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“The Happiest Day.”

Edgar Allan Poe

I

The happiest day—the happiest hour
My seared and blighted heart hath known,
The highest hope of pride and power,
I feel hath flown.

II

Of power! said I? Yes! such I ween
But they have vanished long, alas!
The visions of my youth have been
But let them pass.

III

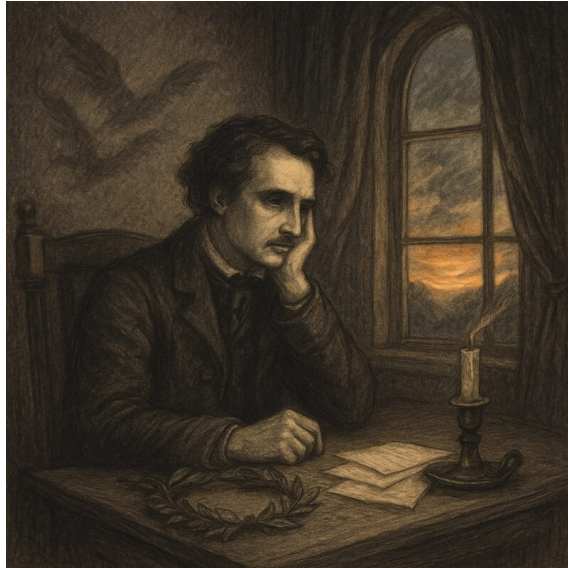
And pride, what have I now with thee?
Another brow may ev’n inherit
The venom thou hast poured on me
Be still my spirit!

IV

The happiest day—the happiest hour
Mine eyes shall see—have ever seen
The brightest glance of pride and power
I feel have been:

V

But were that hope of pride and power
Now offered with the pain
Ev’n then I felt—that brightest hour
I would not live again:



VI

For on its wing was dark alloy
And as it fluttered—fell
An essence—powerful to destroy
A soul that knew it well.

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