

POEMS

TO

THE NOBLEST OF HER SEX

THE AUTHOR OF

"THE DRAMA OF EXILE"--

TO

MISS ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

OF ENGLAND

I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME

WITH THE MOST ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRATION AND WITH

THE MOST SINCERE ESTEEM

1845

E.A.P.

PREFACE

THESE trifles are collected and republished chiefly with a view to their redemption from the many improvements to which they have been subjected while going at random the "rounds of the press." I am naturally anxious that what I have written should circulate as I wrote it, if it circulate at all. In defence of my own taste, nevertheless, it is incumbent upon me to say that I think nothing in this volume of much value to the public, or very creditable to myself. Events not to be controlled have prevented me from making, at any time, any serious effort in what, under happier circumstances, would have been the field of my choice. With me poetry has been not a purpose, but a passion; and the passions should be held in reverence: they must not-they can not at will be excited, with an eye to the paltry compensations, or the more paltry commendations, of man-kind.

E. A. P.

1845

POEMS OF LATER LIFE

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 visiter," 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 visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door--  
Some late visiter 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 darkness 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 I heard again 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 an instant 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 sad soul 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 Angels whose faint 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!

Published 1845.



THE BELLS.

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 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!

### III.

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 clamour and the clangour 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 meaning 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,

Rolls

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.

1849.

## 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 ghoul-haunted 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)

We 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 till 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 Sybillic 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--

'T is 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."

1847.

TO HELEN

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!

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden 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 wingéd 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 by night  
Chilling my ANNABEL LEE;  
So that her high-born 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, 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 see 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 side of the sea.

1849.

A VALENTINE.

For her this rhyme is penned, whose luminous eyes,

Brightly expressive as the twins of Loeda,

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.

1846.



[To discover the names in this and the following poem read the first letter of the first line in connection with the second letter of the second line, the third letter of the third line, the fourth of the fourth and so on to the end.]

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 lie concealed within 't.

1847.

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.

1849.

[The above was addressed to the poet's mother-in-law, Mrs. Clemm--Ed.]

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 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  
    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.

1849.



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're that one bright island smile.

1845.

TO FRANCES S. OSGOOD

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.

1845.

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!'

1849.

## 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!  
And never a flake  
That the vapour 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,  
Astarté within the sky,  
While ever to her dear Eulalie upturns her matron eye--  
While ever to her young Eulalie upturns her violet eye.

1845.

## 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?

1849



TO MARIE LOUISE (SHEW)

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.

1847.

TO MARIE LOUISE (SHEW)

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 wider, far diviner visions  
Than even the 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 can not write-I can not speak or think--  
Alas, I can not 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!

1848.

## THE CITY IN THE SEA.

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne  
In a strange city lying alone  
Far down within the dim West,  
Wherethe 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 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 thrown 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.

1845.

## THE SLEEPER.

At midnight in the month of June,  
I stand beneath the mystic moon.  
An opiate vapour, 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 univereal 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  
(Her easement open to the skies)  
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 sould 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 p'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 dim 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 winged pannels 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 fromout 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.

1845.

BRIDAL BALLAD.

THE ring is on my hand,  
And the wreath is on my brow;  
Satins 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're 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,  
Behold the golden token  
That proves me 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.

1845.

## NOTES

1. "The Raven" was first published on the 29th January, 1845, in the New York "Evening Mirror"-a paper its author was then assistant editor of. It was prefaced by the following words, understood to have been written by N. P. Willis: "We are permitted to copy (in advance of publication) from the second number of the "American Review," the following remarkable poem by Edgar Poe. In our opinion, it is the most effective single example of 'fugitive poetry' ever published in this country, and unsurpassed in English poetry for subtle conception, masterly ingenuity of versification, and consistent sustaining of imaginative lift and 'pokerishness.' It is one of those 'dainties bred in a book' which we feed on. It will stick to the memory of everybody who reads it." In the February number of the "American Review" the poem was published as by "Quarles," and it was introduced by the following note, evidently suggested if not written by Poe himself.

["The following lines from a correspondent-besides the deep, quaint strain of the sentiment, and the curious introduction of some ludicrous touches amidst the serious and impressive, as was doubtless intended by the author-appears to us one of the most felicitous specimens of unique rhyming which has for some time met our eye. The resources of English rhythm for varieties of melody, measure, and sound, producing corresponding diversities of effect, having been thoroughly studied, much more perceived, by very few poets in the language. While the classic tongues, especially the Greek, possess, by power of accent,

several advantages for versification over our own, chiefly through greater abundance of spondaic: feet, we have other and very great advantages of sound by the modern usage of rhyme. Alliteration is nearly the only effect of that kind which the ancients had in common with us. It will be seen that much of the melody of 'The Raven' arises from alliteration, and the studious use of similar sounds in unusual places. In regard to its measure, it may be noted that if all the verses were like the second, they might properly be placed merely in short lines, producing a not uncommon form; but the presence in all the others of one line--mostly the second in the verse" (stanza?)--"which flows continuously, with only an aspirate pause in the middle, like that before the short line in the Sapphic Adonic, while the fifth has at the middle pause no similarity of sound with any part besides, gives the versification an entirely different effect. We could wish the capacities of our noble language in prosody were better understood."--ED. "Am. Rev. "]

2. The bibliographical history of "The Bells" is curious. The subject, and some lines of the original version, having been suggested by the poet's friend, Mrs. Shew, Poe, when he wrote out the first draft of the poem, headed it, "The Bells, By Mrs. M. A. Shew." This draft, now the editor's property, consists of only seventeen lines, and read thus:

I.

The bells!-ah, the bells!

The little silver bells!  
How fairy-like a melody there floats  
From their throats--  
From their merry little throats--  
From the silver, tinkling throats  
Of the bells, bells, bells--  
Of the bells!

## II.

The bells!-ah, the bells!

The heavy iron bells!  
How horrible a monody there floats  
From their throats--  
From their deep-toned throats--  
From their melancholy throats!  
How I shudder at the notes Of the bells, bells, bells--  
Of the bells!

In the autumn of 1848 Poe added another line to this poem, and sent it to the editor of the "Union Magazine." It was not published. So, in the following February, the poet forwarded to the same periodical a much enlarged and altered transcript. Three months having elapsed without publication, another revision of the poem, similar to the current version, was sent, and in the following October was published in the

"Union Magazine."

3. This poem was first published in Colton's "American Review" for December, 1847, as "To--Ulalume: a Ballad." Being reprinted immediately in the "Home Journal," it was copied into various publications with the name of the editor, N. P. Willis, appended, and was ascribed to him. When first published, it contained the following additional stanza which Poe subsequently, at the suggestion of Mrs. Whitman, wisely suppressed:

Said we then--we two, then--"Ah, can it  
Have been that the woodlandish ghouls--  
The pitiful, the merciful ghouls--  
To bar up our path and to ban it  
From the secret that lies in these wolds--  
Had drawn up the spectre of a planet  
From the limbo of lunary souls--  
This sinfully scintillant planet  
From the Hell of the planetary souls?"

4. "To Helen!" (Mrs. S. Helen Whitman) was not published until November, 1848, although written several months earlier. It first appeared in the "Union Magazine," and with the omission, contrary to the knowledge or desire of Poe, of the line, "Oh, God! oh, Heaven--how my heart beats in coupling those two words."

5. "Annabel Lee" was written early in 1849, and is evidently an

expression of the poet's undying love for his deceased bride, although at least one of his lady admirers deemed it a response to her admiration. Poe sent a copy of the ballad to the "Union Magazine," in which publication it appeared in January, 1850, three months after the author's death. While suffering from "hope deferred" as to its fate, Poe presented a copy of "Annabel Lee" to the editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger," who published it in the November number of his periodical, a month after Poe's death. In the meantime the poet's own copy, left among his papers, passed into the hands of the person engaged to edit his works, and he quoted the poem in an obituary of Poe, in the New York "Tribune," before any one else had an opportunity of publishing it.

6. "A Valentine," one of three poems addressed to Mrs. Osgood, appears to have been written early in 1846.

7. "An Enigma," addressed to Mrs. Sarah Anna Lewis ("Stella"), was sent to that lady in a letter, in November, 1847, and the following March appeared in Sartain's "Union Magazine."

8. The sonnet, "To My Mother" (Maria Clemm), was sent for publication to the short-lived "Flag of our Union," early in 1849,' but does not appear to have been issued until after its author's death, when it appeared in the "Leaflets of Memory" for 1850.

9. "For Annie" was first published in the "Flag of our Union," in the



spring of 1849. Poe, annoyed at some misprints in this issue, shortly afterwards caused a corrected copy to be inserted in the "Home Journal."

10. "To F----" (Frances Sargeant Osgood) appeared in the "Broadway journal" for April, 1845. These lines are but slightly varied from those inscribed "To Mary," in the "Southern Literary Messenger" for July, 1835, and subsequently republished, with the two stanzas transposed, in "Graham's Magazine" for March, 1842, as "To One Departed."

11. "To F----s S. O--d," a portion of the poet's triune tribute to Mrs. Osgood, was published in the "Broadway Journal" for September, 1845. The earliest version of these lines appeared in the "Southern Literary Messenger" for September, 1835, as "Lines written in an Album," and was addressed to Eliza White, the proprietor's daughter. Slightly revised, the poem reappeared in Burton's "Gentleman's Magazine" for August, 1839, as "To--."

12. Although "Eldorado" was published during Poe's lifetime, in 1849, in the "Flag of our Union," it does not appear to have ever received the author's finishing touches.