
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
In the icy air of night!  
While the stars that oversprinkle  
All the heavens, seem to twinkle  
With a crystalline delight;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells  
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells,--  
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells,  
Golden bells!  
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!  
Through the balmy air of night  
How they ring out their delight  
From the molten-golden notes!  
And all in tune,  
What a liquid ditty floats  
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats  
On the moon!  
Oh, from out the sounding cells,  
What a gust of euphony voluminously wells!  
How it swells!  
How it dwells  
On the Future! how it tells  
Of rapture that impels  
To the swinging and the ringing  
Of the bells, bells, bells--  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells--  
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells--  
Brazen bells!  
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!  
In the startled ear of night  
How they scream out their affright!  
Too much horrified to speak,  
They can only shriek, shriek,  
Out of tune,  
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,  
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire  
Leaping higher, higher, higher  
With a desperate desire,  
And a resolute endeavor,  
Now--now to sit or never,  
By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells!  
What a tale their terror tells  
Of despair!  
How they clang, and clash, and roar!  
What a horror they outpour  
On the bosom of the palpitating air!  
Yet the ear, it fully knows,  
By the twanging  
And the clanging,  
How the danger ebbs and flows;  
Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
In the jangling  
And the wrangling,  
How the danger sinks and swells,  
By the sinking of the swelling in the anger of the bells--  
Of the bells--  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells,--  
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells--  
Iron bells!  
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!  
In a silence of the night  
How we shiver with affright  
At the melancholy menace of their tone!  
For every sound that floats  
From the rust within their throats,  
Is a groan:  
And the people--ah, the people--  
They that dwell up in the steeple,  
All alone,  
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,  
In that muffled monotone,  
Feel a glory in so rolling  
On the human heart a stone--  
They are neither man nor woman--  
They are neither brute nor human--  
They are Ghouls!  
And their king it is who tolls;  
And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,  
A paeon from the bells!  
And his merry bosom swells  
With the paeon of the bells!  
And he dances and he yells;  
Keeping time, time, time  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the paeon of the bells--  
Of the bells;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the throbbing of the bells--

Of the bells, bells, bells,  
To the sobbing of the bells;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
As he knells, knells, knells,  
In a happy Runic rhyme,  
To the rolling of the bells,--  
Of the bells, bells, bells--  
To the tolling of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells,--  
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Edgar Allan Poe

## The City in the Sea

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne  
In a strange city lying alone  
Far down within the dim West,  
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best  
Have gone to their eternal rest.  
There shrines and palaces and towers  
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)  
Resemble nothing that is ours.  
Around, by lifting winds forgot,  
Resignedly beneath the sky  
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down  
On the long night-time of that town;  
But light from out of the lurid sea  
Streams up the turrets silently --  
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free --  
Up domes -- up spires -- up kingly halls --  
Up fanes -- up Babylon-like walls --  
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers  
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers --  
Up many and many a marvellous shrine  
Whose wreathed friezes intertwine  
The viol, the violet, and the vine.  
Resignedly beneath the sky  
The melancholy waters lie.  
So blend the turrets and shadows there  
That all seem pendulous in air,  
While from a tower in the town  
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves  
Yawn level with the luminous waves  
But not the riches that there lie  
In each idol's damned eye --  
Not the gaily-jewelled dead  
Tempt the waters from their bed;  
For no ripples curl, alas!  
Along that wilderness of glass --  
No swellings tell that winds may be  
Upon some far-off happier sea --  
No heavings hint that winds have been  
On seas less hideously serene.

But lo, a stir is in the air!  
The wave -- there is a movement there!  
As if the towers had thrust aside,  
In slightly sinking, the dull tide --  
As if their tops had feebly given  
A void within the filmy Heaven.  
The waves now have a redder glow --  
The hours are breathing faint and low --

And when, amid no earthly moans,  
Down, down that town shall settle hence,  
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,  
Shall do it reverence.

Edgar Allan Poe

## The Coliseum

Type of the antique Rome! Rich reliquary  
Of lofty contemplation left to Time  
By buried centuries of pomp and power!  
At length- at length- after so many days  
Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst,  
(Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie,)  
I kneel, an altered and an humble man,  
Amid thy shadows, and so drink within  
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom, and glory!  
Vastness! and Age! and Memories of Eld!  
Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!  
I feel ye now- I feel ye in your strength-  
O spells more sure than e'er Judaeen king  
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!  
O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee  
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!  
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,  
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!  
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair  
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle!  
Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled,  
Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,  
Lit by the wan light of the horned moon,  
The swift and silent lizard of the stones!

But stay! these walls- these ivy-clad arcades-  
These moldering plinths- these sad and blackened shafts-  
These vague entablatures- this crumbling frieze-  
These shattered cornices- this wreck- this ruin-  
These stones- alas! these grey stones- are they all-  
All of the famed, and the colossal left  
By the corrosive Hours to Fate and me?

"Not all"- the Echoes answer me- "not all!  
Prophetic sounds and loud, arise forever  
From us, and from all Ruin, unto the wise,  
As melody from Memnon to the Sun.  
We rule the hearts of mightiest men- we rule  
With a despotic sway all giant minds.  
We are not impotent- we pallid stones.  
Not all our power is gone- not all our fame-  
Not all the magic of our high renown-  
Not all the wonder that encircles us-  
Not all the mysteries that in us lie-  
Not all the memories that hang upon  
And cling around about us as a garment,  
Clothing us in a robe of more than glory."

Edgar Allan Poe

## The Conqueror Worm

Lo! 'tis a gala night  
Within the lonesome latter years.  
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight  
In veils, and drowned in tears,  
Sit in a theatre to see  
A play of hopes and fears  
While the orchestra breathes fitfully  
The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,  
Mutter and mumble low,  
And hither and thither fly;  
Mere puppets they, who come and go  
At bidding of vast formless things  
That shift the scenery to and fro,  
Flapping from out their condor wings  
Invisible Woe.

That motley drama--oh, be sure  
It shall not be forgot!  
With its Phantom chased for evermore  
By a crowd that seize it not,  
Through a circle that ever returneth in  
To the self-same spot;  
And much of Madness, and more of Sin,  
And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see amid the mimic rout  
A crawling shape intrude:  
A blood-red thing that writhes from out  
The scenic solitude!  
It writhes--it writhes!--with mortal pangs  
The mimes become its food,  
And seraphs sob at vermin fangs  
In human gore imbued.

Out--out are the lights--out all!  
And over each quivering form  
The curtain, a funeral pall,  
Comes down with the rush of a storm,  
While the angels, all pallid and wan,  
Uprising, unveiling, affirm  
That the play is the tragedy, "Man,"  
And the hero, the Conqueror Worm.

Edgar Allan Poe

## The Forest Reverie

'Tis said that when  
The hands of men  
Tamed this primeval wood,  
And hoary trees with groans of woe,  
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!

Edgar Allan Poe

## **The Happiest Day, The Happiest Hour**

The happiest day- the happiest hour  
My sear'd and blighted heart hath known,  
The highest hope of pride and power,  
I feel hath flown.

Of power! said I? yes! such I ween;  
But they have vanish'd long, alas!  
The visions of my youth have been-  
But let them pass.

And, pride, what have I now with thee?  
Another brow may even inherit  
The venom thou hast pour'd on me  
Be still, my spirit!

The happiest day- the happiest hour  
Mine eyes shall see- have ever seen,  
The brightest glance of pride and power,  
I feel- have been:

But were that hope of pride and power  
Now offer'd with the pain  
Even then I felt- that brightest hour  
I would not live again:

For on its wing was dark alloy,  
And, as it flutter'd- fell  
An essence- powerful to destroy  
A soul that knew it well.

Edgar Allan Poe

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Edgar Allan Poe

## The Haunted Palace

In the greenest of our valleys  
By good angels tenanted,  
Once a fair and stately palace--  
Radiant palace--raised its head.  
In the monarch Thought's dominion  
It stood there!  
Never seraph spread a pinion  
Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,  
On its roof did float and flow  
(This--all this--was in the olden  
Time long ago),  
And every gentle air that dallied  
In that sweet day,  
Upon the ramparts plumed and pallid,  
A winged odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,  
Through two luminous windows, saw  
Spirits moving musically  
To a lute's well-timed law.  
Round about a throne where, sitting,  
(Porphyrogene!)  
In state his glory well befitting,  
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing  
Was the fair palace-door,  
Through which came, flowing, flowing, flowing,  
And sparkling evermore,  
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty  
Was but to sing  
In voices of surpassing beauty  
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,  
Assailed the monarch's high estate.  
(Ah, let us mourn--for never morrow  
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)  
And round about his house of glory  
That blushed and bloomed  
Is but a dim-remembered story  
Of the old time entombed.

And travelers, now, within that valley  
Through the red-litten windows see  
Vast forms that move fantastically  
To a discordant melody,  
While, like a ghastly, rapid river,  
Through the pale door  
A hideous throng rush out forever

And laugh--but smile no more.

Edgar Allan Poe

## **The Lake. To--**

In spring of youth it was my lot  
To haunt of the wide world a spot  
The which I could not love the less-  
So lovely was the loneliness  
Of a wild lake, with black rock bound,  
And the tall pines that towered around.

But when the Night had thrown her pall  
Upon that spot, as upon all,  
And the mystic wind went by  
Murmuring in melody-  
Then- ah then I would awake  
To the terror of the lone lake.

Yet that terror was not fright,  
But a tremulous delight-  
A feeling not the jewelled mine  
Could teach or bribe me to define-  
Nor Love- although the Love were thine.

Death was in that poisonous wave,  
And in its gulf a fitting grave  
For him who thence could solace bring  
To his lone imagining-  
Whose solitary soul could make  
An Eden of that dim lake.

Edgar Allan Poe

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Edgar Allan Poe

## The Raven

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.  
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door-  
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow;- vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow- sorrow for the lost Lenore-  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore-  
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me- filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,  
"Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door-  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;-  
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you"- here I opened wide the door;-  
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"  
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"-  
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.  
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice:  
Let me see, then, what thence is, and this mystery explore-  
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;-  
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore;  
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;  
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door-  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door-  
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore.  
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,

Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the Nightly shore-  
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning- little relevancy bore;  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber door-  
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,  
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
Nothing further then he uttered- not a feather then he fluttered-  
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "other friends have flown before-  
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."  
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,  
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore-  
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore  
Of 'Never- nevermore'."

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and  
door; Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore-  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore  
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;  
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,  
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er,  
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer  
Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.  
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee- by these angels he hath sent thee  
Respite- respite and nepenthe, from thy memories of Lenore!  
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!- prophet still, if bird or devil!-  
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted-  
On this home by horror haunted- tell me truly, I implore-  
Is there- is there balm in Gilead?- tell me- tell me, I implore!"  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil- prophet still, if bird or devil!  
By that Heaven that bends above us- by that God we both adore-  
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore -  
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"By that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting -  
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!  
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!  
Leave my loneliness unbroken!- quit the bust above my door!  
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting  
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,  
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;  
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
Shall be lifted- nevermore!

Edgar Allan Poe

## The Sleeper

At midnight, in the month of June,  
I stand beneath the mystic moon.  
An opiate vapor, 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 valley.  
The rosemary nods upon the grave;  
The lily lolls upon the wave;  
Wrapping the fog about its breast,  
The ruin molders into rest;  
Looking like Lethe, see! the lake  
A conscious slumber seems to take,  
And would not, for the world, awake.  
All Beauty sleeps!- and lo! where lies  
Irene, with her Destinies!

O, lady bright! can it be right-  
This window open to the night?  
The wanton airs, from the tree-top,  
Laughingly through the lattice drop-  
The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,  
Flit through thy chamber in and out,  
And wave the curtain canopy  
So fitfully- so fearfully-  
Above the closed and fringed lid  
'Neath which thy slumb'ring soul lies hid,  
That, o'er the floor and down the wall,  
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall!  
Oh, lady dear, hast thou no fear?  
Why and what art thou dreaming here?  
Sure thou art come O'er far-off seas,  
A wonder to these garden trees!  
Strange is thy pallor! strange thy dress,  
Strange, above all, thy length of tress,  
And this all solemn silentness!

The lady sleeps! Oh, may her sleep,  
Which is enduring, so be deep!  
Heaven have her in its sacred keep!  
This chamber changed for one more holy,  
This bed for one more melancholy,  
I pray to God that she may lie  
For ever with unopened eye,  
While the pale sheeted ghosts go by!

My love, she sleeps! Oh, may her sleep  
As it is lasting, so be deep!  
Soft may the worms about her creep!  
Far in the forest, dim and old,  
For her may some tall vault unfold-

Some vault that oft has flung its black  
And winged panels fluttering back,  
Triumphant, o'er the crested palls,  
Of her grand family funerals-  
Some sepulchre, remote, alone,  
Against whose portal she hath thrown,  
In childhood, many an idle stone-  
Some tomb from out whose sounding door  
She ne'er shall force an echo more,  
Thrilling to think, poor child of sin!  
It was the dead who groaned within.

Edgar Allan Poe

## **The Valley Of Unrest**

Once it smiled a silent dell  
Where the people did not dwell;  
They had gone unto the wars,  
Trusting to the mild-eyed stars,  
Nightly, from their azure towers,  
To keep watch above the flowers,  
In the midst of which all day  
The red sunlight lazily lay.  
Now each visitor shall confess  
The sad valley's restlessness.  
Nothing there is motionless-  
Nothing save the airs that brood  
Over the magic solitude.  
Ah, by no wind are stirred those trees  
That palpitate like the chill seas  
Around the misty Hebrides!  
Ah, by no wind those clouds are driven  
That rustle through the unquiet Heaven  
Uneasily, from morn till even,  
Over the violets there that lie  
In myriad types of the human eye-  
Over the lilies there that wave  
And weep above a nameless grave!  
They wave:- from out their fragrant tops  
Eternal dews come down in drops.  
They weep:- from off their delicate stems  
Perennial tears descend in gems.

Edgar Allan Poe

**To --**

The bowers whereat, in dreams, I see  
The wantonest singing birds,  
Are lips- and all thy melody  
Of lip-begotten words-

Thine eyes, in Heaven of heart enshrined,  
Then desolately fall,  
O God! on my funereal mind  
Like starlight on a pall-

Thy heart- thy heart!- I wake and sigh,  
And sleep to dream till day  
Of the truth that gold can never buy-  
Of the baubles that it may.

Edgar Allan Poe

**To -- --**

Not long ago, the writer of these lines,  
In the mad pride of intellectuality,  
Maintained "the power of words"- denied that ever  
A thought arose within the human brain  
Beyond the utterance of the human tongue:  
And now, as if in mockery of that boast,  
Two words- two foreign soft dissyllables-  
Italian tones, made only to be murmured  
By angels dreaming in the moonlit "dew  
That hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon hill,"  
Have stirred from out the abysses of his heart,  
Unthought-like thoughts that are the souls of thought,  
Richer, far wilder, far diviner visions  
Than even seraph harper, Israfel,  
(Who has "the sweetest voice of all God's creatures,")  
Could hope to utter. And I! my spells are broken.  
The pen falls powerless from my shivering hand.  
With thy dear name as text, though bidden by thee,  
I cannot write- I cannot speak or think-  
Alas, I cannot feel; for 'tis not feeling,  
This standing motionless upon the golden  
Threshold of the wide-open gate of dreams.  
Gazing, entranced, adown the gorgeous vista,  
And thrilling as I see, upon the right,  
Upon the left, and all the way along,  
Amid empurpled vapors, far away  
To where the prospect terminates- thee only.

Edgar Allan Poe

## To F--

Beloved! amid the earnest woes  
That crowd around my earthly path-  
(Drear path, alas! where grows  
Not even one 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.

Edgar Allan Poe

**To F--S S. O--D**

Thou wouldst be loved?- then let thy heart  
From its present pathway part not!  
Being everything which now thou art,  
Be nothing which thou art not.  
So with the world thy gentle ways,  
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,  
Shall be an endless theme of praise,  
And love- a simple duty.

Edgar Allan Poe

## To Helen

Helen, thy beauty is to me  
Like those Nicean barks of yore,  
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,  
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore  
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,  
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,  
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home  
To the glory that was Greece  
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche  
How statue-like I see thee stand,  
The agate lamp within thy hand!  
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which  
Are Holy Land!

Edgar Allan Poe

## To Helen - 1848

I saw thee once- once only- years ago:  
I must not say how many- but not many.  
It was a July midnight; and from out  
A full-orbed moon, that, like thine own soul, soaring,  
Sought a precipitate pathway up through heaven,  
There fell a silvery-silken veil of light,  
With quietude, and sultriness, and slumber,  
Upon the upturned faces of a thousand  
Roses that grew in an enchanted garden,  
Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tiptoe-  
Fell on the upturn'd faces of these roses  
That gave out, in return for the love-light,  
Their odorous souls in an ecstatic death-  
Fell on the upturn'd faces of these roses  
That smiled and died in this parterre, enchanted  
By thee, and by the poetry of thy presence.  
Clad all in white, upon a violet bank  
I saw thee half reclining; while the moon  
Fell on the upturn'd faces of the roses,  
And on thine own, upturn'd- alas, in sorrow!

Was it not Fate, that, on this July midnight-  
Was it not Fate, (whose name is also Sorrow,)  
That bade me pause before that garden-gate,  
To breathe the incense of those slumbering roses?  
No footstep stirred: the hated world an slept,  
Save only thee and me. (Oh, Heaven!- oh, God!  
How my heart beats in coupling those two words!)  
Save only thee and me. I paused- I looked-  
And in an instant all things disappeared.  
(Ah, bear in mind this garden was enchanted!)

The pearly lustre of the moon went out:  
The mossy banks and the meandering paths,  
The happy flowers and the repining trees,  
Were seen no more: the very roses' odors  
Died in the arms of the adoring airs.  
All- all expired save thee- save less than thou:  
Save only the divine light in thine eyes-  
Save but the soul in thine uplifted eyes.  
I saw but them- they were the world to me!  
I saw but them- saw only them for hours,  
Saw only them until the moon went down.  
What wild heart-histories seemed to be enwritten  
Upon those crystalline, celestial spheres!  
How dark a woe, yet how sublime a hope!  
How silently serene a sea of pride!  
How daring an ambition; yet how deep-  
How fathomless a capacity for love!

But now, at length, dear Dian sank from sight,  
Into a western couch of thunder-cloud;

And thou, a ghost, amid the entombing trees  
Didst glide away. Only thine eyes remained;  
They would not go- they never yet have gone;  
Lighting my lonely pathway home that night,  
They have not left me (as my hopes have) since;  
They follow me- they lead me through the years.  
They are my ministers- yet I their slave.  
Their office is to illumine and enkindle-  
My duty, to be saved by their bright light,  
And purified in their electric fire,  
And sanctified in their elysian fire.  
They fill my soul with Beauty (which is Hope),  
And are far up in Heaven- the stars I kneel to  
In the sad, silent watches of my night;  
While even in the meridian glare of day  
I see them still- two sweetly scintillant  
Venuses, unextinguished by the sun!

Edgar Allan Poe

## **To Helen-1831**

Helen, thy beauty is to me  
Like those Nicean barks of yore,  
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,  
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore  
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,  
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,  
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home  
To the glory that was Greece  
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche  
How statue-like I see thee stand,  
The agate lamp within thy hand!  
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which  
Are Holy Land!

Edgar Allan Poe

## To M--

O! I care not that my earthly lot  
Hath little of Earth in it,  
That years of love have been forgot  
In the fever of a minute:

I heed not that the desolate  
Are happier, sweet, than I,  
But that you meddle with my fate  
Who am a passer by.

It is not that my founts of bliss  
Are gushing- strange! with tears-  
Or that the thrill of a single kiss  
Hath palsied many years-

'Tis not that the flowers of twenty springs  
Which have wither'd as they rose  
Lie dead on my heart-strings  
With the weight of an age of snows.

Not that the grass- O! may it thrive!  
On my grave is growing or grown-  
But that, while I am dead yet alive  
I cannot be, lady, alone.

Edgar Allan Poe

## **To M.L.S.**

Of all who hail thy presence as the morning-  
Of all to whom thine absence is the night-  
The blotting utterly from out high heaven  
The sacred sun- of all who, weeping, bless thee  
Hourly for hope- for life- ah! above all,  
For the resurrection of deep-buried faith  
In Truth- in Virtue- in Humanity-  
Of all who, on Despair's unhallowed bed  
Lying down to die, have suddenly arisen  
At thy soft-murmured words, "Let there be light!"  
At the soft-murmured words that were fulfilled  
In the seraphic glancing of thine eyes-  
Of all who owe thee most- whose gratitude  
Nearest resembles worship- oh, remember  
The truest- the most fervently devoted,  
And think that these weak lines are written by him-  
By him who, as he pens them, thrills to think  
His spirit is communing with an angel's.

Edgar Allan Poe

## **To My Mother**

Because I feel that, in the Heavens above,  
The angels, whispering to one another,  
Can find, among their burning terms of love,  
None so devotional as that of "Mother,"  
Therefore by that dear name I long have called you-  
You who are more than mother unto me,  
And fill my heart of hearts, where Death installed you  
In setting my Virginia's spirit free.  
My mother- my own mother, who died early,  
Was but the mother of myself; but you  
Are mother to the one I loved so dearly,  
And thus are dearer than the mother I knew  
By that infinity with which my wife  
Was dearer to my soul than its soul-life.

Edgar Allan Poe

## To One Departed

Seraph! thy memory is to me  
Like some enchanted far-off isle  
In some tumultuous sea -  
Some ocean vexed as it may be  
With storms; but where, meanwhile,  
Serenest skies continually  
Just o'er that one bright island smile.  
For 'mid the earnest cares and woes  
That crowd around my earthly path,  
(Sad path, alas, where grows  
Not even one lonely rose!)  
My soul at least a solace hath  
In dreams of thee; and therein knows  
An Eden of bland repose.

Edgar Allan Poe

## To One In Paradise

Thou wast all that to me, love,  
For which my soul did pine-  
A green isle in the sea, love,  
A fountain and a shrine,  
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,  
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!  
Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise  
But to be overcast!  
A voice from out the Future cries,  
"On! on!"- but o'er the Past  
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies  
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! me  
The light of Life is o'er!  
"No more- no more- no more-"  
(Such language holds the solemn sea  
To the sands upon the shore)  
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree  
Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,  
And all my nightly dreams  
Are where thy grey eye glances,  
And where thy footstep gleams-  
In what ethereal dances,  
By what eternal streams.

Edgar Allan Poe

## **To The River --**

Fair river! in thy bright, clear flow  
Of crystal, wandering water,  
Thou art an emblem of the glow  
Of beauty- the unhidden heart-  
The playful mazingness of art  
In old Alberto's daughter;

But when within thy wave she looks-  
Which glistens then, and trembles-  
Why, then, the prettiest of brooks  
Her worshipper resembles;  
For in his heart, as in thy stream,  
Her image deeply lies-  
His heart which trembles at the beam  
Of her soul-searching eyes.

Edgar Allan Poe

## Ulalume

The skies they were ashen and sober;  
The leaves they were crisped and sere-  
The leaves they were withering and sere;  
It was night in the lonesome October  
Of my most immemorial year;  
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,  
In the misty mid region of Weir-  
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,  
In the ghoulish-woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic,  
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul-  
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.  
There were days when my heart was volcanic  
As the scoriac rivers that roll-  
As the lavas that restlessly roll  
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek  
In the ultimate climes of the pole-  
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek  
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,  
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere-  
Our memories were treacherous and sere-  
For we knew not the month was October,  
And we marked not the night of the year-  
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)  
We noted not the dim lake of Auber-  
(Though once we had journeyed down here),  
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,  
Nor the ghoulish-woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent,  
And star-dials pointed to morn-  
As the star-dials hinted of morn-  
At the end of our path a liquescent  
And nebulous lustre was born,  
Out of which a miraculous crescent  
Arose with a duplicate horn-  
Astarte's bediamonded crescent  
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said- "She is warmer than Dian:  
She rolls through an ether of sighs-  
She revels in a region of sighs:  
She has seen that the tears are not dry on  
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,  
And has come past the stars of the Lion,  
To point us the path to the skies-  
To the Lethean peace of the skies-  
Come up, in despite of the Lion,  
To shine on us with her bright eyes-

Come up through the lair of the Lion,  
With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,  
Said- "Sadly this star I mistrust-  
Her pallor I strangely mistrust:-  
Oh, hasten!- oh, let us not linger!  
Oh, fly!- let us fly!- for we must."  
In terror she spoke, letting sink her  
Wings until they trailed in the dust-  
In agony sobbed, letting sink her  
Plumes till they trailed in the dust-  
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied- "This is nothing but dreaming:  
Let us on by this tremulous light!  
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!  
Its Sybilic splendor is beaming  
With Hope and in Beauty to-night:-  
See!- it flickers up the sky through the night!  
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,  
And be sure it will lead us aright-  
We safely may trust to a gleaming  
That cannot but guide us aright,  
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,  
And tempted her out of her gloom-  
And conquered her scruples and gloom;  
And we passed to the end of the vista,  
But were stopped by the door of a tomb-  
By the door of a legended tomb;  
And I said- "What is written, sweet sister,  
On the door of this legended tomb?"  
She replied- "Ulalume- Ulalume-  
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober  
As the leaves that were crisped and sere-  
As the leaves that were withering and sere-  
And I cried- "It was surely October  
On this very night of last year  
That I journeyed- I journeyed down here-  
That I brought a dread burden down here-  
On this night of all nights in the year,  
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?  
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber-  
This misty mid region of Weir-  
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,  
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

Edgar Allan Poe

## Valley Of Unrest, The

Once it smiled a silent dell  
Where the people did not dwell;  
They had gone unto the wars,  
Trusting to the mild-eyed stars,  
Nightly, from their azure towers,  
To keep watch above the flowers,  
In the midst of which all day  
The red sunlight lazily lay.  
Now each visitor shall confess  
The sad valley's restlessness.  
Nothing there is motionless-  
Nothing save the airs that brood  
Over the magic solitude.  
Ah, by no wind are stirred those trees  
That palpitate like the chill seas  
Around the misty Hebrides!  
Ah, by no wind those clouds are driven  
That rustle through the unquiet Heaven  
Uneasily, from morn till even,  
Over the violets there that lie  
In myriad types of the human eye-  
Over the lilies there that wave  
And weep above a nameless grave!  
They wave:- from out their fragrant tops  
Eternal dews come down in drops.  
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Perennial tears descend in gems.

Edgar Allan Poe