

**THE POETICAL WORKS
OF EDGAR ALLAN POE,
WITH ORIGINAL MEMOIR**

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The poetical works of Edgar Allan Poe, with original memoir by Edgar Allan Poe

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
 OF
EDGAR ALLAN POE,
 WITH ORIGINAL MEMOIR.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. PICKERSGILL, R.A.
 JOHN TENNIEL, BIRKET FOSTER, FELIX DARLEY, JASPAR CROPSEY,
 P. DUGGAN, PERCIVAL SKELTON, AND A. M. MADOT.

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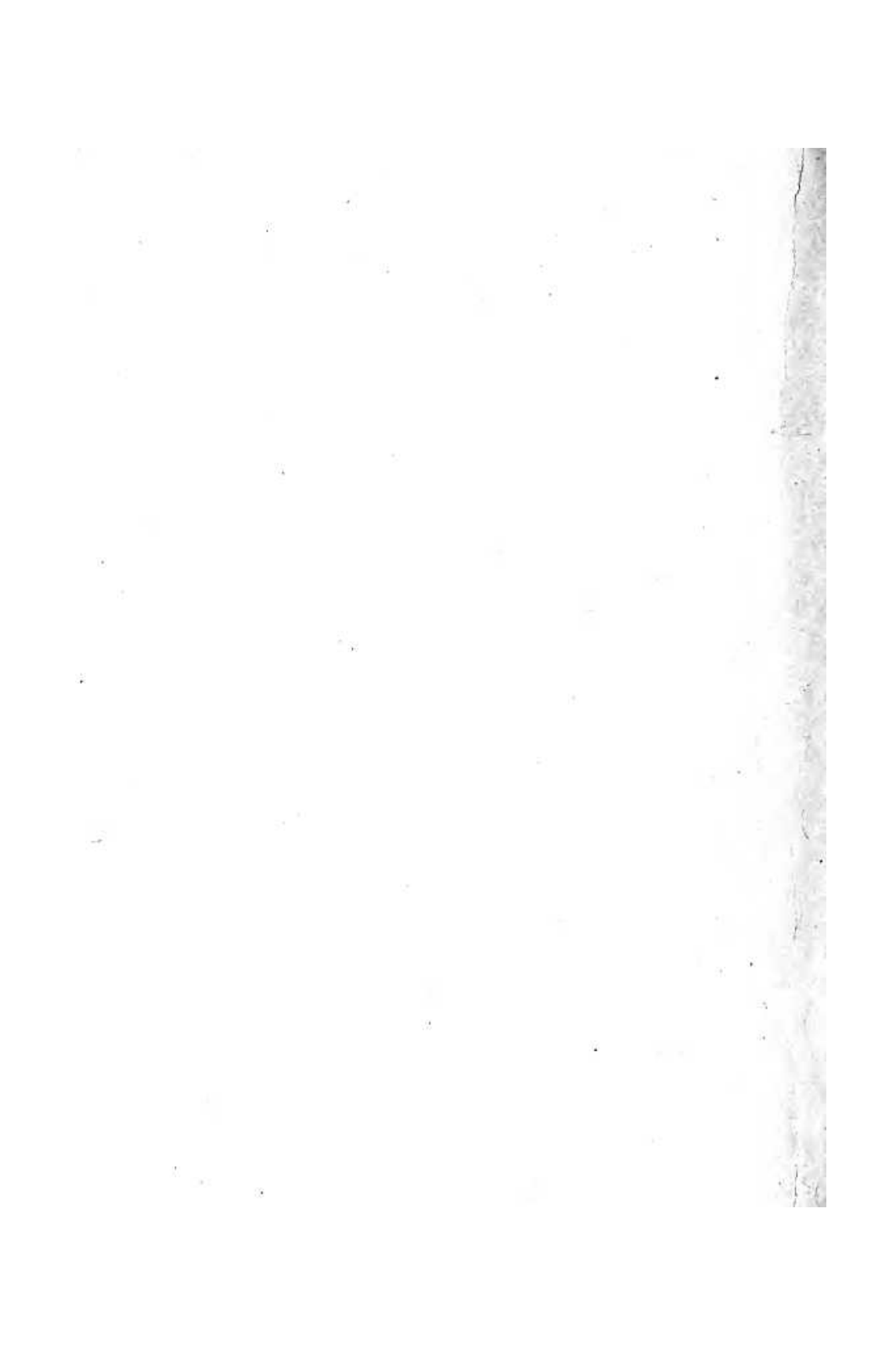
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PREFACE.

THESE trifles are collected and republished chiefly with a view to their redemption from the many improvements to which they have been subjected while going at random "the rounds of the press." I am naturally anxious that what I have written should circulate as I wrote it, if it circulate at all. In defence of my own taste, nevertheless, it is incumbent upon me to say that I think nothing in this volume of much value to the public, or very creditable to myself. Events not to be controlled have prevented me from making, at any time, any serious effort in what, under happier circumstances, would have been the field of my choice. With me poetry has been not a purpose, but a passion; and the passions should be held in reverence; they must not—they cannot at will be excited, with an eye to the paltry compensations, or the more paltry commendations of mankind.

E. A. P.





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ILLUSTRATIONS.

	ARTIST,	ENGRAVER,	PAGE
PORTRAIT OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.	DAGUERRETYPE	<i>J. Cooper</i>	xi

THE RAVEN.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before.	JOHN TENNIEL	<i>J. Cooper</i>	1
Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flutter and flutter, In there stepped a stately Raven of the salutary days of yore.	JOHN TENNIEL	<i>J. Cooper</i>	3
“Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee Respite—respite and repentance from thy memories of Lenore!”	JOHN TENNIEL	<i>J. Cooper</i>	5
And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door.	JOHN TENNIEL	<i>J. Cooper</i>	7

LENORE.

The life upon her yellow hair, but not within her eyes— The life still there, upon her hair—the death upon her eyes.	F. R. PICKERSGILL	<i>W. J. Linton</i>	8
The sweet Lenore hath “gone before,” with Hope, that flew beside, Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy bride.	FELIX DARLEY	<i>J. Cooper</i>	10

THE COLISEUM.

But stay! these walls—these ivy-clad arcades— These mouldering plinths—these sad and blackened shafts.	JASPER CROSBY	<i>W. J. Linton</i>	12
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TO HELEN.

It was a July midnight; and from out A full-orbed moon, There fell a silvery-silken veil of light.	BURKEET FOSTER	<i>W. T. Green</i>	16
And all in white, upon a violet bank I saw thee half reclining.	F. R. PICKERSGILL	<i>W. J. Linton</i>	18
And thou, a ghoul, amid the entombing trees Didst glide away.	BURKEET FOSTER	<i>J. Cooper</i>	19