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Spirits Of The Dead

Edgar Allan Poe

1

Thy soul shall find itself alone
‘Mid dark thoughts of the grey tomb-stone—
Not one, of all the crowd, to pry
Into thine hour of secrecy:

2

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 then overshadow thee: be still.

3

For the night—tho’ clear—shall frown—
And the stars shall 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:

4

Now are thoughts thou shalt not banish—
Now are visions ne’er to vanish—
From thy spirit shall they pass
No more—like dew-drop from the grass:

5

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!—



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