

P O E T R Y .

The following is published as the last thing written by the late EDGAR A. POE.

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 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 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 high-born kinsman 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

Of those who were older than we— [love

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

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee: [me dreams

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.