

# Bridal Ballad

By Edgar Allen Poe

The ring is on my hand,  
And the wreath is on my brow;  
Satins 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 vow,  
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 churchyard bore me,  
And I sighed to him before me,  
(Thinking him dead D'Elormie),  
“Oh, I am happy now!”

And thus the words were spoken;  
And this the plighted vow;  
And, though my faith be broken,  
And, though my heart be broken,  
Here 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  
Lest an evil step be taken,—  
Lest the dead who is forsaken  
May not be happy now.