

# Spirits of the Dead

By Edgar Allen Poe

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:  
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.  
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.  
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:  
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!