

LENORE.

BY
EDGAR ALLAN POE.



ILLUSTRATIONS

BY HY. SANDHAM, A.R.A.

Drawn and Engraved under the supervision of

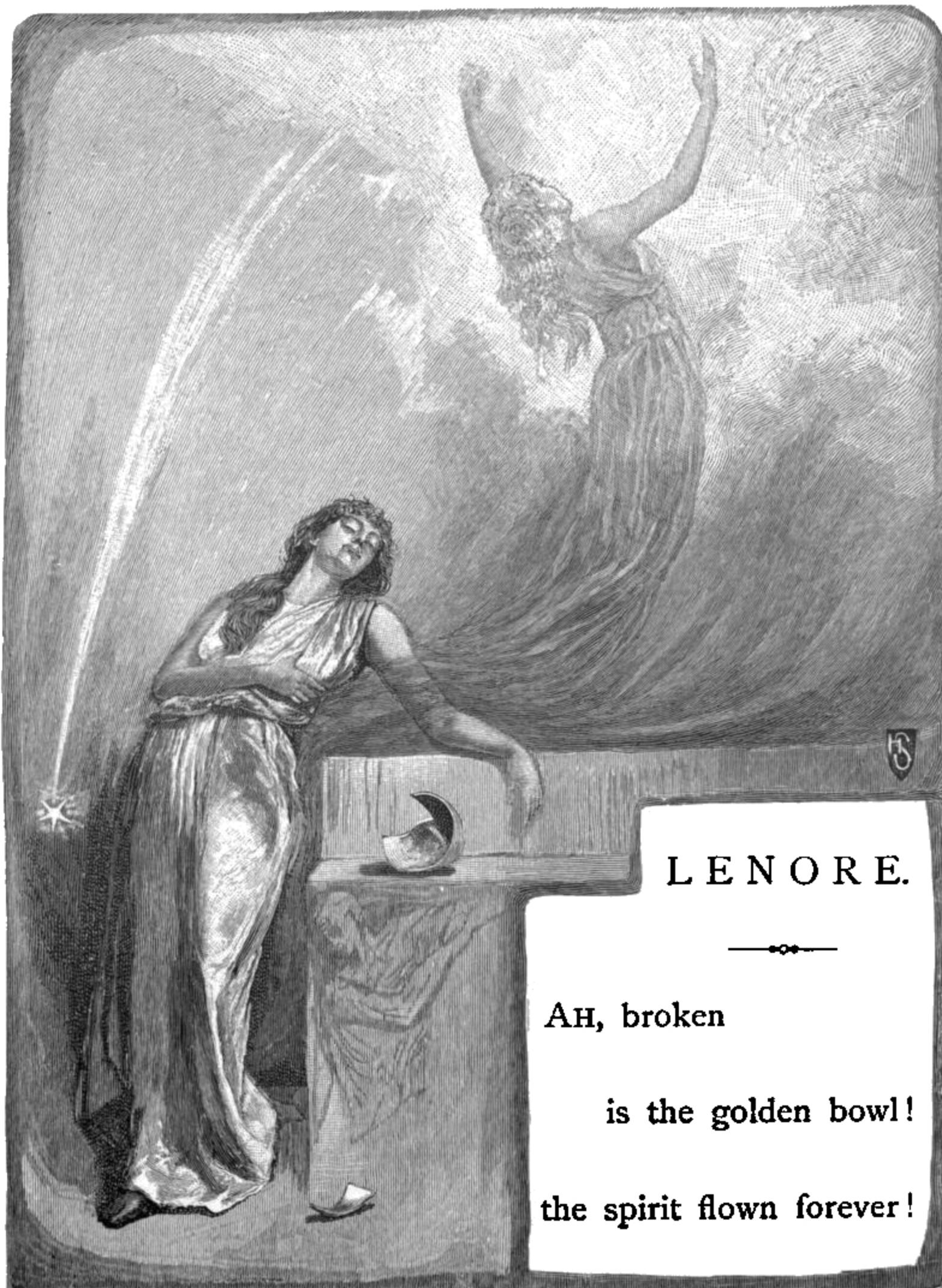
GEORGE T. ANDREW.



1886.

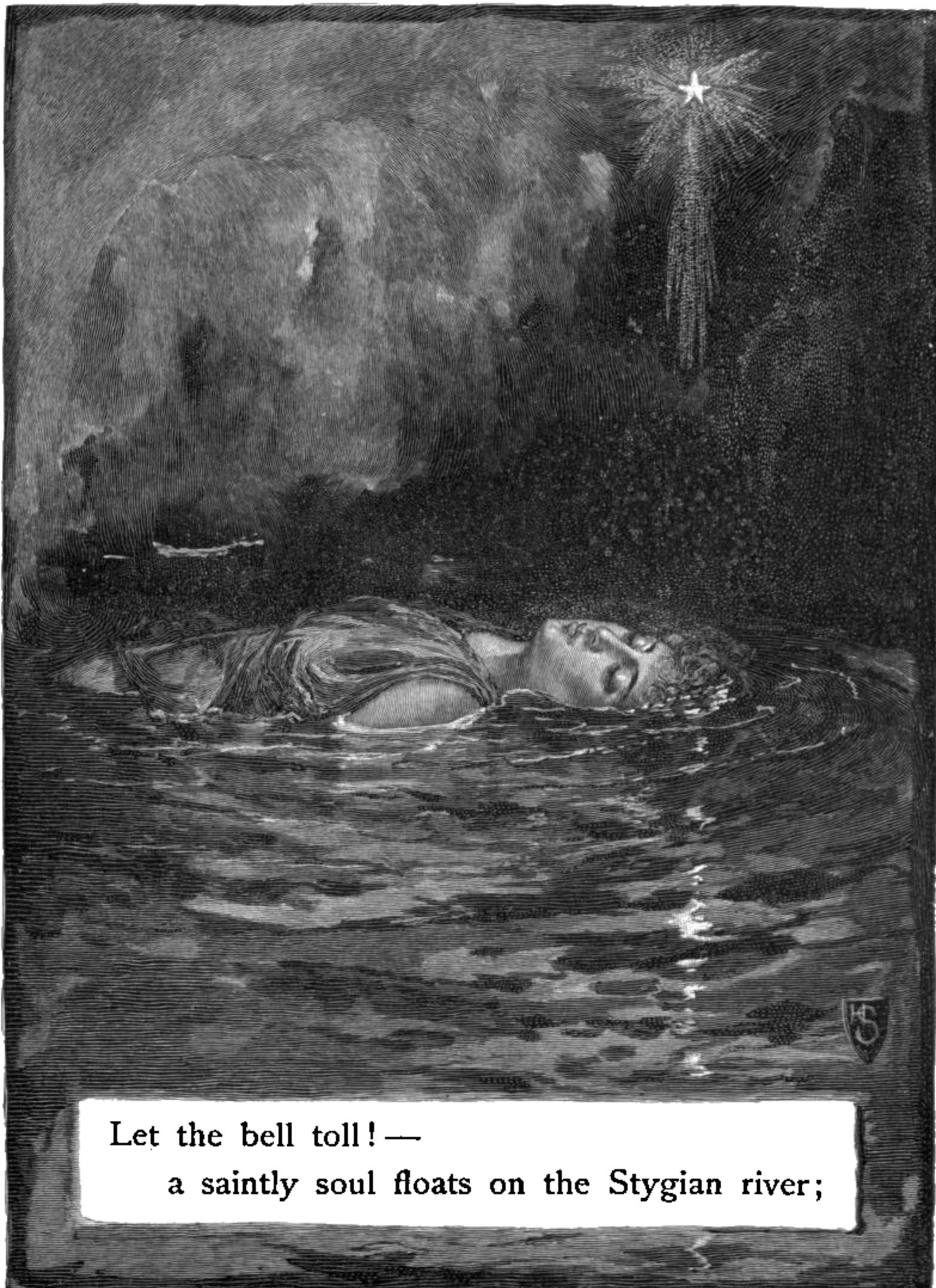


EDGAR ALLAN POE was born in Baltimore in 1811. He graduated at the University of Virginia in 1826; and having spent a year in Europe, he returned to America, and was for a number of years editor of different magazines, among which was the "Broadway Journal." The poem of Lenore was always his favorite, and above his desk always hung the romantic picture of his loved and lost Lenore. He died in Baltimore in 1849.

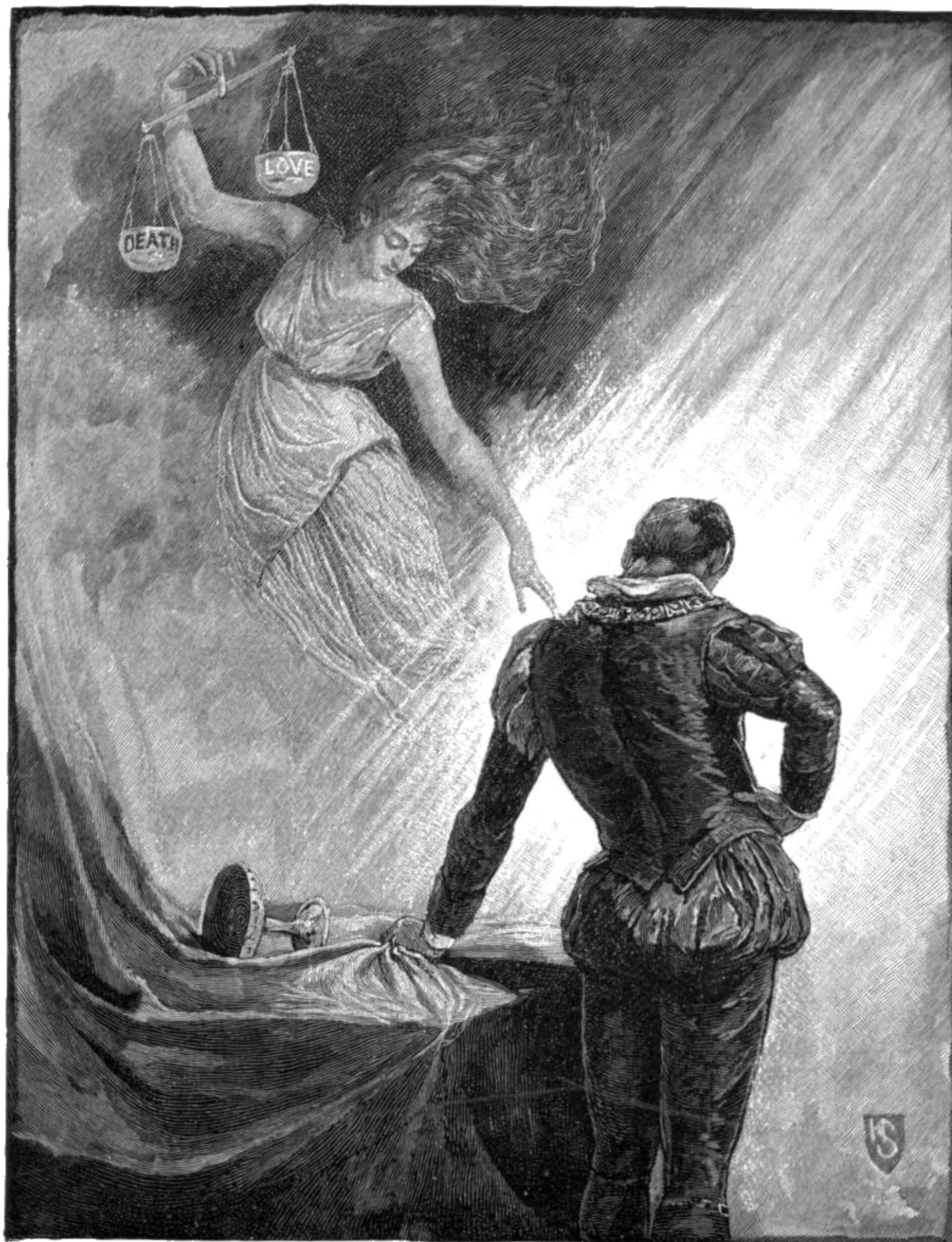


LENORE.

AH, broken
is the golden bowl!
the spirit flown forever!



Let the bell toll! —
a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river;



And, Guy De Vere, hast *thou* no tear?—
weep now or nevermore!



See! on yon drear
and rigid bier
low lies thy love,
Lenore!

Come! let the burial
rite be read,
the funeral song
be sung! —

An anthem for the queenliest dead
that ever died so young,—



A dirge for her, the doubly dead,
in that she died so young.

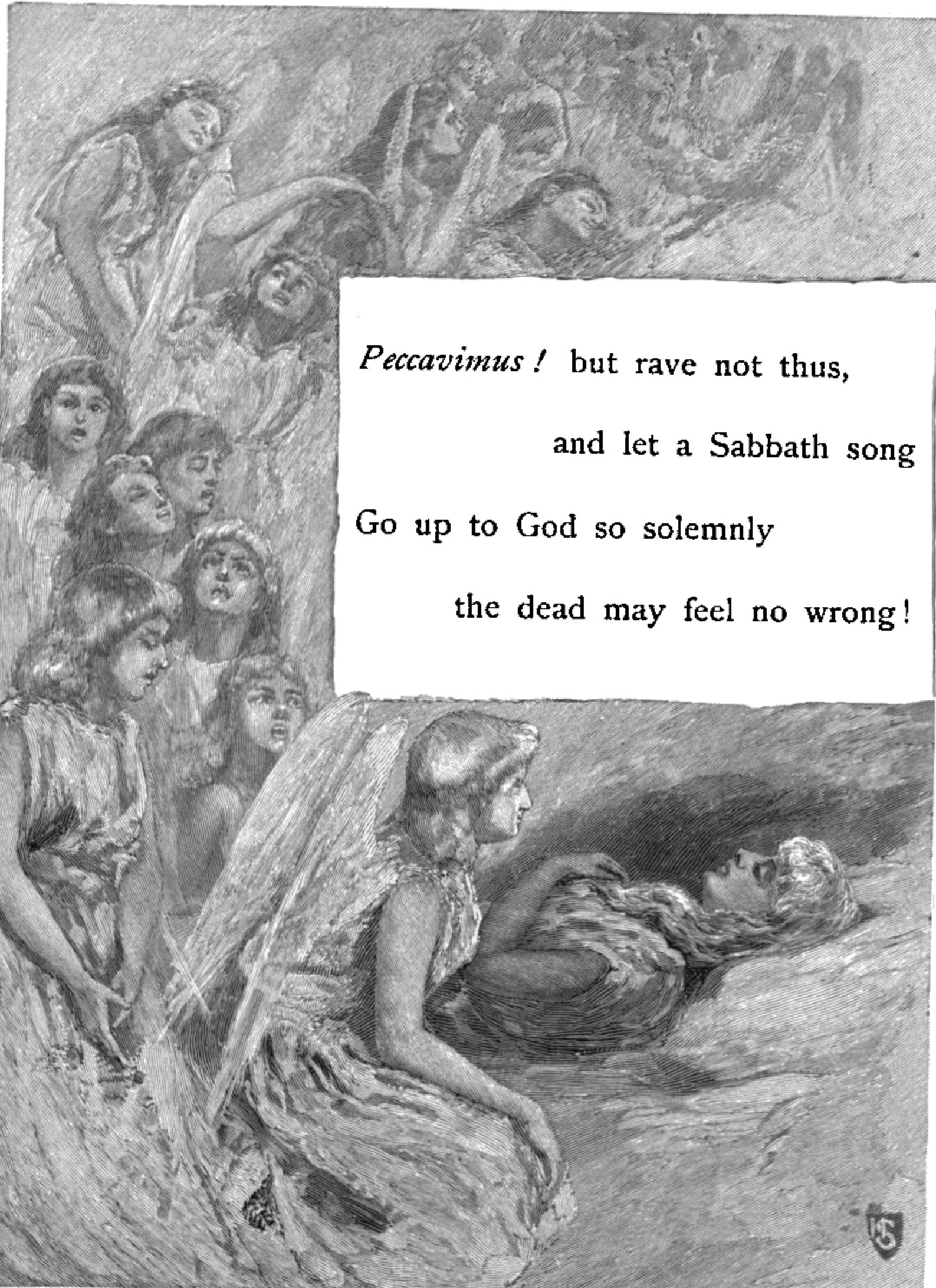


“Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth
and hated her for her pride,

“And when she fell in feeble health,
ye blessed her — that she died!
“How *shall* the ritual, then, be read? —
the requiem how be sung

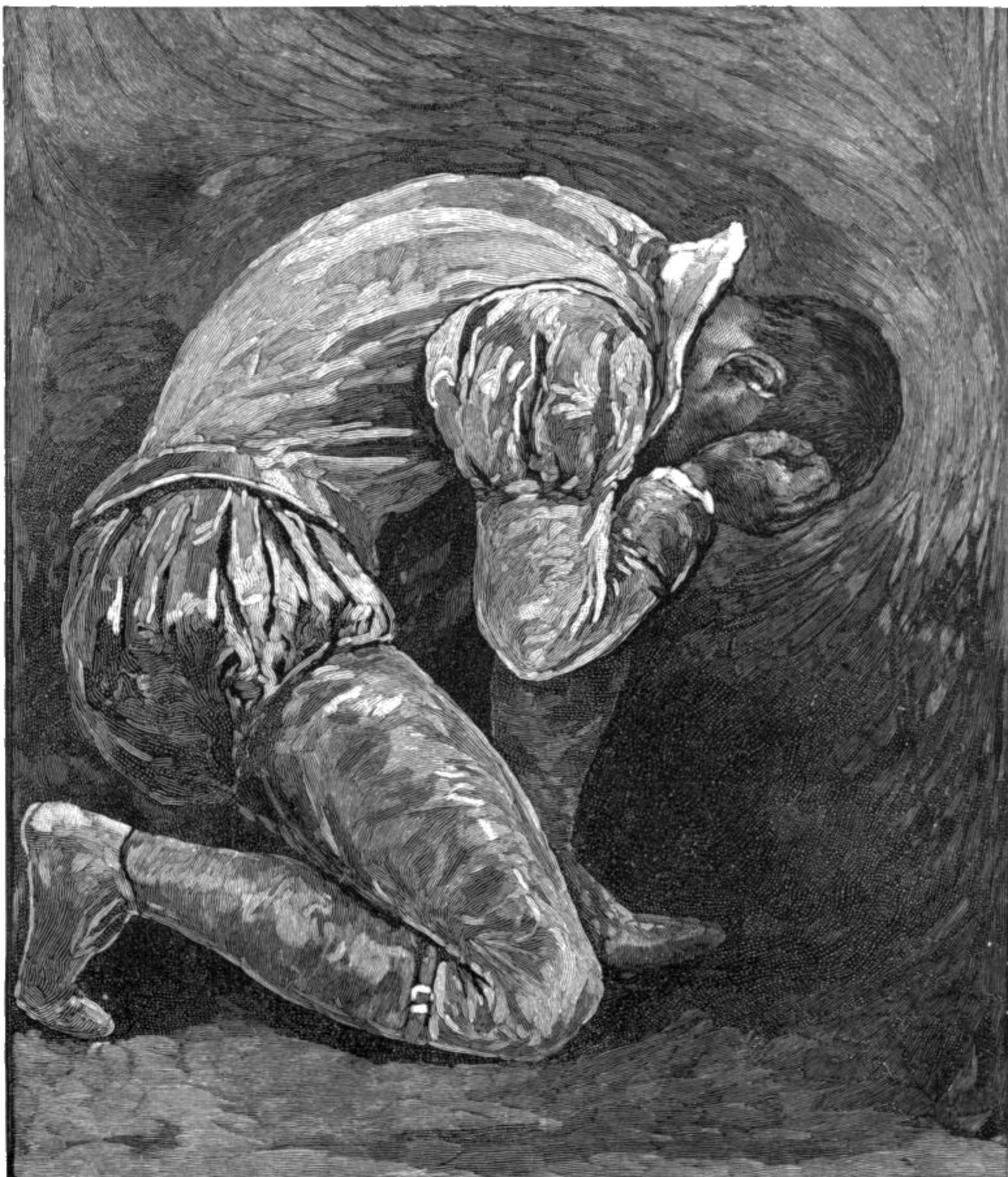


“By you — by yours, the evil eye, —
by yours, the slanderous tongue
“That did to death the innocence
that died, and died so young?”



Peccavimus ! but rave not thus,
and let a Sabbath song
Go up to God so solemnly
the dead may feel no wrong !

The sweet Lenore hath “gone before,”
with Hope, that flew beside,

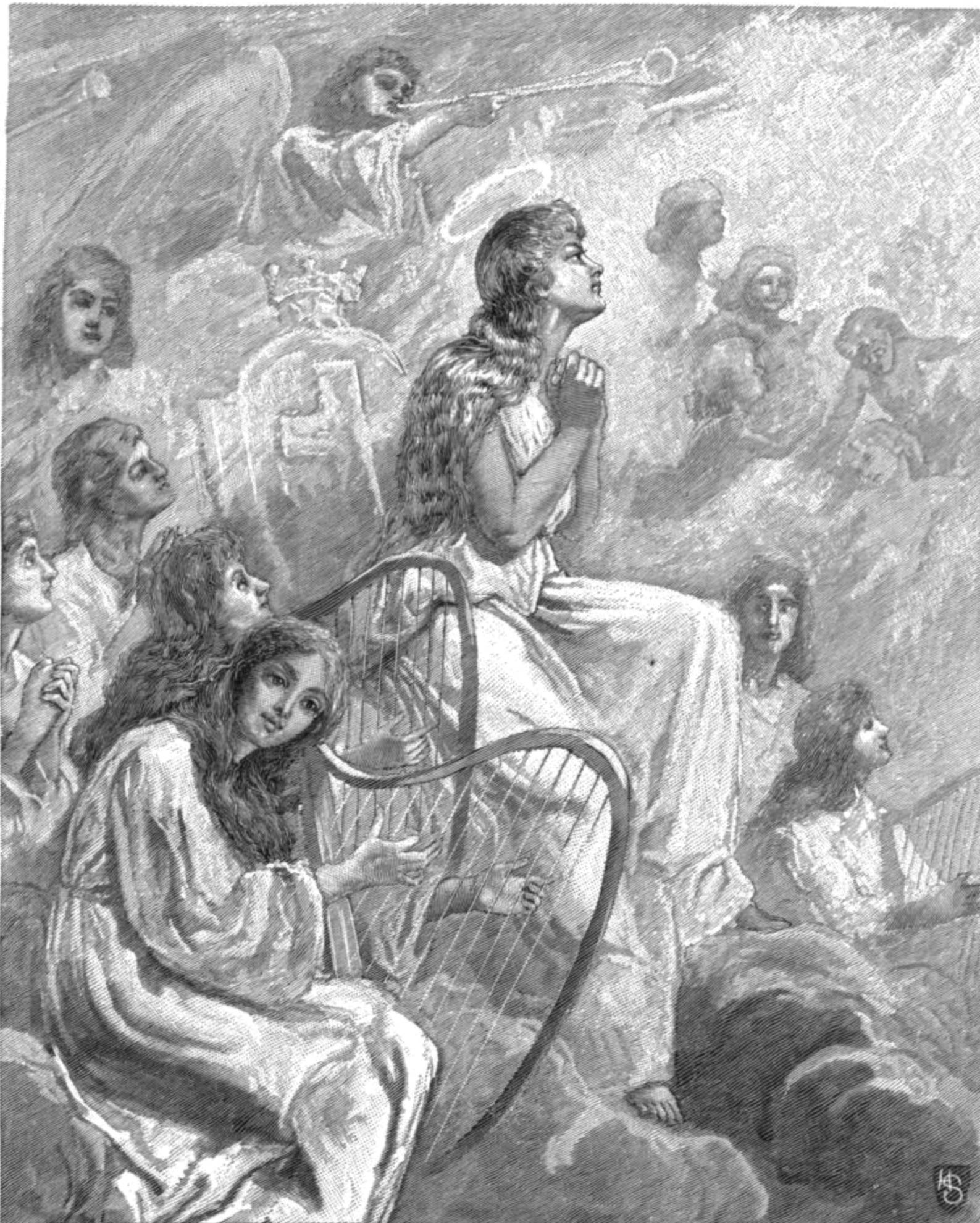


Leaving thee wild for the dear child
that should have been thy bride, —



For her, the fair and *debonair*,
that now so lowly lies,





“From grief and groan to a golden throne,
beside the King of Heaven.”