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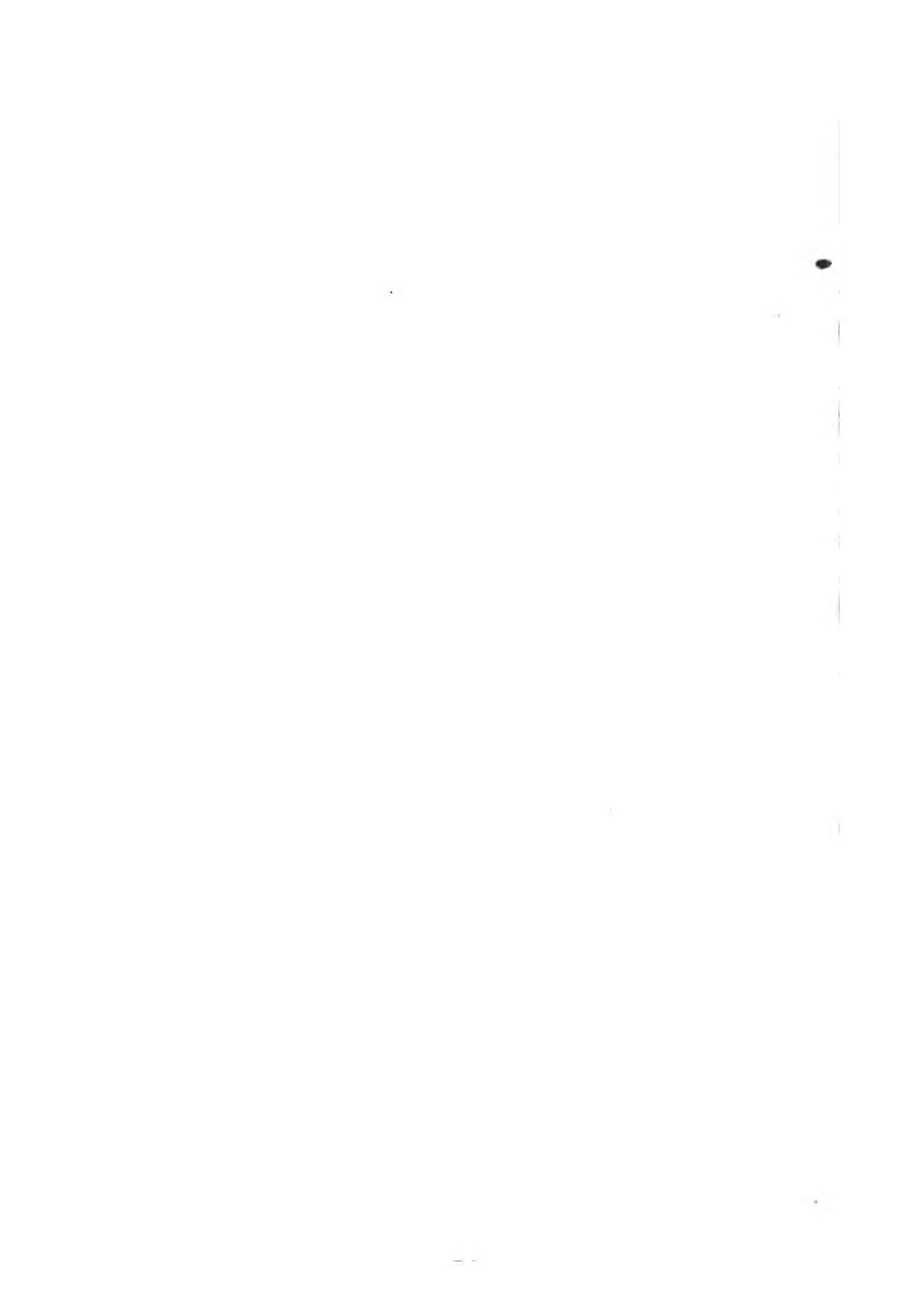
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Compliments of
WILLIAM ANDREWS CLARK, JR.

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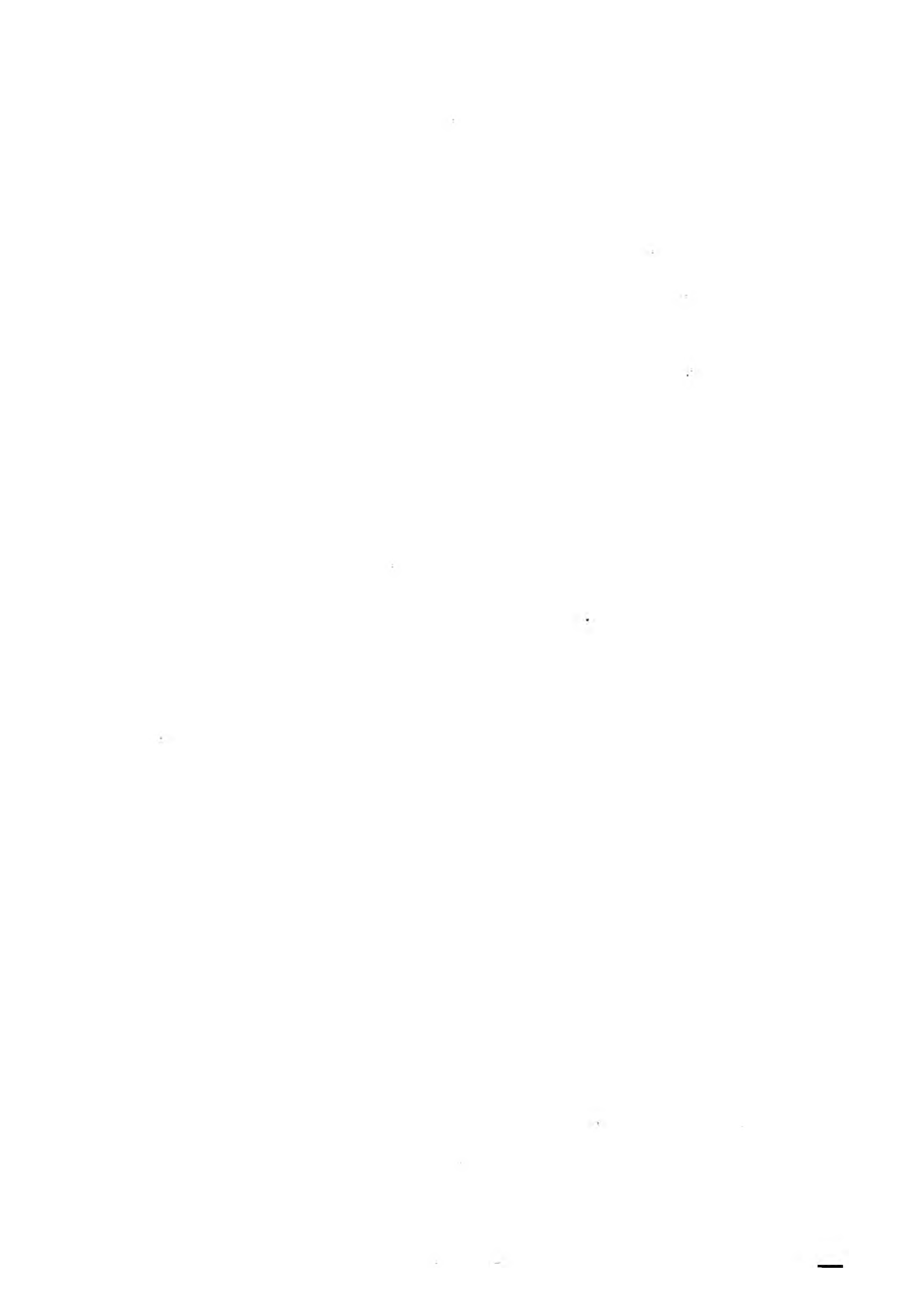
ANNABEL LEE

BY
EDGAR ALLEN POE



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1927





ANNABEL LEE





[1]

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea
That a maiden there lived whom you
may know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
And this maiden she lived with no other
thought
Than to love and be loved by me.



[11]

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more
than love—
I and my ANNABEL LEE—
With a love that the winged seraphs
of heaven
Coveted her and me.

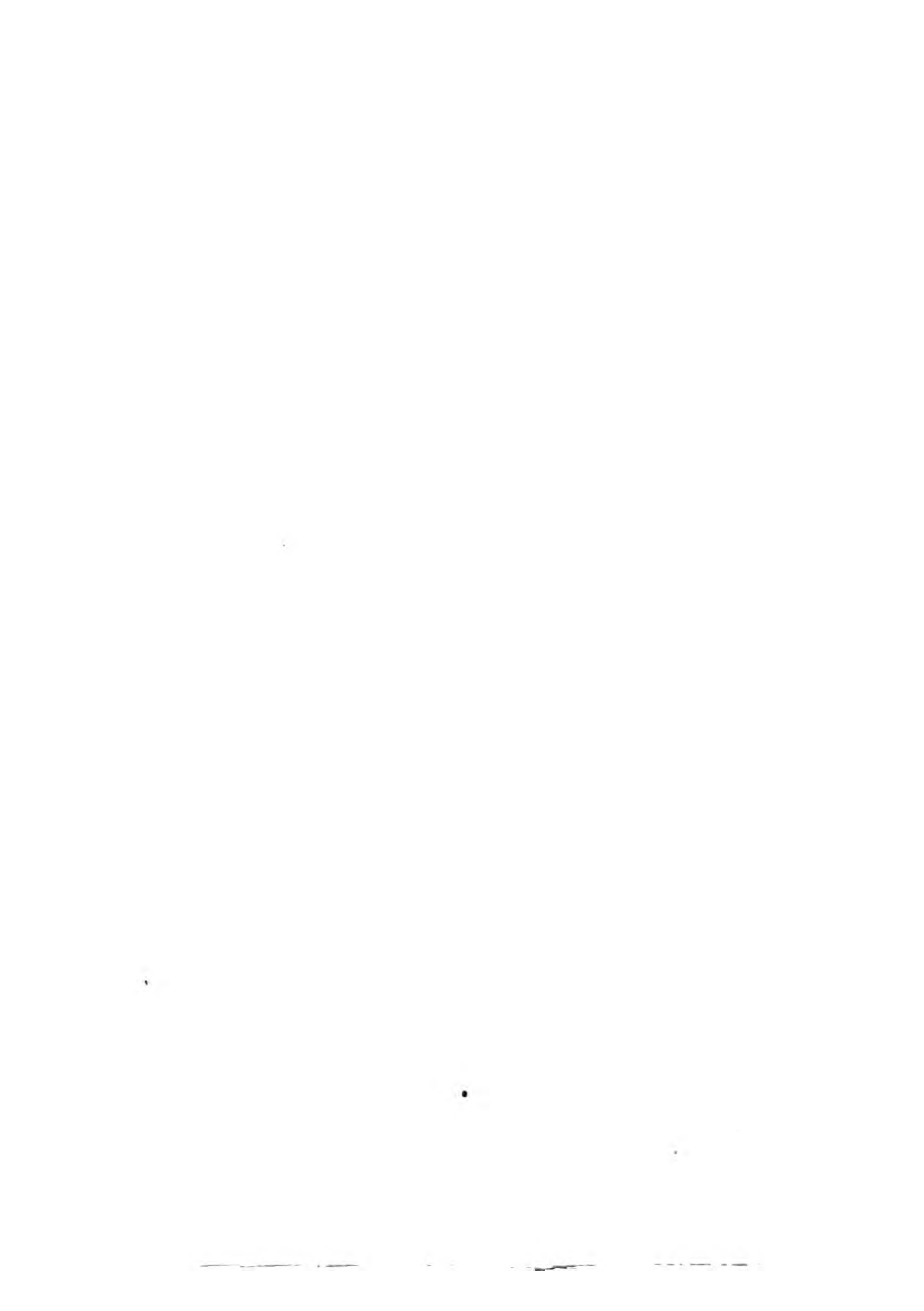
And this was the reason that, long ago,
 In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
 My beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
 And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
 In this kingdom by the sea.

[IV]

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes! — that was the reason (as all men
know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud
by night,
Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

[v]

But our love it was stronger by far than
the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:



For the moon never beams, without
bringing me dreams

Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;

And the stars never rise, but I feel the
bright eyes

Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:

And so, all the night-tide, I lie down
by the side

Of my darling — my darling — my life
and my bride,

In the sepulchre there by the sea —

In her tomb by the sounding sea.



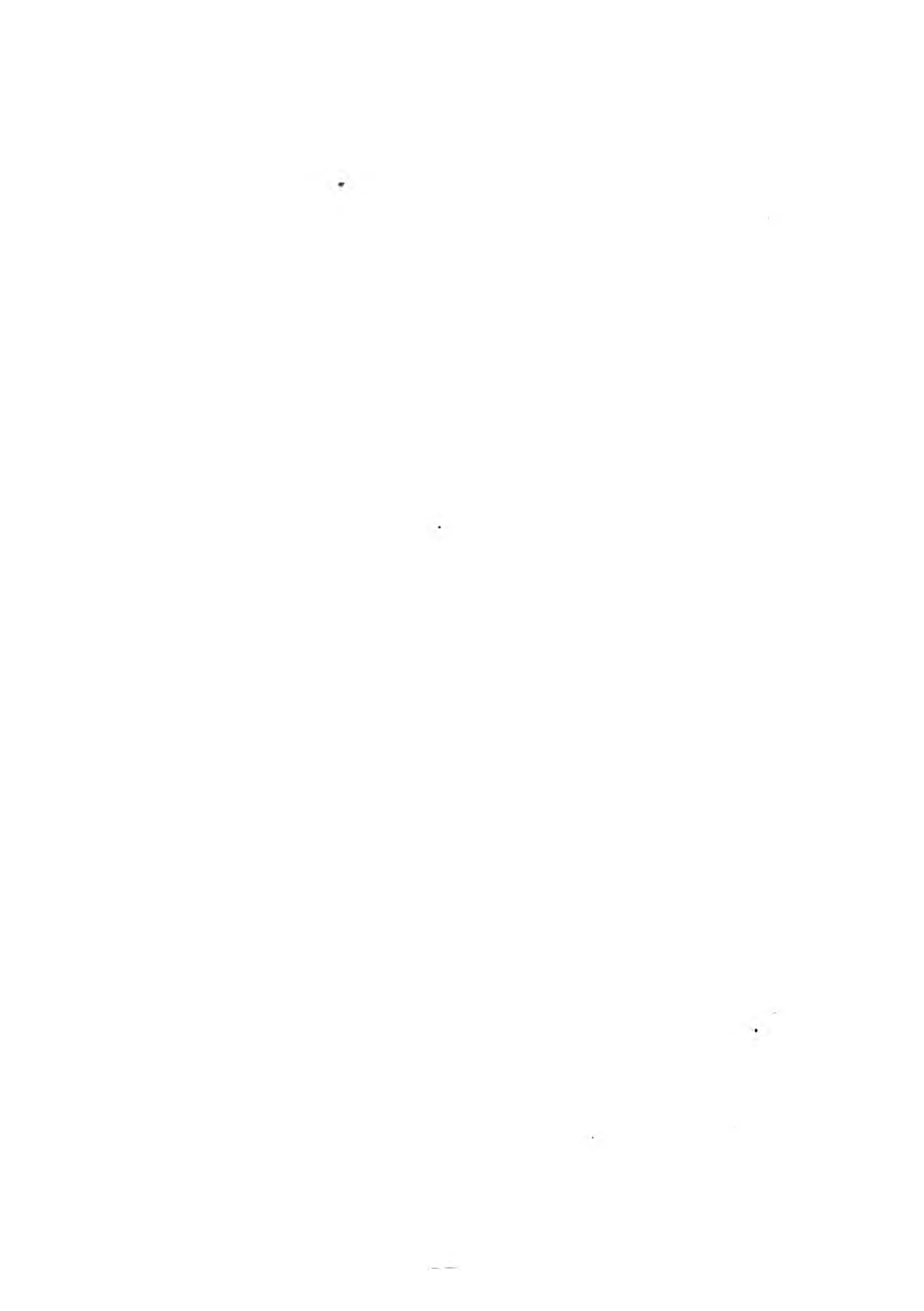
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