



Annabel Lee

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.
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 wingèd
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.

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.
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 her sepulchre there by the
sea—
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

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