



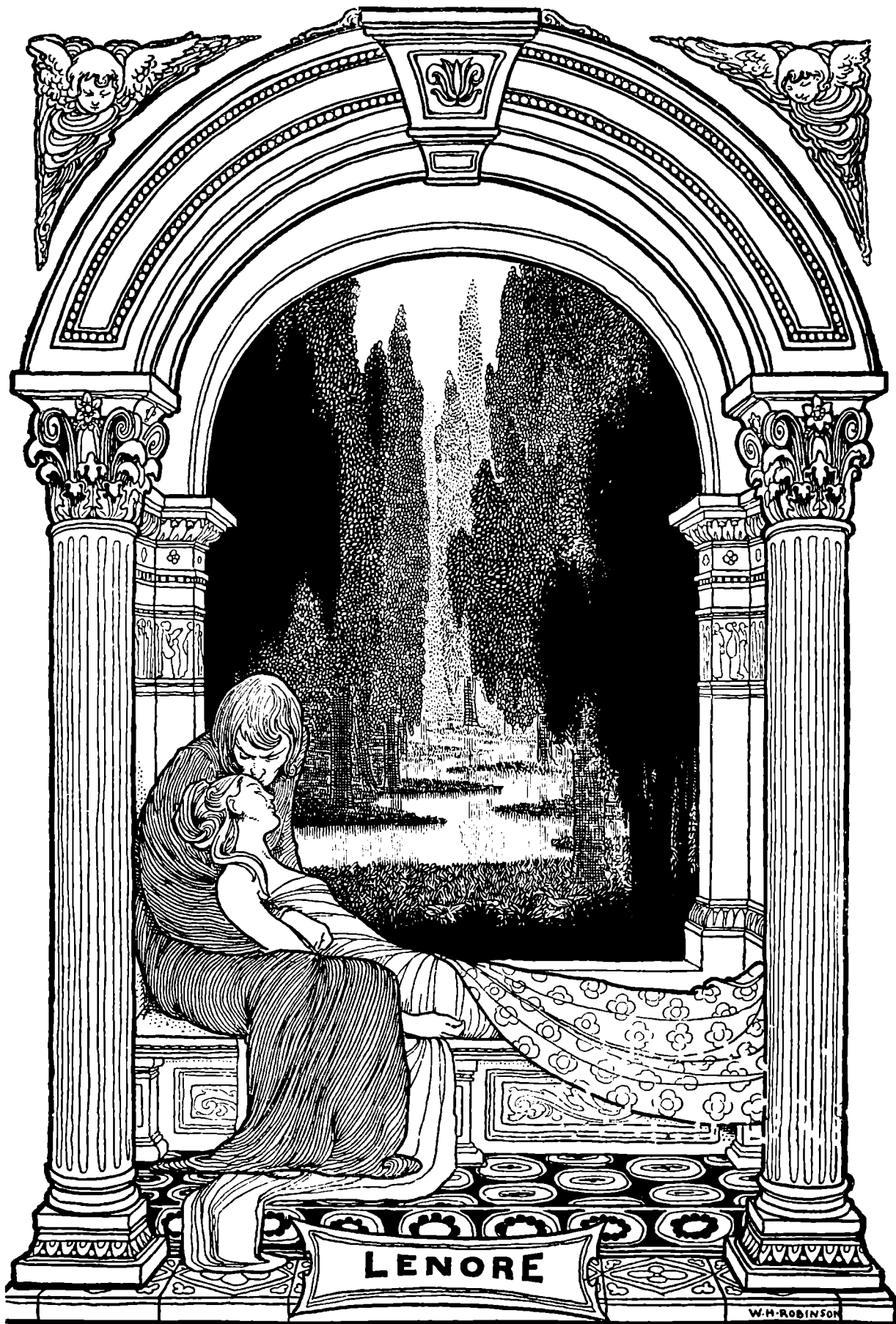
# LENORE

AH, broken is the golden bowl!  
the spirit flown for ever!  
Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul  
floats on the Stygian river.  
And, Guy de Vere, hast *thou* no tear?  
—weep now or never more!  
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  
slandrous tongue  
That did to death the innocence that died, and died so  
young?”

*Peccavimus*; but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath  
song



## LENORE

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 *débonnaire*, that now so lowly  
lies,  
The life upon her yellow hair but not within her  
eyes—  
The life still there, upon her hair—the death upon her  
eyes.

"Avaunt! to-night my heart is light. No dirge will I  
upraise,  
But waft the angel on her flight with a pæan of old  
days!  
Let *no* bell toll!—lest her sweet soul, amid its hallowed  
mirth,  
Should catch the note, as it doth float up from the  
damnèd Earth.  
To friends above, from fiends below, the indignant  
ghost is riven—  
From Hell unto a high estate far up within the  
Heaven—  
From grief and groan to a golden throne beside the  
King of Heaven."