**“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!”

 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!

 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!

**“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!’

**“A Dream”**

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

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?

**“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.

**“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?

**“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—

**“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-tunèd 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.

**“Fairy-Land”**

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

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 any thing—

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.

**“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.