

Annabel Lee

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Text PDF - poem and introductory notice, page 4, column 1. AI-assisted transcription visually checked by Codex against every line of the poem and introductory notice; no separate human proofread. Line wraps, spacing, type emphasis and quotation marks regularized; edition wording retained. Scan is authoritative for typography and faint punctuation.

MR. POE'S LAST POEM.

EDGAR ALLEN POE, who died in Baltimore, on the 7th ult., was one of the most remarkable of the literary men of the United States. We give below the last poem of this lamented genius. He was the greatest master of the mere art of composition, which this country, or perhaps any other, has produced. We need not point out the exceeding beauty of this plaintive melody, this quiver of the lyre as the death angel swept it, this parting beam as the sun of his genius set in a night which for us will have no dawning.

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 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.

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.