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THE HAUNTED PALACE.

In the greenest of our valleys,
 By good angels tenanted,
 Once a fair and stately palace
 (Snow-white palace) rear'd 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 odour 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
 (Porphyrogene!)
 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,
 Assail'd 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 blush'd and bloom'd,
 Is but a dim-remember'd story
 Of the old time entomb'd.

And travellers now within that valley,
 Through the red-litten windows see
 Vast forms, that move fantastically
 To a discordant melody;
 While, like a rapid, ghastly river,
 Through the pale door,
 A hideous throng rush out for ever,
 And laugh—but smile no more.