The Haunted Palace

By Edgar Allan Poe

In the greenest of our valleys

 By good angels tenanted,

Once a fair and stately palace—

 Radiant palace—reared 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 wingèd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,

 Through two luminous windows, saw

Spirits moving musically

 To a lute’s well-tunèd 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,

 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

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

 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.

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[The Haunted Palace](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/poem/184957#poem)

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