

## The Haunted Palace

Edgar Allan Poe

In the greenest of our valleys  
By good angels tenanted,  
Once a fair and stately palace—  
5 Radiant palace—reared its head.  
In the monarch Thought's dominion—  
It stood there!  
Never seraph spread a pinion  
Over fabric half so fair!

10 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,  
15 In that sweet day,  
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,  
A wingèd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,  
Through two luminous windows, saw  
20 Spirits moving musically,  
To a lute's well-tunèd law,  
Round about a throne where, sitting  
(Porphyrogene!)  
In state his glory well befitting,  
25 The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing

**The Haunted Palace, cont.**

Was the fair palace-door,  
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,  
And sparkling evermore,  
30 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,  
35 Assailed 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 blushed and bloomed  
40 Is but a dim-remembered story  
Of the old time entombed.

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