

That will not pass, though we should thrust it out ;
A present spirit never to be laid
In the far oceans of forgetfulness
By any magic, or adjuring word
Until its time ; when as it came—it goes—
Strong in itself, defiant of our will.

The spirit spake to me ; the likeness breathed ;
I knew the lady and her inmost soul ;
Saw her heart's mystery clearer than my own.
Listen, and you shall learn it as I learned :
A tale of Love and Sorrow,—Sorrow and Love.
When shall these twain be parted ?—Nevermore !