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Rossinyol



i la



Rosa

per

Oscar Wilde

(Traduit de l'anglès
per J. Arbonès)

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Oficinas:
Telef:
El rossinyol i la rosa

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- Em va dir que ballaria amb mi, si li portava roses vermelles - mig plorava el jove Estudiant - però en tot el meu jardí no hi ha una sola rosa vermella.

Des de el seu niu, dalt d'un roure, el Rossinyol el va veure, el contemplà per entre mig de les fulles i ~~es~~ va restar sorprès.

- Hi ha una rosa vermella en tot el meu jardí!

- ~~mentres~~ jamegà, mentres els ulls se li omplien de llàgrimes. - Ah! en quines coses més petites depend la felicitat! Jo he llegit tot el que han escrit els savis, la filosofia no té secrets per a mi i no obstant per no tenir una rosa vermella la vida ~~se'm~~ se'm fa miserable.

- Veuu ací un verdader ^{amador} ~~amant~~ - digué el Rossinyol - Nit darrera nit he cantat les excelències del verdader amant, sense conceixer-lo; nit

darrera nit he explicat ~~la~~ a les estrelles la
seua història i ara, a la fi, ~~l'estel~~ ^{meu} ~~veient~~ ^{amant}. El
seu cabell es ~~negre~~ ^{dor} com la flor del jacint, i els
seus llavis vermells com la rosa del seu desitj;
però la passió ha tornat la seva cara pal·lida
com l'ivori, i el dolor ha deixat la seva pet-
ja en el seu front.

- El Príncep dona un ball demà a la nit, -
murmurava el jove Estudiant - i el meu amor
hi anirà ~~al~~. Si li porto una rosa vermella ba-
llarà amb mi fins ^{a la matinada} ~~al matí~~. Si li porto una
rosa vermella l'apretarà la tindrà entre els
meus braços, ~~hi~~ posarà el ~~seu~~ cap en la meua
espatlla i la seva ma serà apretada per la me-
ua. Ah, no hi ha cap rosa vermella en el meu
jardí, per tan hauré de ~~seure~~ ^{restar} sol, mentre ella
passa pel meu costat sense adonar-se'n de mi
i ~~de mi~~ ^{se'm} ~~se'n~~ ^{partirà} ~~se'n~~ ^{partirà} el cor.

- Indubtablement, veus ací al verdader ^{amant} ~~amant~~
- digné el Rossinyol - El que per a mi es cant

per a ell, ^{soprintent} ~~aptes~~: el que per a mi es joia per a
ell, dolor. De bo, de bo que l'Amor és quelcom
maravellós. És més precios que ~~la~~ ^{la} ~~amaragda~~ i
més preciós que l'òpal. Les perles i els gra-
nats no poden comprar-lo; en el mercat, no
te preu senyalat. Els ~~mercadants~~ ^{mercadants} no poden
negociar-lo, ni pot ésser ~~perat~~ ^{perat} valorat a pes
d'or.

- Els músics ~~sontats~~ ^{sontats} en ~~una~~ ^{una} situats en una ta-
~~llada~~ ^{prima} ~~llada~~, tocaran ~~llurs~~ ^{llurs} instruments de cordes i el meu
amor ballarà al so de l'arpa i del violí.
Ballarà tan lleugera que so pens no tocaran
a terra i els cortesans ataviats amb vestits ben
gays s'apinyaran al seu entorn. Però amb
mi no ballarà perquè no tinc cap rosa verme-
lla per donar-li - i tirant-se a terra amaga
damunt de l'herba, amaga la cara entre ses
mans i plorà.

- Per què està plorant? - va preguntar un
Belargandaix Verd que passà corrent pel seu

costat.

- I tan, per què? - digué una Papallona que ~~sevolotava~~ voletejava damunt un raig de sol

- Si, per què? va ~~marxar~~ remoreixar una Margarita a la seva companya, amb ven glorijs

- Glorijs per una rosa vermella - digué el Rossinyol.

- Per una rosa vermella? - exclamaren -
que ridícul! - i el Margandaix, que era
una mica cínic, se'n anà rient.

Però el Rossinyol comprenia el dolor se-
cret ~~del~~ de l'Estudiant i va romandre a
la branca del roure, meditant sobre el mis-
teri de l'Amor.

De ~~sot~~ ^{sot} obri les ales brunes per arrancar
el vol i es remunta' ~~per~~ ^{en} l'aire. Prenà l'av-
brega com una ombra i com a tal planeja'
per damunt del jardí.

On el centre d'un tou d'herba hi creixia
un bell Roser, al qual es dirigí en veient-lo,

i es ~~pos~~ ~~va~~ posà ^{dauquint} ~~sobre~~ una blanca.

- Donam una rosa vermella - li va dir -
i et cantaré la cançó més dolça.

Més el Roser vellugà el cap.

- Les meves roses son blanques - contesta -
tant blanques com l'escuma del mar i més
blanques que la neu de les muntanyes. Però
ves a veure al meu germin que està al costat
del ~~vell~~ vell rellotge de sol i tal volta et
donqui el que demanes.

Així que el Rossinyol se'n va anar a veure
al Roser que creixia prop del vell rellotge de
sol.

- Dona'm una rosa vermella - li digué - i
la cançó més dolça serà per a tu.

Més el Roser vellugà el cap.

- Les meves roses son grogues - respongué -
tant grogues com el cabell de les sirenes que
seuen en un setial d'^{ambre} ~~ambre~~ i més grogues
que els narcisos que floreixen en el camp, avans
de que vingui el segador amb la dalla. Però ves

a veure al meu germà que està sota la finestra
de l'Estudiant i tal volta et donarà el
que demanes.

Així que el Rossinyol volà a veure al Roser
que creïa sota de la finestra de l'Estudiant.

Donà'm una rosa vermella - li digué - i et
cantaré la més dolça canço.

Mes el Roser ~~va moure~~ ^{va moure} el cap.

- Des meves roses son vermelles - contesta - tant
vermelles com els peus del colom i mes verme-
lles que els grans bancs de corall que ~~es mar-
mece~~ ^{es illants} ~~mece~~ ^{grouxen} en
l'immens oceà. Però l'hivern a depredat les
meves venes, & la gelor a cremat les pomes i
els ~~grans ventavalls~~ ^{les tempestes} m'han arrencat les branques.
Així que aquest any no tinc ^{ni una sola} ~~cap~~ rosa.

- Una ~~rosa~~ rosa vermella és tot el que jo
desitjo - gemença el rossinyol - sols una rosa vermella!
No m'ha manera de conseguir-la?

- Hi ha una forma - va contestar-li el Roser -
però es tant terrible que no m'atreveixo a

dir-te-la.

~~Diga'm-la~~ - Diga'm-la, jo no m'espantaré.
- Si vols una rosa vermella - continua dient el
Roser - l'has de ^{decar} ~~construir~~ tu amb música al
clar de lluna i teyir-la amb la sang del teu
propi cor. Has de cantar-me amb el pit
clavat a una espina, tota la nit fins que
la espina t'arribi al cor i la teva sang
corri per les meves venes esdevenint meua.

La mort és un preu molt car, per una rosa
es lamenta el Rossinyol - i la vida és molt
estimada per tothom. És agradable contem-
plar el Sol damunt ~~la~~ ^{la} seva carroca d'aur
da i la lluna en la seva de perles. La flaire
~~de la~~ ^{gavarrera} ~~esgarriada~~ és dolça i dolça ~~ho~~ és la de
les campanetes - blaves que s'amaguen en la
vall i de del ^{bruc} ~~bruc~~ que floreix en la ~~collina~~ ^{collina}.
No obstant l'amor és millor que la
vida, i ^{a la fi} que és el cor d'un ocell comparat
amb el cor d'un home?

Així que desplega ~~les ales~~ ses ales brunes
 i ~~s'enlairà~~ ^{s'enlairà} creua el jardí com
 una ombra i com una ombra passa per
~~davant~~ l'arbreda.

El jove Estudiant estava encara ~~fa~~ esti-
 rat damunt l'herba, tal com l'havia dei-
 xat, i les llagrimes no s'havien secat
 del tot en els seus ^{ulls} maravellosos ~~ulls~~.

- *Sis felix* - cantà el Rossinyol - *sis felix*;
 tindria la teua rosa vermella. Jo la faré
 de música a la llum de la lluna i la
 tencré amb la ~~meua~~ sang de ~~meu~~ cor. Tot
 el que et demano a canvi és que siguis
 un verdader aimador, perquè l'Amor és
 més savi que la Filosofia, que es savi i
 més poderós que el Poder, que es poderós.
 Des reves als son com el foc i com el foc
 és el seu cos. Els seus llavis dolços com la
 mel, i els ~~seus~~ ^{seus} ale'oloris com l'encens.

El Estudiant aixecà el cap i escoltà, més
 no podia entendre el que el Rossinyol li

deia, doncs sols ~~sola~~ conceixia el que esta-
va escrit en els llibres.

Pero el Rouse el va entendre i es posà
trist, perquè ell apreciava el petit Rossinyol
que havia construït el nin en les seves branques.

- Cantà en una cançó avans d'anar-te'n - li
digué - em quedaré tant sol quan t'eu havis
anat!

Així que el Rossinyol li cantà al Rouse
i la seva veu semblava aigua ~~vermell~~ rajant
d'un gerro de plata.

Quan va acabar de cantar la cançó, l'es-
tudiant s'aixecà, treient una llibreta i un
llapis de la butxaca. ~~corregit~~

- És estil - es digué mentre atravesava
l'arbreda - això no es pot negar; però, ~~tot~~
~~sentiment~~ i sentiment, en té? Em temo
que no. De fet, aquest ocellot, es com la ma-
joria dels artistes; tot es estil, sense gota de
sinceritat. Ell no es sacrificaria per als altres.
Sols pensa en la música, tothom sap que les
arts son egoistes. No obstant, s'ha de re-

conceixer que la seva veu té notes maravolloses.
Malatima que no tinguin significat o algun
ús pràctic.

I entrà a la seva cambra i estirant-se
damunt del llit es posà a pensar en el seu
amor, no trigant a quedar-se adormit.

I quan la Lluna brillà en el cel el
Rossinyol volà al Roser i posà son pit
sobre una espina. Tota la nit cantà amb
l'espina dirigint-se-li al pit i el cris-
tall fred de la Lluna s'inclinà escoltant.
Tota la nit cantà i la espina es clavà més
i més en el seu pit i la sang comença a
marcar del seu cos.

Primer cantà el naixement del ^{amor} ~~primer~~
el cor d'uns joves. I en la branca més alta
del Roser va florir una maravollosa rosa, son
petal ~~darrera un altre, primer~~ un petal, i
~~darrera~~ ^{darrera} un altre, a mida que s'anaven suc-
ceint les cançons. Al principi era pal·lida
com la baira que romàn sobre el riu.....
pal·lida com els pens del mati i ple

argentada com les ales de l'aurora. Igual
 com l'ombra d'una rosa en un mirall de pla-
 ta, o reflectada en un estany, així naixia
 la rosa en la branca més alta del Roser.

Pero el Roser li digué al Rossinyol que
 s'apretés més contra la espina. - Apreta el pit
 contra la espina, petit Rossinyol - li deix - o
 vindrà el dia avans de que la Rosa estigui
 florida.

~~Però~~ ^{que} el Rossinyol apretà el son pit contra la
 espina, ~~i la seva cançó el va fer~~ ; va cantar
 més fort, més fort, doncs cantava el naix-
 eixent de la passió en l'ànima de l'home
 i la doncella.

I els petalos els petals es tornaren un ric
 rosat, com el to rosat que adquireixen els
 galtes del nuvi al besar els llavis de la nuvia.
 Però ~~de~~ l'espina no havia arribat al cor del
 petit Rossinyol, pel que el cor de la Rosa en-
 cara era blanc, doncs sols la sang del cor
 d'un Rossinyol pot tindre de carmesí el
 cor d'una rosa.

I el Roser li digué que s'apretés més contra la espina - Apreta el pit contra la espina, ~~petit Rossinyolet~~ Rossinyolet - li deia - o vindrà el dia avans de que la Rosa estigui finida.

Dirí que el Rossinyol va apretar més son pit contra la espina i la espina li tocà el cor, i una punxada de dolor l'atravessà. A-
margant era el dolor i la seva cançó esde-
vinqué ~~piensa~~ ^{puríssima} prestega, perquè la sang de l'Amor
la ~~perfecciona~~ ^{purifica} la Mort, la sang de l'Amor que
no mor en una tomba.

I la maravellosa rosa esdevingué carmesi,
com la rosa del cel ~~marxant~~ de llevant. Car-
mesi eren els pétals que la circumdaven i car-
mesi com un rubí era el seu cor.

Pero la veu del Rossinyol es va fer més
feble, començaren a batejar les seves ales pe-
tites i un tel es posà ^{damunt} sobre dels seus ulls. La
cançó es va anar fent ~~feble~~ cada vegada més
feble i senti que quelcom li tapava la gorja.

I llavors donà una nota truncada, la
darrera nota. La Oluna blanca va dir: la

i s'esllanguí en el firmament, donant pas
a la matinada. La rosa vermella ho veia tam-
bé, i tremolà estasiada i obri els petals al
l'aire fred del matí. Obri la porta a la
cova ^{porpra} purpura de la columna i va despertar als
pastors dels seus somnis. Flotant pel mig de
les canyes del riu, ~~per~~ arribà el missatge al
mar.

- Hora, mira! - cridava el Roser - la rosa
ja es finida. - però el Rossinyol no va
contestar, doncs restava mort damunt ~~la~~
~~fl'herba d'altura~~
~~larga herba~~, amb l'espina clavada al cor.

I al migdia l'Estudiant obri la
finestra i guaità fora.

- Déu meu, quina sort més maravellosa!
exclamà - la rosa vermella! Déu tota la
meua vida no he vist una rosa com aquesta
tanta bella que estic segur deu tenir un
~~mot~~ ^{mot} llatí molt llarg. - i ajupint-se la

va arrancar.

Blavars posant-se el capell sorti corrent cap a la casa del Professor amb la rosa a la ma.

La filla del Professor estava asseguda a la porta enrotllant fil blanc en un ^{rodet} ~~carret~~ i el seu goset jeia als seus peus.

- Vas dir-me que ballaries amb mi si et portava una rosa vermella. - li digué el l'estudiant - Aquí tens la rosa més vermella del món. Aquesta nit te la poses al costat del cor i mentres ballis amb mi, t'aurà dient com t'estimo.

Pero la noia arruga el front.

- Com sembla que no farà joc amb el meu vestit - contestà - i, per altra part, el nebot del ^{chamberlain} ~~chamberlain~~ mi ha enviat joies de veritat i tot hom sap que les joies valen més que les flors.

- Està bé, pero ets una desagradida - digué

l'Estudiant enfadat; i va llensar la rosa al
mig del carrer, ~~on~~ ^{en} al passar una passant ~~la~~
la roda d'un carro pel damunt, ~~oxefant~~ ^{oxefant} la
Desagradida! - digué la noia - i tu que ets
amb la teva rudesia. Jo et diré que ets: un
simple Estudiant. Bah! i estic segura que
no tens ni sielles de plata per a les sabates,
com les té el nebot del ~~Chambelan~~ ^{Chambelan} - i aixecant-se de la cadira entra ~~en~~ ^{en} la casa.

- Quina cosa més tonta es l'Amor - ^{He'm} anava
dient l'Estudiant. - No es ni la meritat d'útil
que la Lògica, doncs no prova res i sempre
parla de coses que no succeeixen i fa creure
coses que no son certes. De fet ~~es completa-~~
~~ment~~ no es pràctic i com que en aquesta
ora el ésser pràctic ho es tot, tornaré a
la Filosofia i estudiaré Metafísica.

Així que s'entornà ~~a~~ ^a la seva cambra
agafà un gran llibre ple de pols i co-



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mença a llegir

L'amor és el miracle de la civilitat
civ - Stendhal

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aportando potencia

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para coche o industria

Vulcaniz. Capso II

Woman

Oliver Goldsmith

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When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her tears away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And ~~to~~ bring his bosom is—to die

Música, quan

Music I heard

conrad aliken

music I heard with you was more than music,
and bread I broke with you was more than bread,
now that I am without you, all is desolate;
all that was once so beautiful is dead.

Your hands once touched this table and this silver
and I have seen your fingers hold this glass.

These things do not remember you, beloved,
and yet your touch upon them will not pass.

For it was in my heart you moved among them
and blessed them with your hands and with your eyes
and in my heart they will remember always -
they knew you once, O beautiful and wise



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Edgar Allan Poe

Song

I saw thee on thy bridal day —
When a burning blush came o'er thee
Though happiness around thee lay
The world all love before thee:

And in thine eye a kindling light
(Whatever it might be)
Was all on earth my aching sight
Of loveliness could see.

That blush, perhaps, was maiden shame —
As such it well may pass —
Though its glow hath raisen a fiercer flame
In the breast of him, alas!

Who saw thee in that bridal day
When that deep blush would come o'er thee
Though happiness around thee lay
The world all love before thee. (1827)

Dreams

Oh! that my young life were a lasting dream!
My spirit not awak'ning till the beam
Of an Eternity should bring the morrow.
Yes! tho' that long dream were of hopeless sorrow
I were better than the cold reality

Of waking life, to him whose heart must be,
And hath been still, upon the lovely earth,
A chaos of deep passion, from his birth:
But should it be - that dream eternally
Continuing - as dreams have been to me
In my young boyhood - should it thus be giv'n,
'& were folly stir to hope for higher heav'n
For I have revell'd, when the sun ~~was~~ bright
I' the summer sky, in dreams of living light
And loveliness - have left my very heart
In climes of ~~my~~ ^{mine} imagining, apart
From mine own home, with beings that have been
Of mine own thought - what more could I have seen?
It was once - and only once - and the wild hour
From my remembrance shall not pass - some pow'r
Or spell had bound me - 't was the chilly wind
Came o'er me in the night, and left behind
Its image on my spirit - or the moon
Shone on my slumbers in her foxy noon
Too coldly - or the stars - howe'er it was,
That dream was as that night-wind - let it pass.
I have been happy, tho' (but) in a dream.
I have been happy - and I love the theme:
Dreams / in their living coloring of life,
as in that fleeting, shadowy, misty strife



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Of semblance with reality which brings
To the delirious eye more lovely things
Of Paradise and above - and all our own!
Than young Hope in his sunniest hour hath known
Spirits of the Dead (1827)

^I
Thy soul shall find itself alone
Mid dark thoughts of the gray ~~the~~ tombstone -
Not one, of all the crowd, to pry
Into thine hour of secrecy

^{II}
Be silent in that solitude,
Which is not loneliness - for then
The spirits of the dead who stood
In life before thee are again
In death around thee - and their will
Shall overshadow ~~thee~~ thee : be still

^{III}
The night, tho' dear, shall grow
And the stars shall ~~not~~ look ^{not} down
From their high thrones in the heaven,
With light like Hope to mortals given -
But their red orbs, without beam,
To thy weariness shall seem
As a burning and a fever
Which would cling to thee for ever.

IV

Now are thoughts thou shalt not banish,
Now are visions ne'er to vanish;
From thy spirit shall they pass
No more - like dew-drops from the grass

V

The breeze - the breath of God - is still -
And the mist upon the hill,
Shadowy - shadowy - yet unbroken,
Is a symbol and a token -
How it hangs upon the trees,
A mystery of mysteries! (1827)
Evening Star

I was moon-tide of summer
And mid-time of night
And stars, in their orbits,
Shone pale thro' the light
Of the brighter, cold moon,
Mid planets her slaves
Herself in the Heavens,
Her beam on the waves,
I gaz'd a while
On her cold smile;
Too cold - too cold for me
There pass'd, as a shroud,
A fleecy cloud,
And I turn'd away to thee,



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Proud Evening Star,
In thy glory afar,
And dearer thy beam shall be;
For joy to any heart
Is the proud part.

Thou bearest in Heaven at night,
And more I admire
Thy distant fire
Than that colder, lowly light.

(1827)

I dream within a dream
Take this kiss upon the brow
And in parting from you now,
Thus much let me ~~know~~ —
You are not wrong, who deem
That any days ~~have~~ been a dream;
Yet if Hope has flown away
In a night, or in a day,
In a vision, or in none,
Is it therefore the less, gone?
All that ~~we~~ see or seem

Is but a dream within a dream.
I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand —
How few! yet how they creep



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Through ~~the~~ ^{my} fingers to the deep
While I weep - while I weep!
O God! can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
O God! can I not save
One from the pitiless waves?
Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream? (1827)

Ostausas

How often we forget all time when lone
Admiring Nature's universal throne;
Her woods - her wilds - her mountains - the intense
Reply of Hers to our ~~our~~ intelligence!

I

In youth have I known one with whom the Earth,
In secret, communing held - as he with it,
In daylight, and in beauty from his birth:
Whose fervid, flick'ring torch of life was lit
From the sun and stars, whence he had drawn forth
A passionate light - such for his spirit was fit -
And yet that spirit knew not - in the hour
Of its own fervor - what had ~~over~~ it power.

II

Perhaps it may be that my mind is wrought
To a fever by the moonbeam that hangs ~~over~~,
But I will half believe that wild light fraught
With more of ~~some~~ ^{sovereign} reign than ancient lore

That's ever told - or is it of a thought
The embodied essence, and no more,
That with a quickening spell doth o'er us pass
As dew of the night-time, o'er the summer grass?

Doth o'er us pass, when, as th' expanding eye
To the lo'd object - so the tear to the lid
Will start, which lately slept in ~~plenty~~ spathy?
And yet it need not be - (that object) hid.
From us in life - but common - which doth lie
Each hour before us - but then only, bid
With a strange sound, as of a harp-string broken,
To awake us - 'T is symbol and a token.

of what in other worlds shall be - and giv'n
In beauty by our God, to those alone
Who otherwise would fall from life and heav'n,
Drawn by their heart's passions, and that tone,
That high tone of the spirit which hath striv'n,
Tho' not with faith - with godliness - whose throne
With desperate energy 't hath beaten down;
Wearing its own deep feeling as a crown. (1827)

A dream

In visions of the dark night
I have dreamed of joy departed,
But a waking dream of life and light
Hath left me broken hearted.



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Ah! what is not a dream by day
To him whose ~~set~~ eyes are cast
On things around him with a ray
Turned back upon the past?

That holy dream - that holy dream,
While all the world were chiding,
Hath cheered me as a lovely beam
A lonely spirit guiding.

What though that light thro' storm and night,
So trembled from ~~afart~~,
What could there be more purely bright
In Truth's day-star? (1827)

"The happiest day - the happiest ~~day~~ hour"

The happiest day - the happiest hour
My scar'd and blighted heart hath known,
The highest hope of pride and power,
I feel hath flown

Of power! said I? Yes! such I ween;
But they have vanish'd long, alas!
The visions of my youth have been -
But let them pass.

And, pride, what have I now with thee?
Another brow may ~~we~~ ev'n inherit
The venom thou ~~hath~~ pour'd on me -
Be still, my spirit.



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Bruch, 69, entlo...
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Tipo 3-1

The happiest day - the happiest hour
Mine eyes shall see - have ever seen,
The brightest glance of pride and power
I feel - have been:

But were that hope of pride and power
Now offered with the pain
Given then I felt - that brightest hour
I would not live again:

For on its wings was dark alloy,
And as it flutter'd - fell
An enence - powerful to destroy
A soul that knew it well. (1827)

The lake: To _____

In spring of youth it was my lot
To haunt of the wide world a spot
The which I could not love the less -
So lovely was the loneliness
Of a wild lake, with black rock bound,
And the tall pines that towered around.

But when the Night had thrown her pall
Upon that spot, as upon all,
And the mystic wind went by
Murmuring in melody,
Then - ah, then - I ~~not~~ would awake
To the terror of the lone lake.



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Típo 3

Yet that terror was not fright,
But a tremulous delight —
A feeling not the jewelled mine
Should teach or bribe me to define —
Nor dove - although the dove were thine

Death was in that poisonous wave,
And in its gulf a fitting grave
For him who thence could solace bring
To his lonely imagining,
Whose solitary soul could make
An Eden of that dim lake

(1887)

Romance

Romance, who loves to rood and sing,
With drowsy head and folded wing,
Among the green leaves as they shake
Far down within some shadowy lake,
To me a painted parrot
Hath been - a most familiar bird -
Taught me my alphabet to say -
To slip my very earliest word
While in the wild wood I did lie,
A child - with a most knowing eye
Of late, eternal Condor years
Do shake the very Heaven on high
With tumult as they thunder by,



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I have no time for idle cares
 Through gazing on the unquiet sky.
 And when an hour with calmer wings
 Its down upon my spirit flings -
 That little time with lyric and rhyme
 To while away - forbidden things!
 My heart would feel to be a crime
 Unless it trembled with the strings (1829)

To

The bowers whereat, in dreams, I see
 The wantonest singing birds
 The lips - and all thy melody
 Of lip-begotten words.

Thine eyes, in Heaven of heart enshrined,
 Then desolately fall,
 O God! on my gazer's mind
 Like starlight on a pall
 Thy heart - thy heart! - I wake and sigh,
 And sleep to dream till day
 Of the truth that gold can never buy -
 Of the bangles that it may. (1829)

To the river

Fair river! in thy bright, clear flow
 Of crystal, wandering water
 Thou art an emblem of the glow
 Of beauty - the unhidden heart -

Tubo 3-1



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Tipo 3

the playful masiners of art
In old Alberto's daughter;

But when within thy wave she looks —
Which glistens then, and trembles —
Why, then, the prettiest of brooks
Her worshipper resembles;

For in his heart, as in thy stream,

Her image deeply lies —
His heart ~~with~~ which trembles at the beam
Of her soul-searching eyes (1829)

To

I heed not that my earthly lot
Hath — little of Earth in it —
That years of love have been forgot
In the hatred of a minute: —

I mourn not that the desolate
Am happier, sweet, than I,
But that you sorrow for my fate
Who am a passer by (1829)

To Helen

Helen, thy beauty is to me
As like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,

Thy Harard airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

So! in your brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Oh, Psyche, from the legions which
Are holy band! (1851)

Israfil

And the angel Israfil, whose heart-strings are a
lute and who has the sweetest voice of all God's
creature. - Koran.

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
"Whose heart-strings are a lute";

None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfil,

And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
In her highest noon,
The enamoured moon

Blushes with love,
While to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiads, even, &
Which were seven)
Dances in Heaven



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Tipo 3-

And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings —
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty,
Where Love's a grown-up God,
Where the Houris glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
Israfeli, who despicest
An unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong
Best bard, because the wisest!
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit —
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love
With the ferour of thy lute —
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and soures;



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Tipo 3

Our flowers are merely - flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Heath dwelt, and ~~he~~ he were I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky. (1831)

The city in the sea

Oo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down;
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently—



Buch. 69. entl.

ms 19569-266

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Tipo 3

Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—
Up domes - up spires - up kingly halls -
Up fanes - up Babylon-like walls -
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivory and stone flowers—
Up many and many a marvellous shrine
Whose wreathed frieses intertwine
The violet, the violet, and the vine

Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves;
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye—
Not the gaily-jewelled dead
Tempt the waters from their bed
For no ripples ~~can~~ curl, alas!
Along that wilderness of glass—
No wellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea—
No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene.



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Tipo 3

But lo, a stir is in the air!
The wave—there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide—
As if their ~~tops~~ tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven.

The waves have now a redder glow—
The hours are breathing faint and low—
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall scattle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence. (1831)

The sleeper

At midnight, in the month of June,
I stand beneath the mystic moon.
An opiate vapor, dewy, dim,
Escapes from out her golden rim,
And softly dripping, drop by drop,
Upon the quiet mountain top,
Steals drowsily and musically
Into the universal valley.
The rosemary ~~drops~~ nods upon the grave;
The lily lolls upon the wave;
Wrapping the fog about its breast,
The ruin moulders into rest;
Brooding like Aeëthee, see! the lake



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Tipo 3-1-

~~At some~~ conscious slumber seems to take
and would not, for the world, awake.
O! Beauty sleeps! — and lo! where lies
Irene, with her Destinies!

Oh, lady bright! can it be right —
This window open to the night?

The wanton airs, from the tree-tops,
Laughingly through the lattice drop —
The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,
Flit through thy chamber in and out,
And wave the curtain canopy

So fitfully — so fearfully —

Above the closed and fringed lid
'Neath which thy slumbering soul lies hid,
That o'er the floor and down the wall,
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall!

Oh, lady dear, hast thou no fear?
Why and what art thou dreaming there?

Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas,
A wonder to these garden trees!

Strange is thy pallor! strange thy dress!
Strange, above all, thy length of dress,
And this all solemn silentness!

The lady sleeps! Oh, may her sleep,



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Tipo 3-1-3 18 x 11 cm

Which is enduring, so be deep!
Heaven have her in its sacred keep!
This chamber changed for one more holy,
This bed for one more melancholy,
I pray to God that she may lie
Forever with unopened eye,
While the pale sheeted ghosts go by!

Oh love, she sleeps! Oh, may her sleep,
As it is lasting, so be deed!
Soft may the worms about her creep!
Far in the forest, dim and old,
For her may some tall vault unfold —
Some vault that oft hath glung its black
And winged panels fluttering back,
Triumphant o'er the crested palls
Of her grand family funerals —

Some sepulchre remote, alone,
Against whose portals she hath thrown,
In childhood, many an idle stone —
Some tomb from out whose sounding door
She ne'er shall force an echo more,
Thrilling to think, poor child of sin!
It was the dead who groaned within.

(1831)



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tipo 3-

Keenore

Ah! broken is the golden bowl! - the spirit glown forever!
 Set 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, Keenore!
 Come, let the burial rite be read - the funeral song be sung! -
 An anthem for the greenliest 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 ye 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?"
 Treach'rous; yet rave not thus! but let a Sabbath song
 Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no wrong!
 The sweet Keenore "hath gone before" with those that flew beside,
 Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy bride -
 For her the fair and ~~the~~ debonair, 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.
 Avant! - avant! from friends 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!
 Set no bell toll, then! - lest her soul, amid ~~its~~ hallowed mirth,
 Should catch the note as it doth float up from the damned Earth!
 And I! - to-night my heart is light! - no dirge will I upraise,
 But waite the angel on her flight with a Psalm of old days!



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Such, 69, entlo., 1.
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The valley of unrest

Once it smiled a silent dell
Where the people did not dwell;
They had gone unto the wars
Trusting to the mild-eyed stars,
Alight, from their azure towers,
To keep watch above the flowers,
In the midst of which all day
The red sun-light lazily lay.

Now each visitor shall confess
The sad valley's restlessness.
Nothing there is motionless -
Nothing save the airs that brood
Over the magic solitude.

Oh, by no wind are stirred those trees
That palpitate like the dull seas
Around the misty Hebrides!

Oh, by no wind those clouds are driven
That rustle through the inquiet Heaven
Uneasily, from morn till even.

Over the violets there that lie
In myriad types of the human eye -
Over the lilies there that wave
And weep above a nameless grave!

They wave - from out their fragrant tops
External dew come down in drops.

They weep - from off their delicate stems
Perennial tears descend in gems (1831)



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Inch. 69. ento.
nos 19569.26603
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So one in Paradise

Thou wast all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine -
A green isle in the sea, love,

A fountain and a shrine
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Oh, dream too bright to last!
Oh, starry slope! that didst arise
But to be overcast!

A voice from out the Future cries,
"On! on!" - but o'er the Past
(Dim. gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me
The light of Life is o'er!
No more - no more - no more -

(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)

Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy grey eye glances,
And where thy footsteps gleams -
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams?

(1834)



Buch. 69, entid.
pos. 19.569.2660
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Tipo 3

Hymn

At morn - at noon - at twilight dim -
Maria! thou hast heard my hymn!

In joy and wo - in good and ill -
Mother of God, be with me still!

When the ~~Hours~~ flew brightly by,
And not a cloud obscured the sky
Thy soul, lest it should truant be,
Thy grace did guide to thine and thee;
Now, when storms of Fate o'ercast
Darkly my Present and my Past,
Meet my future radiant shine
With sweet hopes of thee and thine!

(1835)

To F

Beloved! amid the earnest woes
That crowd around my earthly path -
O dear path, alas! where grows
Not even one lonely rose!

Thy soul at least a solace path
In dreams of thee, and therein knows
An Eden of bland repose.

And thus thy memory is to me
Like some enchanted far-off isle
In some tumultuous sea -
Some ocean throbbing far and free
With storms - but where meanwhile
Serenest skies continually
Just o'er that one bright island smile

(1835)



Inch. 69.
ms. 19569-2
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To F — s S. Q — d

Thou wouldst be loved? - then let thy heart
From its present pathway part not!
Being everything which now thou art,
Be nothing which thou art not.
So with the wild thy gentle ways,
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
Shall be an endless theme to praise
And love - a simple duty (830)

Wedding Ballad

The ring is on my hand,
And the breath is on my brow;
Battens and jewels grand
Are all at my command
And I am happy now.

And my lord he loves me well;
But, when first he breathed his ~~now~~ now,
I felt my bosom swell -
For the words rang as a knell,
And the voice seemed his who fell
In the battle down the dell,
And who is happy now.

But he spoke to re-assure me,
And he kissed my pallid brow,
While a reverie came o'er me,
And to the church-yard bore me,
And I sighed to him before me



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Tipo 3-1-

(Thinking him dead I-Elormie),
"Oh I am happy now!"

And thus the words were spoken,
And this the plighted ~~as~~ vow;
And, though my faith be broken,
And, though my heart be broken,
There is a ring as token

That I am 'happy now! -
Behold the golden token
That proves me happy now!

~~Would~~ God I could awaken!
For I dream I know not how.
And my soul is sorely shaken
Best an evil step be taken, -
Best the dead who is forsaken
May not be happy now

(1837)

The Haunted Palace

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!



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at 19569.2660

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Tipo 3
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Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roofs did float and glow
(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 odor 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,
Assailed the monarch's high estate.
(Altho, let us mourn for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him, desolate!)



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And round about his home the glory
That blushed and ~~blamed~~ 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 ghostly rapid river
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever
And laugh — but smile no more

(1839)

The Conqueror Worm

Alas! 't is a gala night
Within the lonesome latter years!
And angel throng, bewinged, bedight
In veils and drowned in tears,
Sit in a theatre to see
A play of hopes and fears
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres
Mimes, in the form of God on high,
Mutter and mumble low
And hither and thither fly —
O'er puppets they who come and go
At bidding of vast formless things
That shift the scenery to and fro,
Flapping from out their condor wings



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tipo 3

Impossible Now No!

That motley drama - oh, be sure

It shall not be forgot!

With its Phantom chased for evermore

By a crowd that seized it not,

Through a circle that ever returneth in
To the self-same spot,

And much of Madness, and more of Sin,
and Horror the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout,

A crawling shape intrude!

A blood-red thing that writhes from out
The scenic solitude!

It writhes! - it writhes! - with mortal pangs

The mimes become its food;

And seraphs sob at vermin fangs

In human gore imbued

Out - out are the lights - out all!

And, over each quivering form,

The curtain, a funeral pall,

Comes down with the rush of a storm,

While the angels, all pallid and wan

Aprising, unveiling, affirm

That the play is the tragedy "Man",

And its hero, the Conqueror Worm.

(1843)



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Tipo 3-

Dream-lands

By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, named Night,
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have reached these lands but newly
From an ultimate dim Thule -
From a wild weird clime that lieth, sublime,
Out of Space - out of Time

Bottomless vales and boundless floods,
And chasms, and caves, and Titan woods,
With forms that no man can discover
For the tears that drip all over;
Mountains toppling evermore
Into seas without a shore;
Seas that restlessly aspire,
Surging, unto skies of fire;
Shakes that endlessly outspread
Their lone waters - lone and dead -
Their still waters - still and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily.
By the lakes that thus outspread
Their lone waters, lone and dead, -
Their sad waters, sad and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily, -
By the mountains - near the river
Murmuring lowly, murmuring ever, -
By the grey woods, - by the swamps



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Tipo 3-1-2

Where the toad and the newt encamp, -
By the dismal tarns and pools
Where dwell the Ghouls -
By each spot the most unholy -
In each nook most melancholy -
There the traveller meets, aghast,
Sheeted Memories of the Past -
Shrouded forms that start and sigh
As they pass the wanderer by -
White-robed forms of friends long gone,
In agony, to the Earth - and Heaven.

For the heart whose woes are legion
'Tis a peaceful, soothing region
For the spirit that walks in shadow
'Tis - oh, 'tis an Eldorado!
But the traveller, travelling through it,
May not - dare not openly view it;
Never its mysteries are exposed
To the weak human eye unclosed;
So wills its King, who hath forbid
The uplifting of the fringed lid;
And thus the ~~Dead~~ Soul that there pines
Beholds it but through darkness glasses.

By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only
Where an Eidolon, named Night
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have wandered none but newly



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Tipo 3-1-2

From this ultimate dim Chule (1844)
The Raven

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore -
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"Tis some visitor" - I muttered "tapping at my chamber door -
Only this and nothing more."

Oh, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; - vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow - sorrow for the lost Lenore -
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore -
Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me - filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door -
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door; -
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you" - here I opened the door; -
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;



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Tip 3-1-

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Oenore?"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Oenore!"
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely" said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thence is, and this mystery explore -
Let my ~~heart~~ heart be still a moment and this mystery explore; -
'T is the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the faintly days of yore;
Nor the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door -
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door -
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no
ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore -
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Smooth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning - little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door -
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered - not a feather then he fluttered -



EFTH

id. 69, enlo.
in 19569, 26603

CELONA

Biblioteca d'Humanitats

lipo 3-

Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends have flown before -
On the morrow we will leave me, as my hopes have flown before"
Then the bird said, "Nevermore"

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless" said I "what it utters is its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore -
Till the dinges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never - nevermore'"

But the Raven still beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to thinking
Fancy unto fancy thinking of what this ominous bird of yore -
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
So the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Drung by seraphims whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch" I cried "thy God hath lent thee - by these angels he hath
sent thee

Respite - respite and repentance from thy memories of Lenore;
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind repentance and forget this lost Lenore! -
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore"

"Prophet!" said I "thing of evil! - prophet still if bird or devil! -
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted -
On this home by Horror haunted - tell me truly, I implore -



Is there - is there balm in Gilead? - tell me - tell me I implore!

Quoth the Raven "Nevermore"

Prophet! said I, "thing of evil! - prophet still, if bird or devil!

By that Heaven that bends above us - by that God we both ^{adore}

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant ^{adieu}

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore -
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting
 "got thee back into the tempest and the blight's Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken! - quit the bust above my door!

Take thy ~~beak~~ from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore"

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
 On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted - nevermore!

(1845)

To Helen

I saw thee once - once only - years ago:

I must not say how many - but not many.

It was a July midnight; and from out

A full-orbed moon, that, like thine own soul, soaring,

Sought a precipitate pathway up through heaven,

There fell a silvery-silken veil of light,

With quietude, and sublimity, and slumber,

Upon the upturn'd faces of a thousand

Roses that grew in an enchanted garden

Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tiptoe -



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ch. 69, entlo. 1.
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Tipo 3-1

That gave out, in return for the love-light,
Their odorous souls in an ecstatic death -
Fell on the upturn'd faces of these roses
That smiled and died in this parterre, enchanted
By thee, and by the poetry of thy presence.

Alas all in white, upon a violet bank
I saw thee half reclining; while the moon
Fell on the upturn'd faces of the roses
And on thine own, upturn'd - alas, in sorrow!

Was it not Fate that, on this July midnight -
Was it not Fate (whose name is also *Gorror*)
That bade me pause before that garden-gate,
To breathe the incense of those slumbering roses?
No footstep stirred; the hated world all slept,
Save only thee and me. (Oh, Heaven! - oh, God!
Show my heart beats in coupling those two words!
Save only thee and me!) I paused - I looked -
And in an instant all things disappeared
(Oh, bear in mind this garden was enchanted!)
The pearly lustre of the moon went out:
The mossy ~~bank~~ and the meandering paths,
The happy flowers and the repining trees
Were seen no more: the very roses' odors
Died in the arms of the adoring ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} air.
All - all expired save thee - save less than thou:
Save only the divine light in thine eyes -
Save but the soul in thine uplifted eyes
I saw but them - they were the world to me -
I saw but them - saw only them for hours -
Saw only them until the moon went down.

What wild heart-histories seemed to lie around them
Upon those crystalline, celestial spheres!
How dark a wo! yet how sublime a hope!
How silently serene a sea of pride!
How daring an ambition! yet how deep —
How fathomless a capacity for love!

But now at length, dear Jean sank from sight,
Into a western couch of thunder-cloud;
And thou a ghost, amid the entombing trees
Didst glide away. Only mine eyes remained.
They would not go — they never yet have gone.
Lighting my lonely pathway home that night,
They have not left me (as my hopes have) since.
They follow me — they lead me through the years.
They are my ministers — yet I their slave.

Their office is to illumine and enkindle —
My duty, to be saved by their bright light,
And purified in their electric fire,
And sanctified in their elysian fire.

They fill my soul with Beauty (which is Hope),
And are far up in Heaven — the stars I kneel to
In the sad, silent watches of my night;
While even in the meridian glare of day
I see them still — two sweetly scintillant
Venuses, unextinguished by the sun! (1848)



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Biblioteca d'Humanitats

Tip 3-1

Because I feel that, in the Heavens above,
The angels whispering to one another,
Can find, among their burning terms of love,
None so devotional as that of "Mother";
Therefore by that sweet name I long have called you—
You who are more than mother unto me,
And fill my heart of hearts, where Death^{er} installed you
In setting my Virginia's spirit free.
My mother—my own mother, who died early,
Was but the mother of myself; but you
Are mother to the one I loved so dearly,
And thus are dearer than the mother I knew—
By that infinity with which my wife
Was dearer to my soul than its soul-life

(189)

Hear the sledges with the bells —
Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of running Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells, —

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells

Hear the mellow wedding bells —

Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

Through the balmy air of night

How they ring out their delight! —

From the molten-golden notes,

All in tune,

What a liquid ditty floats

To the turtle-dove that listens, while she glazes

On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells,

What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!

How it wells!



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B

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manitats

lipo 3-1-2

of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
of the bells, bells, bells,
of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—

To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Braven bells!

What a tale of terror now, their turbulency tells!

In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune.

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Overbearing higher, higher, higher,

With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!

How they clang, and dash and roar!

What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging



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ipo 3-1-2

Yet the ear distinctly tells,

In the jangling

And the wrangling.

How the danger sinks and swells.

By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells -

Of the bells, -

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells, -

In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells -

Iron Bells!

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!

In the silence of the night

How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats

From the rust within their throats

Is a groan.

And the people - ah, the people -

They that dwell up in the steeple,

All alone

And who tolling, tolling, tolling

In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone -

They are neither man nor woman -

They are neither brute nor human -

They are ~~God~~ Ghouls: -

And their king it is who tolls: -

And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

And his merry bosom swells
With the peean of the bells /
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme
To the peean of the bells -
Of the bells: -
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells -
Of the bells, bells, bells, -
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells -
Of the bells, bells, bells; -
To the tolling of the bells -
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells, -
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.
(18th)