

The Sundial "Dreamland"

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[by Edgar Allan Poe (1844)]

[Verse 1:]

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;
Lakes that endlessly outspread
Their lone waters - lone and dead,
Their still waters - still and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily.
Lakes that endlessly outspread
Their lone waters - lone and dead,
Their still waters - still and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily.

Dreamland (dreamland)

Dreamland (dreamland)

[Chorus:]

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 swamp
Where the toad and the newt encamp
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 clime that lieth, sublime,
Out of SPACE, out of TIME.

[Verse 2:]

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 given,
In agony, to the Earth and Heaven.

Heaven
Heaven

Dreamland (dreamland)
Dreamland (dreamland)

[Chorus:]

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,
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Where the toad and the newt encamp
By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
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On a black throne reigns upright,
I have reached these lands but newly
From an ultimate dim Thule
From a wild clime that lieth, sublime,
Out of SPACE, out of TIME.

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

[Talk:]

So wills its King, who hath forbid
The uplifting of the fringed lid;
And thus the sad Soul that here passes
Beholds it but through darkened glasses.

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