

POE, "THE LAKE" (THE 1845 REVISION AND THE 1827 ORIGINAL)

To _____

1. IN spring of youth it was my lot
2. To haunt of the wide world a spot
3. The which I could not love the less —
4. So lovely was the loneliness
5. Of a wild lake, with black rock bound,
6. And the tall pines that towered around.
7. But when the Night had thrown her
pall
8. Upon that spot, as upon all,
9. And the mystic wind went by
10. Murmuring in melody —
11. Then — ah then I would awake
12. To the terror of the lone lake.
13. Yet that terror was not fright,
14. But a tremulous delight —
15. A feeling not the jewelled mine
16. Could teach or bribe me to define —
17. Nor Love — although the Love were
thine.
18. Death was in that poisonous wave,
19. And in its gulf a fitting grave
20. For him who thence could solace bring
21. To his lone imagining —
22. Whose solitary soul could make
23. An Eden of that dim lake.

(1845)

To _____

1. IN youth's spring it was my lot
2. To haunt of the wide world a spot
3. The which I could not love the less
—
4. So lovely was the loneliness
5. Of a wild lake, with black rock
bound,
6. And the tall pines that towered
around.
7. But when the night had thrown her pall
8. Upon that spot, as upon all,
9. And the wind would pass me by
10. In its still melody,
11. My infant spirit would awake
12. To the terror of the lone lake.
13. Yet that terror was not fright,
14. But a tremulous delight —
15. And a feeling undefined
16. Springing from a darkened mind—
17. Death was in that poisonous wave,
18. And in its gulf a fitting grave
19. For him who thence could solace bring
20. To his lone imagining —
21. Whose solitary soul could make
22. An Eden of that dim lake.

(1827)

Poe, "Alone"

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 hinds 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

— 183_?

— 1875

Poe, The Sleeper

At midnight, in the month of June,
I stand beneath the mystic moon.
An opiate vapor, dewy, dim,
Exhales from out her golden rim,
And softly dripping, drop by drop, 5
Upon the quiet mountain top,
Steals drowsily and musically
Into the universal valley.
The rosemary nods upon the grave;
The lily lolls upon the wave; 10
Wrapping the fog about its breasts,
The ruin moulders into rest;
Looking like Lethe see! the lake
A conscious slumber seems to take,
And would not, for the world, awake. 15
All Beauty sleeps!— and lo! where lies
(Her casement open to the skies)
Irene, with her Destinies.