

1839

THE HAUNTED PALACE

Edgar Allan Poe

Poe, Edgar Allan (1809-49) - American poet, short-story writer, and critic who is best known for his tales of ratiocination, his fantastical horror stories, and his genre-founding detective stories. Poe, whose cloudy personal life is a virtual legend, considered himself primarily a poet. Haunted Palace (1839) - A poem which appears in Poe's famous story, "The Fall of the House of Usher." Opening lines: In the greenest of our valleys / By good angels tenanted ...

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, 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 winged 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 (Porphyroge!) 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.

THE END