

**FAIRYLAND.**  
BY  
**EDGAR ALLAN POE**

Dim vales—and shadowy floods—  
And cloudy-looking woods,  
Whose forms we can't discover  
For the tears that drip all over.  
Huge moons there wax and wane—  
Again—again—again—  
Ev'ry moment of the night—  
For ever changing places—  
And they put out the star-light  
With the breath from their pale faces;

About twelve by the moon -dial  
One, more *filmy* than the rest  
[A sort which, upon trial,  
They have found to be the best]  
Comes down—still down—and down  
With its centre on the crown  
Of a mountain's eminence,  
While its wide circumference  
In easy drapery falls  
Over hamlets, and rich halls,  
Wherever they may be—  
O'er the strange woods—o'er the sea—  
Over spirits on the wing  
Over every drowsy thing—  
And buries them up quite  
In a labyrinth of light—  
And then, how deep! O! deep!  
Is the passion of their sleep!  
In the morning they arise,  
And their moony covering  
Is soaring in the skies,  
With the tempests as they toss,

• Like — almost any thing—  
Or a yellow Albatross.  
They use that moon no more  
For the same end as before—  
Videlicet a tent—  
Which I think extravagant:  
Its atomies, however,  
Into a shower dissever,  
Of which those butterflies,  
Of Earth, who seek the skies,  
And so come down again,  
[The unbelieving things!]—  
Have brought a specimen  
Upon their quivering wings.

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\* Plagiarism—see the works of Thomas Moore—passim—, *etc.*