

# The Raven

by Edgar Allan Poe



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 mortal 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 thereat is, and this mystery explore—  
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—  
’Tis the wind and nothing more!”

# The Raven (continued)

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 blessed 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 farther 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 lamp-light gloated o'er,  
But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,  
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

# The Raven (continued)

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer  
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls 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 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 lamp-light 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!

# Annabel Lee

by Edgar Allan Poe

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.

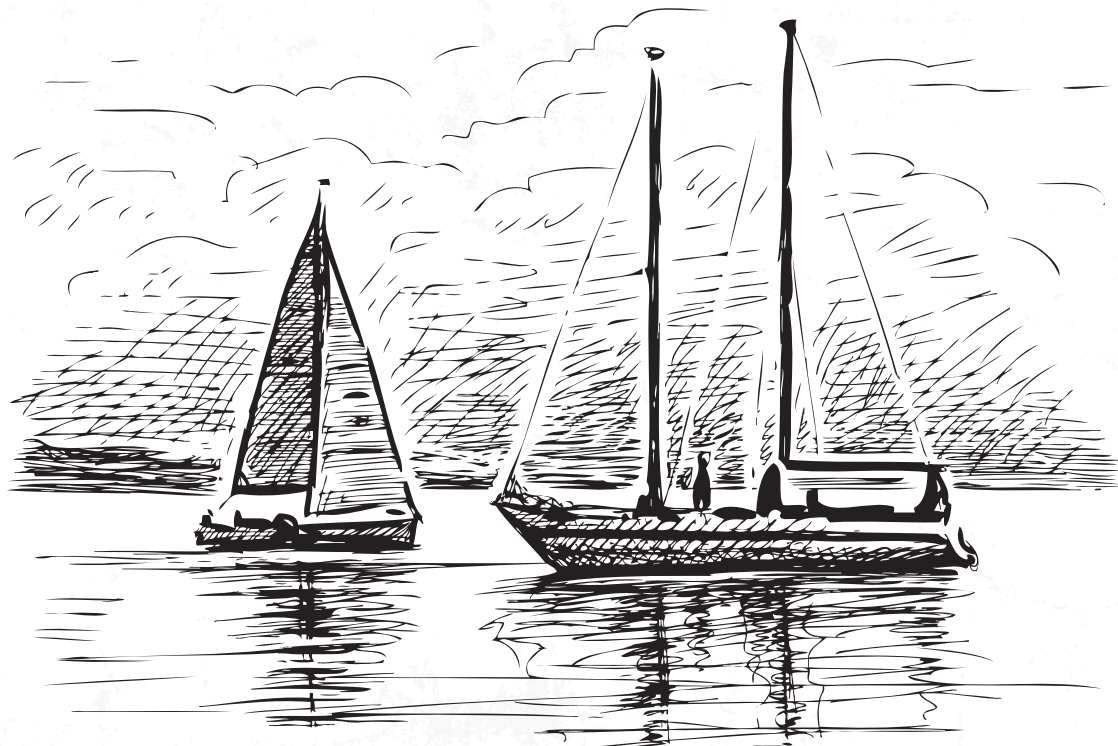
I was a child and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
But we loved with a love that was more than love—  
I and my Annabel Lee—  
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of Heaven  
Coveted her and me.

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 kinsmen 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 her sepulchre there by the sea—  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.



# The Bells

by Edgar Allan Poe



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 tintinabulation 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 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!

Hear the loud alarum bells—  
Brazen bells!  
What 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!

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

# The Bells (continued)

A pæan from the bells!  
And his merry bosom swells  
With the pæan of the bells!  
And he dances, and he yells;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the pæan 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.

# A Dream Within a Dream

by Edgar Allan Poe

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.

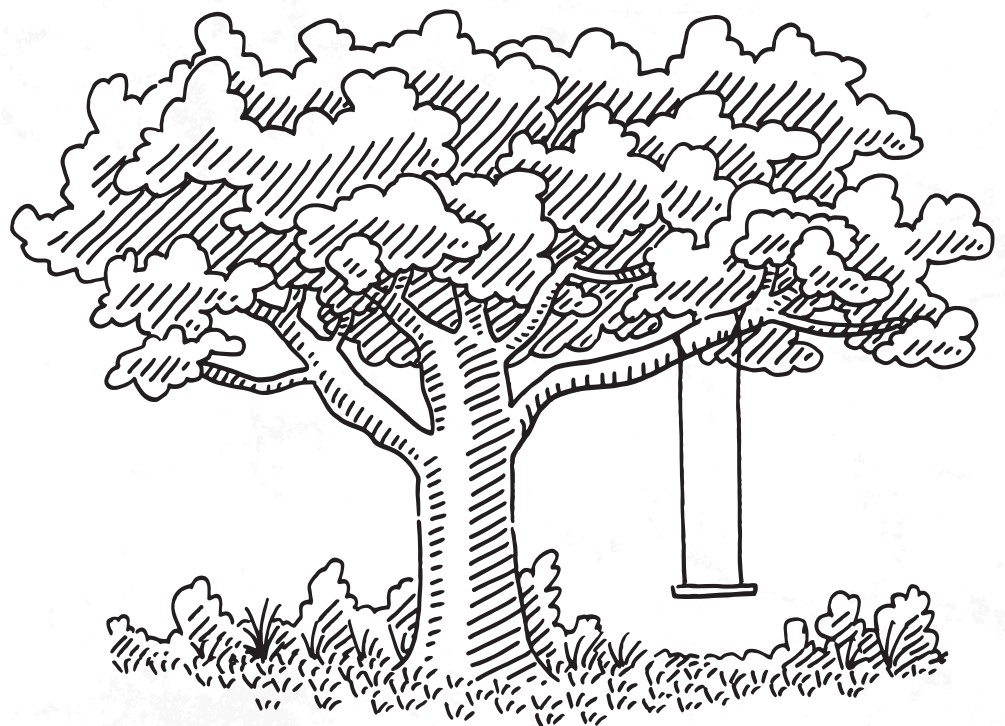
I stand amid the roar  
Of a surf-tormented shore,  
And I hold within my hand  
Grains of the golden sand—  
How few! Yet how they creep  
Through my fingers to the deep,  
While I weep—while I weep!  
O God! Can I not grasp  
Them with a tighter clasp?  
O God! Can I not save  
One from the pitiless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



# Sonnet— To Science

by Edgar Allan Poe

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?



# The Haunted Palace

by Edgar Allan Poe

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 wingèd 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.



# Eldorado

by Edgar Allan Poe

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!"



# The City in the Sea

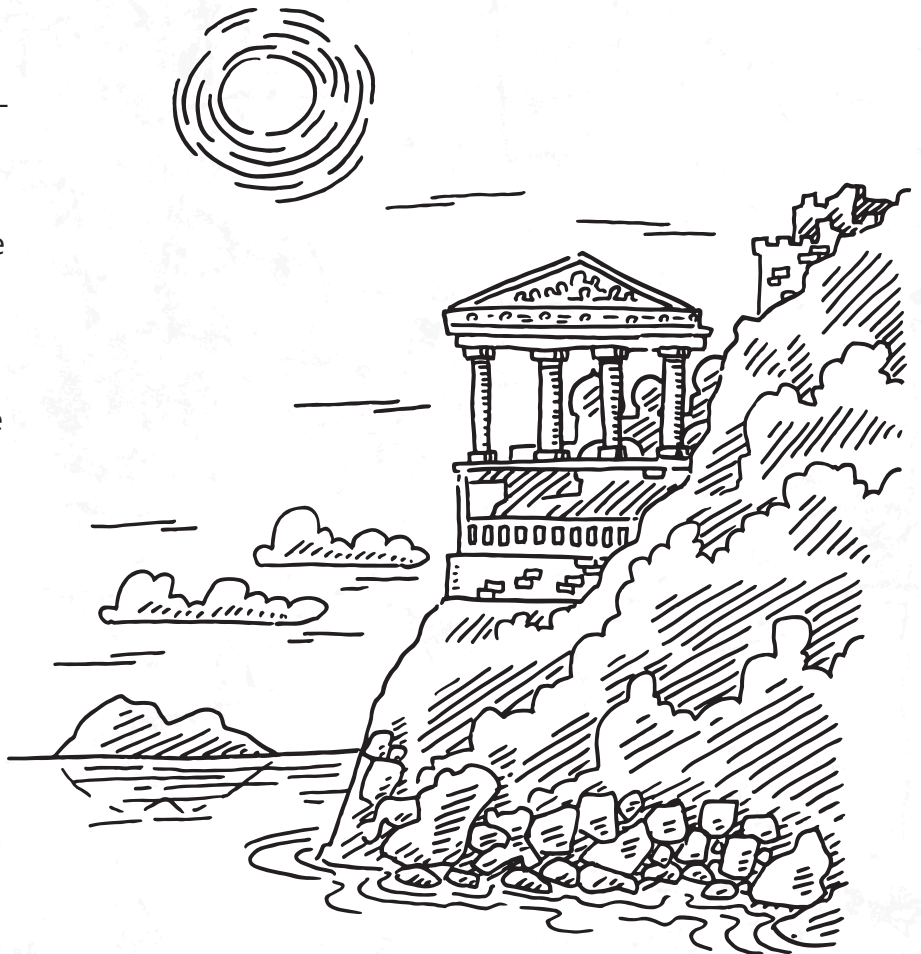
by Edgar Allan Poe

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 and 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 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.



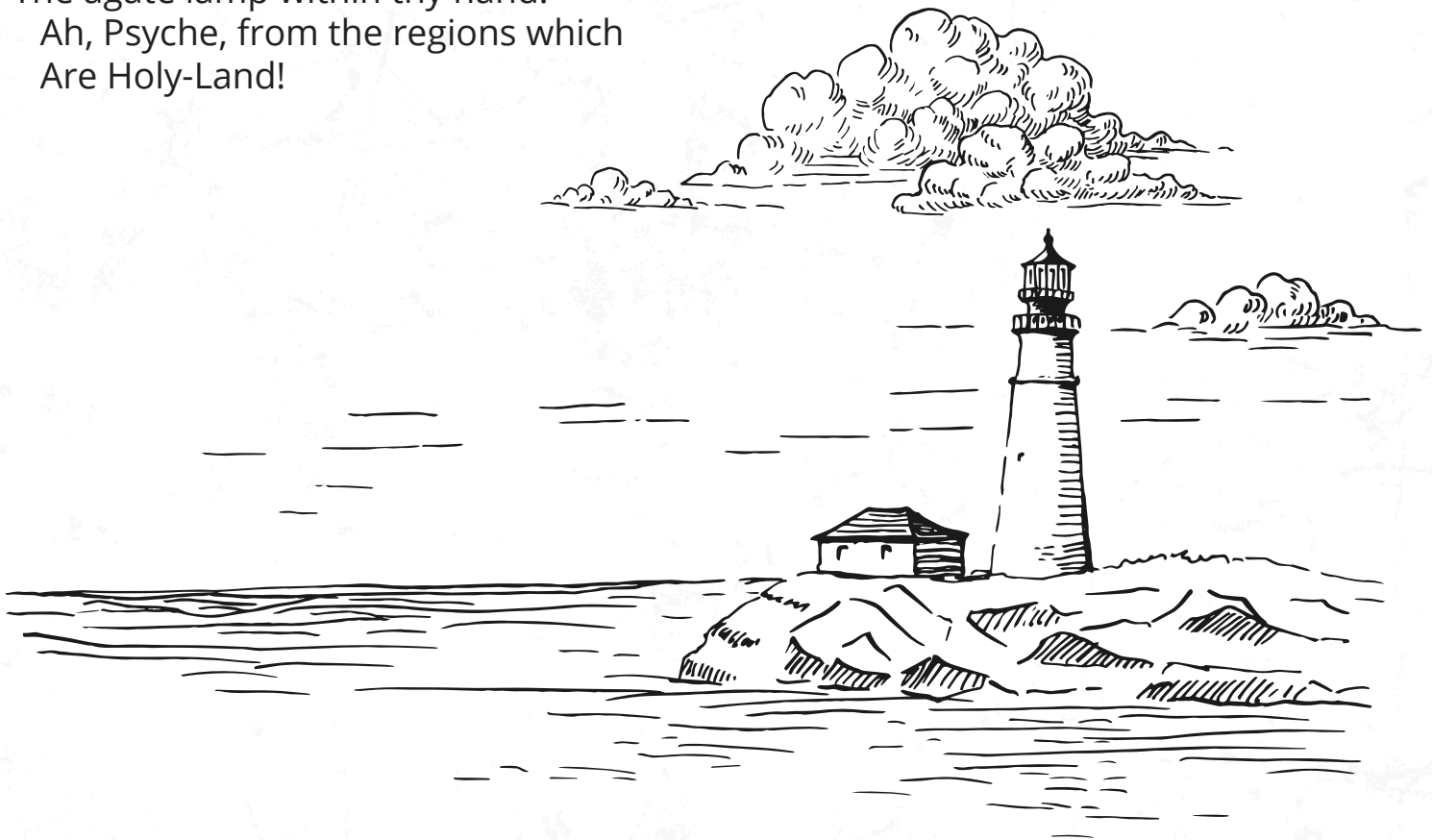
# To Helen

by Edgar Allan Poe

Helen, thy beauty is to me  
Like those Nicéan barks of yore,  
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,  
The weary, way-worn 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!



# Lenore

by Edgar Allan Poe



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 never more!  
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 innocent 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 so 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! to-night my heart is light. No dirge will I upraise,  
“But waft the angel on her flight with a Pæan of old days!  
“Let no bell toll!—lest her sweet soul, amid its hallowed mirth,  
“Should catch the note, as it doth float up from the damnéd Earth.  
“To friends above, 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.”

# Alone

by Edgar Allan Poe

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 lov'd—I lov'd alone—  
Then—in my childhood—in the dawn  
Of a most stormy life—was drawn  
From ev'ry 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 roll'd  
In its autumn tint of gold—  
From the lightning in the sky  
As it pass'd 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—



# Ulalume

by Edgar Allan Poe



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 ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic,  
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—  
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.  
These 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 ghoul-haunted 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:  
Ah, hasten! —ah, let us not linger!  
Ah, 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 splendour is beaming  
With Hope and in Beauty tonight!—  
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—

## Ulalume (continued)

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 hath 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."

# Silence

by Edgar Allan Poe

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!



# Dream-Land

by Edgar Allan Poe

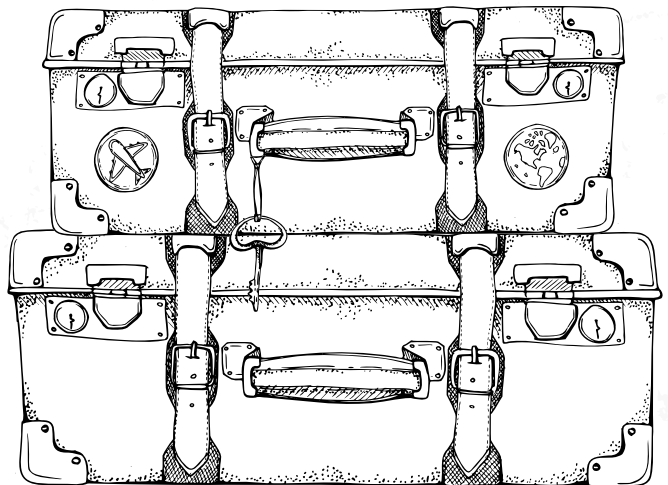
By a route obscure and lonely,  
Haunted by ill angels only,  
Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,  
On a black throne reigns upright,  
I have reached these lands but newly  
From an ultimate dim Thule—  
From a wild weird clime that lieth, sublime,  
Out of SPACE—Out of TIME.

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  
'T is a peaceful, soothing region—  
For the spirit that walks in shadow  
'T is—oh, 't is 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 fring'd 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,  
On a black throne reigns upright,  
I have wandered home but newly  
From this ultimate dim Thule.



# For Annie

by Edgar Allan Poe



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 drank 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

## For Annie (continued)

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.

# The Conqueror Worm

by Edgar Allan Poe

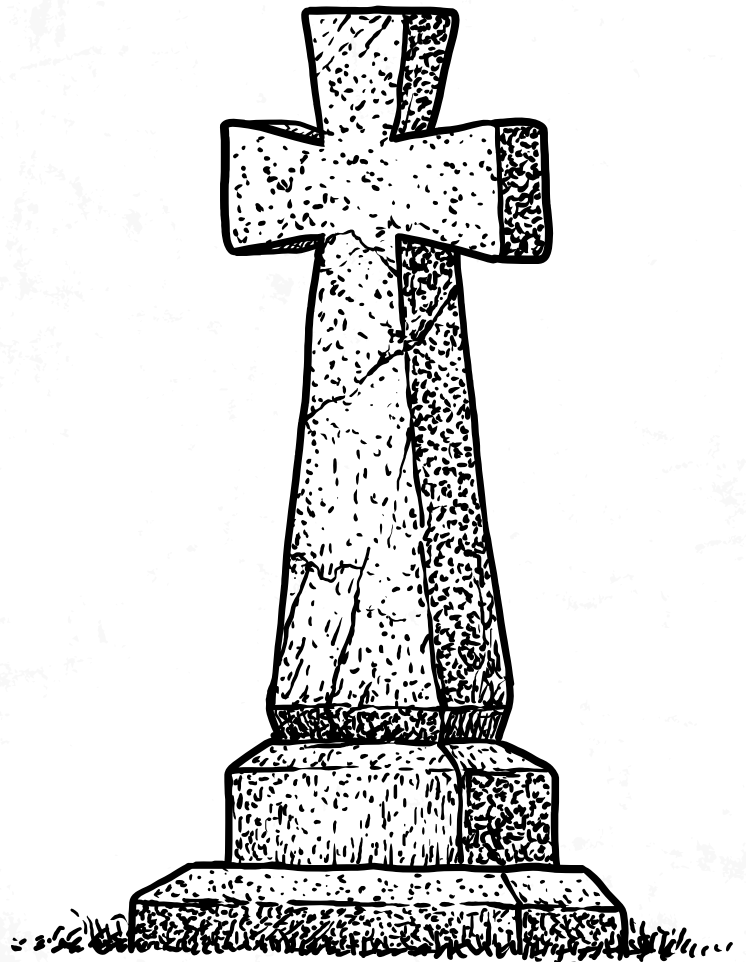
Lo! 't is a gala night  
Within the lonesome latter years!  
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight  
In veils, and drowned in tears,  
Sit in a theatre, to see  
A play of hopes and fears,  
While the orchestra breathes fitfully  
The music of the spheres.

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 Wo!

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.



# To My Mother

by Edgar Allan Poe

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.

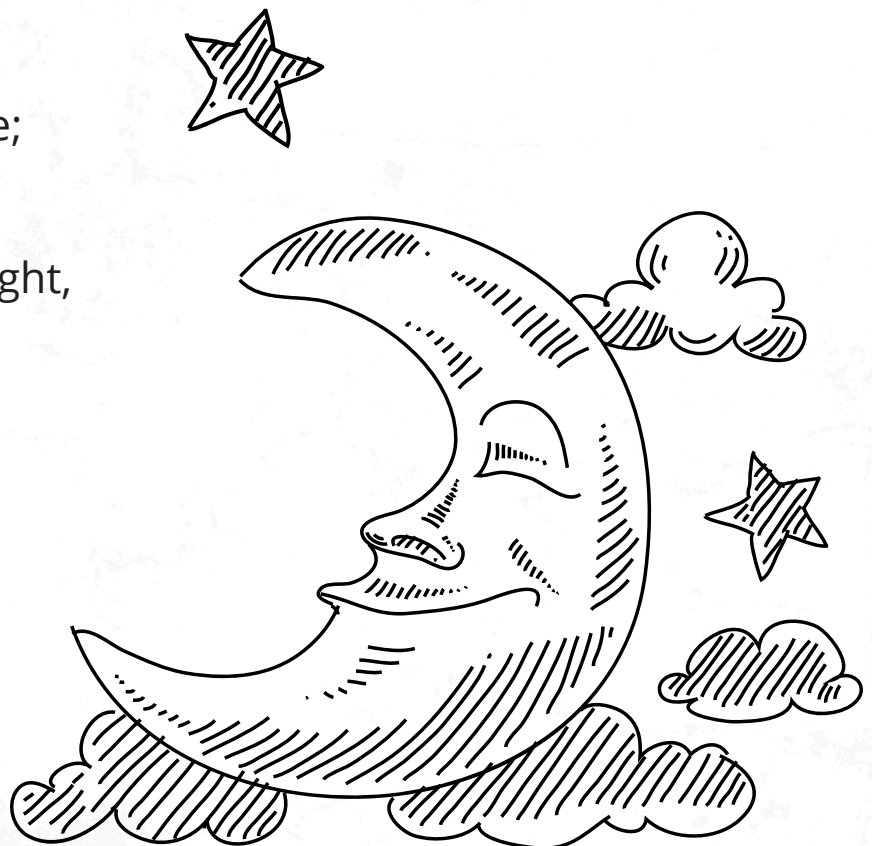
My mother—my own mother, who died early,  
Was but the mother of myself; but you  
Are mother to the one I loved so dearly,  
And thus are dearer than the mother I knew  
By that infinity with which my wife  
Was dearer to my soul than its soul-life.



# Evening Star

by Edgar Allan Poe

'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.



# Dreams

by Edgar Allan Poe



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.

# Eulalie

by Edgar Allan Poe

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  
Are the stars of night  
Than the eyes of the radiant girl!  
And never a flake  
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.



# The Sleeper

by Edgar Allan Poe

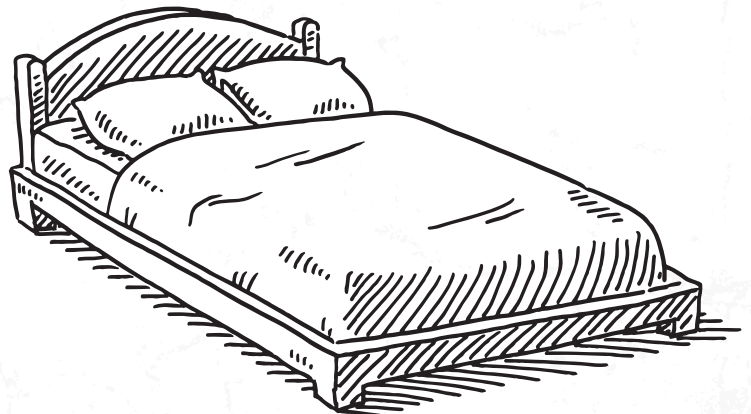
At midnight, in the month of June,  
I stand beneath the mystic moon.  
An opiate vapor, dewy, dim,  
Exhales from out her golden rim,  
And softly dripping, drop by drop,  
Upon the quiet mountain top,  
Steals drowsily and musically  
Into the universal valley.  
The rosemary nods upon the grave;  
The lily lolls upon the wave;  
Wrapping the fog about its breast,  
The ruin moulders 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!

Oh, 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  
Forever 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 hath flung its black  
And wingéd pannels fluttering back,  
Triumphant, o'er the crested palls  
Of her grand family funerals—

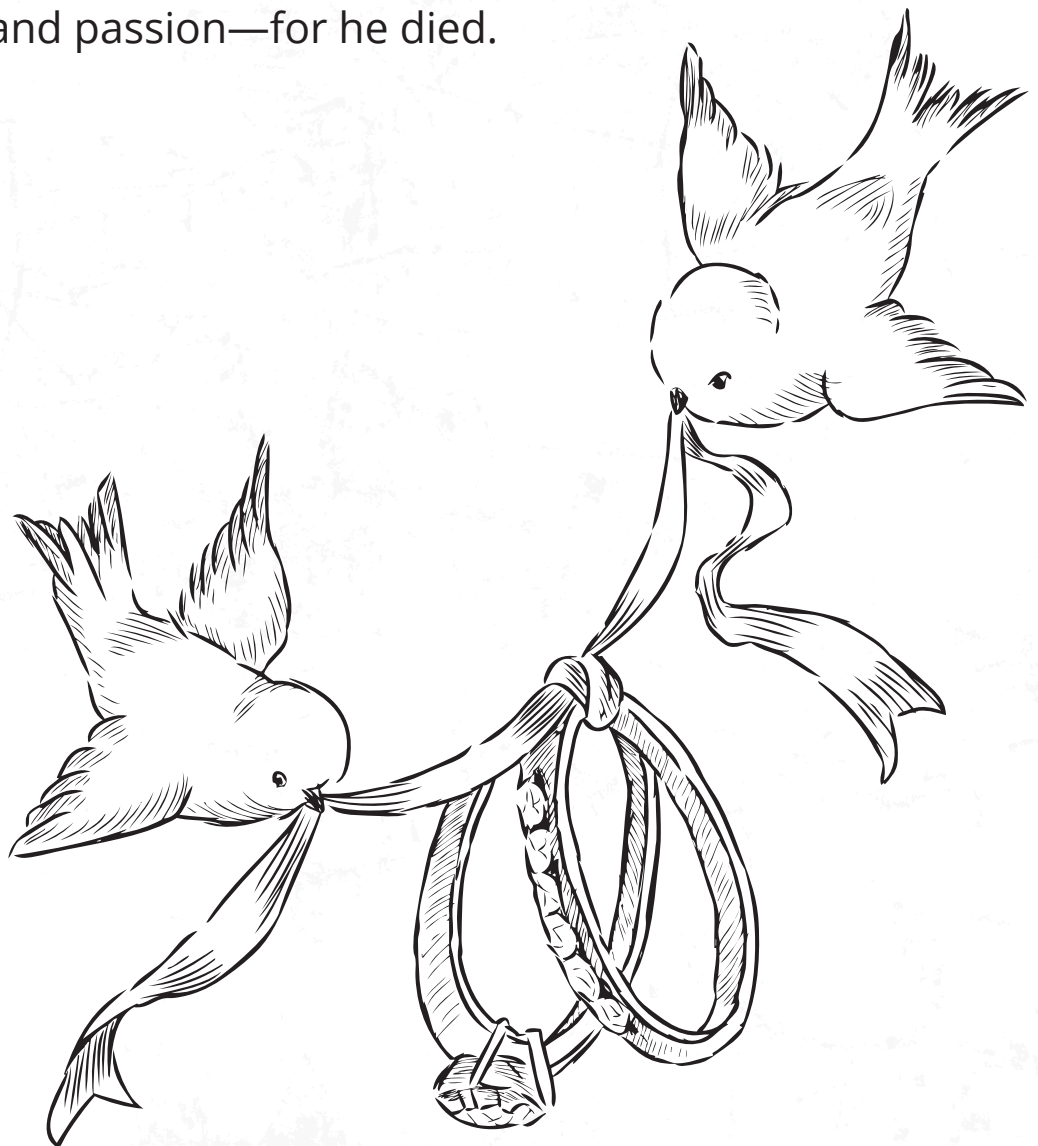
Some sepulchre, remote, alone,  
Against whose portals she hath thrown,  
In childhood, many an idle stone—  
Some tomb from out whose sounding door  
She ne'er shall force an echo more,  
Thrilling to think, poor child of sin!  
It was the dead who groaned within.



# An Acrostic

by Edgar Allan Poe

Elizabeth it is in vain you say  
"Love not"—thou sayest it in so sweet a way:  
In vain those words from thee or L.E.L.  
Zantippe's talents had enforced so well:  
Ah! if that language from thy heart arise,  
Breath it less gently forth—and veil thine eyes.  
Endymion, recollect, when Luna tried  
To cure his love—was cured of all beside—  
His follie—pride—and passion—for he died.



# To One in Paradise

by Edgar Allan Poe

Thou wast that all 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! with 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.



# Tamerlane

by Edgar Allan Poe



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!  
Th' 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  
Was giantlike—so thou, my mind!—  
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 suiters—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.

# Tamerlane (continued)

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 ev'ry 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 chain'd 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,

# Tamerlane (continued)

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 wo—

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 ev'ry 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 trelliced rays from Heaven  
No mote may shun—no tiniest fly  
The light'ning 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?

# Epigram for Wall Street

by Edgar Allan Poe

I'll tell you a plan for gaining wealth,  
Better than banking, trade or leases—  
Take a bank note and fold it up,  
And then you will find your money in creases!  
This wonderful plan, without danger or loss,  
Keeps your cash in your hands, where nothing can trouble it;  
And every time that you fold it across,  
'Tis as plain as the light of the day that you double it!

