

Poems of Edgar Allan Poe

The
Raven

A dream
within
a dream

The city
in the
sea

The
Haunted
Palace

The
Bells

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The Haunted Palace

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, pale,
On its roof danced at the air,
(Thou still thyself dost dwell there,
So) —
And even broke that diamond day,
When the old one died away

The Haunted Palace

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By good angels tenanted,
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Scroll to type

A dream within a dream

Take this kiss upon the brow!

And, in parting from you now,

Thus much let me avow –

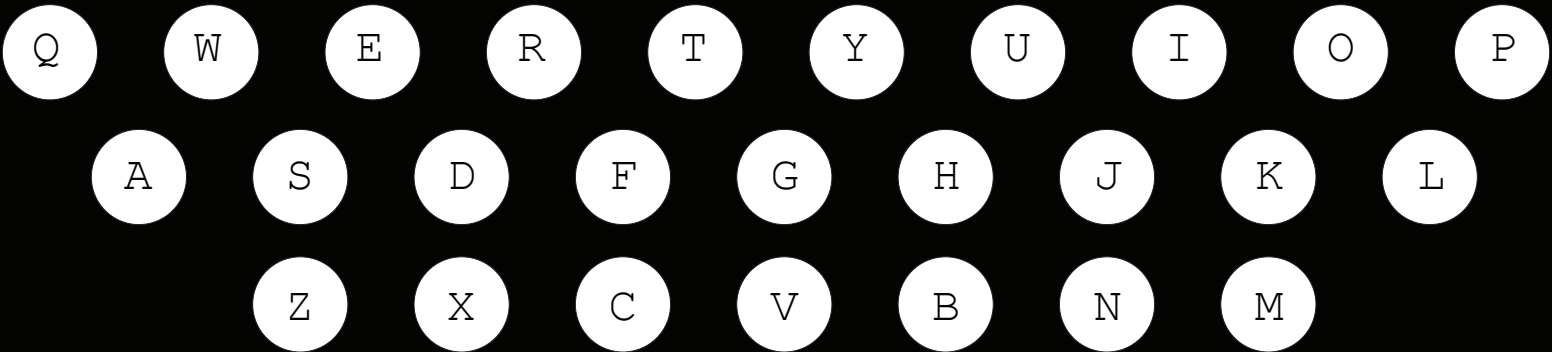
You are not wrong, who deem

That my days have been a dream;

Yet if hope has flown away

In a night, or in a day,

In a visi|



Scroll to type

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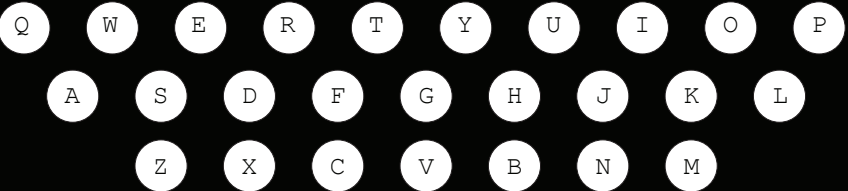
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The Raven

Once upon a midnight dreary,
while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious
volume of forgotten lore—

While I nodded, nearly napping,
suddenly there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping,
rapping at my chamber door.
" 'Tis some visitor," I muttered,
"tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing
more."

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

The Raven

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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
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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 ever—

And the silken, sad, uncertain
rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—never felt before,
So that now, to still the beating
of my heart, I stood repeating
—till some vision—some entreaty
—some late visitor—entreated—

On the long night-time of that town,
But **Death** 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— bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—
Up many and many a marvellous shrine
Whose wreathed **forgotten** friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.
Resignedly beneath the sky
The waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem **melancholy** pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;
But **Death** 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— bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—
Up many and many a **forgotten** 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.
graves
There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves;
But not the riches there that lie

The Bells

Hear the sledges with the bells—

Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle

All the heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinabulation that so musically wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

The Bells

Hear the sledges with the bells—

Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

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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.