

My Tracing Book

The Bells

Ah! if that language from thy heart arise, Breathe it less gently forth — and veil thine eyes. Ah! if that language from thy heart arise, Breathe it less gently forth — and veil thine eyes. To cure his love. His follie — pride — and passion — for he died. My sorrow—I could not awaken, My heart to joy at the same tone. Of a most stormy life. The mystery which binds me still. What a world of merriment their melody foretells! Golden bells! From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells. Keeping time, time, time... What a world of happiness their harmony foretells! To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats on the moon! Of the bells, bells, bells, Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells! How they scream out their affright! Too much horrified to speak. They can only shriek, shriek. Out of tune. To the moaning and the groaning of the bells. Death has reared himself a throne. Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best, have gone to their eternal rest. The melancholy waters lie. Death looks gigantically down. The wave—there is a movement there! A void within the filmy Heaven. Hell, rising from a thousand thrones, Shall do it reverence. Deep in earth my love is, and I must weep alone. I'd strive for liberty no more, But hug the glorious chains I wore. Her bosom is an ivory throne. I'd worship Kings and kingly state, And hold this maxim all life long. The King — my King — can do no wrong. 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. What could there be more purely bright In Truth's day-star? That holy dream — that holy dream, While all the world were chiding, Hath cheered me as a lovely beam. A lonely spirit guiding. On a black throne reigns upright, I have reached these lands. Out of SPACE—Out of TIME. Into seas without a shore; Seas that restlessly aspire, Surging, unto skies of fire. Their lone waters—lone and dead, Their still waters—still and chilly, With the snows of the lolling lily. Where dwell the Ghouls, By each spot the most unholy, In each nook most melancholy. In agony, to the Earth—and Heaven. Never its mysteries are exposed, To the weak human eye unclosed. On a black throne reigns upright, I have wandered home but newly from this ultimate dim Thule. Take this kiss upon the brow! You are not wrong, who deem that my days have been a dream. In a night, or in a day, In a vision, or in none, Is it therefore the less gone? I stand amid the roar of a surf-tormented shore, and I hold within my hand grains of the golden sand. 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? The muses thro' their bowers of Truth or Fiction. Being ignorant of one important rule, Employed in even the theses of the school. Always write first things uppermost in the heart. A pleasing

moralist whose page refined, Displays the deepest knowledge of the mind. A bard of brilliant but unlicensed page. At once the shame and glory of our age. The bard that paints imagination's powers, And him whose song revives departed hours. Once more an ancient tragic bard recall, In boldness of design surpassing all. 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. In a labyrinth of light—And then, how, deep. They use that moon no more, For the same end as before. Of Earth, who seek the skies, And so come down again, Have brought a specimen, Upon their quivering wings. Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary, Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore. Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow. From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore. And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain, thrilled me, filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before. 'Tis the wind and nothing more! In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore. But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling, Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door. The rosemary nods upon the grave; The lily lolls upon the wave; Wrapping the fog about its breast, The ruin moulders into rest. Oh, lady dear, hast thou no fear? Why and what art thou dreaming here? It was the dead who groaned within. 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. The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree? Love not — thou sayest it in so sweet a way.

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shriek. Out of tune. To the moaning and the groaning of the bells. Death has
reared himself a throne. Where the good and the bad and the worst and the
best, have gone to their eternal rest. The melancholy waters lie. Death looks
gigantically down. The wave—there is a movement there! A void within the
filmy Heaven. Hell, rising from a thousand thrones, Shall do it reverence.

Deep in earth my love is, and I must weep alone. I'd strive for liberty no more,
But hug the glorious chains I wore. Her bosom is an ivory throne. I'd worship
Kings and kingly state, And hold this maxim all life long. The King — my King
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What could there be more purely bright In Truth's day-star? That holy dream
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lovely beam. A lonely spirit guiding. On a black throne reigns upright, I have
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Seas that restlessly aspire, Surging, unto skies of fire. Their lone waters—lone
and dead, Their still waters—still and chilly, With the snows of the lolling
lily. Where dwell the Ghouls, By each spot the most unholy, In each nook most
melancholy. In agony, to the Earth—and Heaven. Never its mysteries are
exposed, To the weak human eye unclosed. On a black throne reigns upright, I
have wandered home but newly from this ultimate dim Thule. Take this kiss
upon the brow! You are not wrong, who deem that my days have been a
dream. In a night, or in a day, In a vision, or in none, Is it therefore the less
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hand grains of the golden sand. O God! Can I not grasp Them with a tighter
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To cure his love . His follie — pride — and passion — for he died. My sorrow — I could not awaken, My heart to joy at the same tone. Of a most stormy life. The mystery which binds me still. What a world of merriment their melody foretells! Golden bells! From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells. Keeping time, time, time... What a world of happiness their harmony foretells! To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats on the moon! Of the bells, bells, bells, Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells! How they scream out their affright! Too much horrified to speak. They can only shriek, shriek. Out of tune. To the moaning and the groaning of the bells. Death has reared himself a throne. Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best, have gone to their eternal rest. The melancholy waters lie. Death looks gigantically down. The wave—there is a movement there! A void within the filmy Heaven. Hell, rising from a thousand thrones, Shall do it reverence. Deep in earth my love is, and I must weep alone. I'd strive for liberty no more, But hug the glorious chains I wore. Her bosom is an ivory throne. I'd worship Kings and kingly state, And hold this maxim all life long. The King — my King — can do no wrong. 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. What could there be more purely bright In Truth's day-star? That holy dream—that holy dream, While all the world were chiding, Hath cheered me as a lovely beam. A lonely spirit guiding. On a black throne reigns upright, I have reached these lands. Out of SPACE—Out of TIME. Into seas without a shore; Seas that restlessly aspire, Surging, unto skies of fire. Their lone waters—lone and dead, Their still waters—still and chilly, With the snows of the lolling lily. Where dwell the Ghouls, By each spot the most unholy, In each nook most melancholy. In agony, to the Earth—and Heaven. Never its mysteries are exposed, To the weak human eye unclosed. On a black throne reigns upright, I have wandered home but newly from this ultimate dim Thule. Take this kiss upon the brow! You are not wrong, who deem that my days have been a dream. In a night, or in a day, In a vision, or in none, Is it therefore the less gone? I stand amid the roar of a surf-tormented shore, and I hold within my hand grains of the golden sand. 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? The muses thro' their bowers of Truth or Fiction. Being ignorant of one important rule, Employed in even the theses of the school. Always write first things

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The City in The Sea

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the most unholy, In each nook most melancholy. In agony, to the Earth — and
Heaven. Never its mysteries are exposed, To the weak human eye unclosed.
On a black throne reigns upright, I have wandered home but newly from this
ultimate dim Thule. Take this kiss upon the brow! You are not wrong, who
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Sonnet

paragraph

A Dream Within a Dream

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A Dream

paragraph

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Deep in Earth

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none, Is it therefore the less gone? I stand amid the roar of a surf-tormented shore, and I hold within my hand grains of the golden sand. 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? The muses thro' their bowers of Truth or Fiction. Being ignorant of one important rule, Employed in even the theses of the school. Always write first things uppermost in the heart. A pleasing moralist whose page refined, Displays the deepest knowledge of the mind. A bard of brilliant but unlicensed page. At once the shame and glory of our age. The bard that paints imagination's powers, And him whose song revives departed hours. Once more an ancient tragic bard recall, In boldness of design surpassing all. 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. In a labyrinth of light—And then, how, deep. They use that moon no more, For the same end as before. Of Earth, who seek the skies, And so come down again, Have brought a specimen, Upon their quivering wings. Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary, Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore. Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow. From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore. And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain, thrilled me, filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before. 'Tis the wind and nothing more! In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore. But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling, Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door. The rosemary nods upon the grave; The lily lolls upon the wave; Wrapping the fog about its breast, The ruin moulders into rest. Oh, lady dear, hast thou no fear? Why and what art thou dreaming here? It was the dead who groaned within. 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. The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree? Love not — thou sayest it in so sweet a way. Ah! if that language from thy heart arise, Breath it less gently forth — and veil thine eyes. Ah! if that language from thy heart arise, Breath it less gently forth — and veil thine eyes.

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The Bells

paragraph

Sonnet

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